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The Autobiography of a Turkish Girl

Selma Ekrem

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TURKISH GIRL

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BY

SELMA EKREM

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CHAPTER I

THE SHADOW OF FEAR

WINTER has come with its smell of roasted chestnuts, the crackling of logs in china stoves, the gentle hum of the kettle buried in the glowing embers of a brass mangal. Winter has come and houses look like icebound ships, trees are laden with crystal flowers and streets are heaps of fresh white snow. Winter has come, the north wind swirls down the chimneys, the nightwatchmen pound their sticks and every child takes to bed a heart frozen with fear. Winter has come, the horses slip and slide, children muffled to their ears throw snowballs at passers-by, cheeks red as apples, eyes glowing and breath frozen. Constantinople has donned her bridal dress, she is all curves and softness except for the tall minarets that stretch dreamily to the sky while the snow falls big as birds' heads, silently and mysteriously.

Among a row of houses stands a solidly built wooden dwelling, vaguely seen and vaguely felt now, whose influence was temporary but which still harbors in its corners the memory of my earliest childhood. A house that came and went in my life and all that I can distinctly see now is a big room with a blue china stove in a corner, a mangal

filled with embers, red as pomegranate seeds, a low Turkish divan and chairs and heaps of soft colored rugs.

Pressed to the window-pane stands a little bit of a girl with fair hair falling in bangs right in her eyes. Her nose is flattened against the glass and looks white and cold. Her eyes are sad and her sadness awakes in me a touch of melancholy. That forlorn little girl is myself, a being so mysterious to me now that I am grown up.

By the china stove slumbers an old woman sitting cross-legged on the floor, her soft white hair drawn under a black kerchief. A face of a thousand wrinkles where a thousand sorrows have come and gone. Her brown cheeks sag as if they were tired of struggling and are bowing away before a long and prominent nose. The room is warm and yet she is wrapped in a black coat lined with fur. Her head falls gently downward, nearer and nearer to her lap. Round her are strewn a few dolls, a hobby horse, a red book with gilt letters, and her knitting which has fallen from her hands.

"Dadi, dadi—" the little girl turns round—"I too want to be out in the snow."

The old nurse wakes gently; opening one eye her false teeth rattle in place.

"Can I go, dadi?" insists the little girl.

"My little one, come away from the window, there is a cold breeze that comes in and will penetrate to your bones and your cold will get worse."

Suddenly the door of the room is flung open and a boy and girl come in red with the cold, eyes glowing with mirth. Instantly the room is alive with voices and laughter. The talk is all about a snowman with charcoal eyes and even wearing a fez. Soon there are loud cries for food and tea. The old nurse has gotten up leaning heavily on her hand. The thought of food has awakened her, for she keeps deep

in her heart a love of good things that makes her eyes shine. Teacups rattle, the kettle starts a gay little tune, and we children crowd round the table. The door opens again to admit a round ball of a woman, a round face, round piercing eyes filled with mirth; she is all curves.

"Vallahi! you were going to have tea without me," she screams in a high voice that is cut with peals of laughter.

"No, Ferhounde dadi, we are waiting for hanoum effendi, our lady mistress," answers the old woman.

One feels the rivalry between these two, the air becomes tense with it. The old woman with the kerchief is my old Armenian nurse who has taken care of my brother and elder sister and now looks after me. Ferhounde dadi takes care of the youngest, the baby of the house. She is Turkish and a trained baby nurse recommended by the family doctor.

"Hanoum effendi is late and the snow is falling fast again. Allah help the poor people." Ferhounde dadi walks to the stove swaying from left to right.

The narrow street below is filled with the rattle of wheels and the stumbling of horses. A carriage rolls over the cobblestones and the voice of the coachman floats to the window. Wheels grind to a stop, and the bell pierces the silence of the house. In an instant we are up tearing open the door, not listening to nurses who scream after us. Down the stairs we stumble, my brother sliding down the banisters. In front of the door mother is shaking the snow off her clothes. The maids have gathered and are helping with the parcels.

"Mehmed aga," mother calls out to the coachman, "come in and drink a cup of hot coffee."

The coachman, an old man, shambles in, ears red with cold.

"Allah grant the wish in your heart, my hanoum effendi.

It is many a time I have taken you in my carriage and if Allah is merciful I shall take your daughters as brides." The coachman walks off to the kitchen.

We are going up, maids, parcels and all, to the cozy room where the logs are crackling, the kettle boiling and the cups are lined in a row.

"Arslanim, my lion, you are frozen with cold," murmurs Ferhounde dadi while my mother has settled herself on a low stool near the mangal. Maria, the maid, has brought in mother's woolen slippers and is kneeling to take off her wet shoes. We children sit with fingers itching to open one package after another, but not daring before mother has given us permission. At last the packages are opened, dolls and toys are unwrapped. Maria, the maid, folds the papers and strings carefully. Mother is busy rolling a cigarette with her delicate white hands and warming her feet under the mangal.

Teacups rattle once more, hot tea is steaming, with hot cocoa for us children. Gradually night is drawing round us, weaving a dark web over the house.

Mother has ordered the lamps to be lighted and into her voice has crept an anxiety, a touch of restlessness she is trying to control. The petroleum lamp is lighted and throws a yellow glare over our faces. The glow has faded in the sky and the streets are shrouded in darkness. The professional lighter has come to our street with his long stick and one by one the lamps flare with light, as if he were dropping out of his pocket star after star.

Inside the room there is a silence, my mother is nervously smoking her cigarette, the old dadi is crouched by the stove; Ferhounde dadi is squatting on a chair, her jovial face has grown dark and her eyes have lost the sparkle of mirth.

"He has not come again," my mother breaks the silence

with her fears. "How dark it has grown of a sudden. If only darkness did not exist, when it creeps over me I feel my fears surging to my head."

"Arslanim, you are worrying your heart with these dark thoughts. What happens, happens to you. Our bey effendi, our gentleman master, will come soon. Maybe his friends detained him in the palace." Ferhounde dadi spoke, her two plump hands crossed over her breast.

"I know it is all nerves, but I am tired of waiting in anxiety every night, watching the night close over me like a prison. When will this reign of tyranny end? When will men be free to talk and breathe and live?"

Up and down my mother paced the room. We children sat huddled in corners vainly trying to draw ourselves apart from this gloom and sorrow. Outside the snow is falling silently, a few steps are heard and occasionally a muffled voice of a street vender drifts to our ears.

"Taze simit, kitir simit, haniya aksham simiti—fresh simits, brittle simits, where are the evening simits?" My mouth watered at the thought of these favorite pastries, a sort of Turkish pretzel, covered with sesame seeds.

Then the door was slightly opened and a head was poked inside. An ugly face that drew one's attention with the extraordinary brilliance of the eyes. The face grimaced, grinned and suddenly a man shambled in. This was Isaac, an old Armenian retainer of my grandfather Namick Kemal, and a favorite of the house.

"Hanimdjim, my lady, your slave has laid his humble hands on those missing handkerchiefs." One eyebrow up, eyes rolling, mouth twisted in changing grins, Isaac talked in his soft drawling voice. His hands, with bony fingers, waved the air in circles, his head was bent to one side.

"Ey, where did you find them?" queried my mother in an absent-minded way.

"Had I not brought these handkerchiefs for your sweet sake these two days ago?" Isaac continued rolling his eyes with a sidewise dart for my mother. "Of course I meant to sell them. Can I, your humble slave, offer you a gift? And didn't these handkerchiefs walk on their legs and leave me? Of course no one had taken or even seen them. I found them tonight, where would you say? Come and guess, hanimdjim."

"I can't, Isaac," replied my mother, her eyes on the dark windows. "Here, roll yourself a cigarette and tell me."

Isaac darted up and took between his crooked fingers the box of tobacco which my mother was giving him. He turned the golden leaves slowly in the palm of his hand, his face covered with malicious laughter.

"I found them in Maria's pocket," he cried out at last, deftly rolling a cigarette as he talked. The match flared and Isaac blew a cloud of blue smoke.

"Yes, hanimdjim, that girl without a heart had stolen my few handkerchiefs. Tonight my eyes were caught by her and I noticed that her pocket was swollen like an angry river. Quickly I caught the girl and out of her pocket I drew my handkerchiefs. She did not even blush, ay, I shall burst." At this Isaac threw his head back and lifted his arms up in the air.

"Are you sure she stole them, Isaac?" mother asked.

"Aman, Allah, since I found them in her pocket."

Then there was silence again. Mother resumed her pacing, Isaac blew smoke round his head, my old nurse was closing one eye.

"Today, your slave ate one whole chicken, a plate of pilaff . . ."

"Always thinking of your stomach," my old nurse cut in, her eyes now wide open.

"So would you if you had eaten all that," Isaac answered with a sly look towards my nurse.

"Allah, Allah, and how you can eat," answered my old nurse and yet her mouth watered. "I am satisfied with a little bit like that," showing her four fingers.

"Yes, that is why you were sick two days ago." Isaac had turned to her maliciously.

"My stomach had caught cold then," answered nurse.

"We know what that means, don't we, hanimdjim?" asked he. "We eat and eat and then the cold gets in our stomachs."

"Haide, get out of here and leave an old woman in peace." My nurse was furious, but we children were laughing.

"Do I hear footsteps?" asked mother, suddenly all ears.

"It is only the nightwatchman," answered Isaac. "Djanim effendim, lady of my life, you are growing thin with worry."

"But what can keep him so long?"

The question rose formidable like a fear with which one cannot battle and which one cannot name. These days it might mean a quick thrust in prison, a cloud of suspicion, exile, misery. And how dark the night was and how listlessly fell the snow.

Isaac now sat silent rolling his eyes; his efforts at gayety had clashed with the power of night. Dark thoughts for a dark night. Only the logs in the stove kept up their merry crackling and threw a warm glow over the soft carpets, a changing light that flitted gayly.

An interminable silence weighed us all down. The room grew hazy with smoke. Then once more the house was pierced with the shrill voice of the bell. In an instant we were all alive, even the room and the house were craning their

necks and palpitating. Mother ran to the door and we all followed respectfully behind. Down the winding stairs we went, each step creaking beneath us. Then we heard from below the one solitary cough of my father. Mother was near him now with all her anxiety. My father's voice seemed graver than usual. He was taking off his overcoat and his muffler. His red fez was speckled with snow, snow clung to his fair mustaches and his hazel eyes had a worried look. One by one we kissed his hands, shivering in the cold. Maria, the maid, had run to the kitchen to cook father's coffee. We all went to the hot room and stood waiting on father. Mother brought his slippers and he warmed his hands by the stove.

"No one knows how to tend these stoves," father murmured as he drew the glowing embers forward and poked the logs. Instantly the red glow flamed higher, the crackling of the logs increased. Even the stove was glad to see my father and sang loudly its tune of thanks.

Mother was asking my father what had kept him so long in the palace. My father was explaining a long story about a friend of his and I caught vaguely the last words:

"He is being sent to Konia, an exile."

The word exile echoed in my ears. What could it mean and why was my father so sad about it? Maybe it was some kind of torture, like being kept in a dark room all alone.

"And do the spies still come after you?" asked mother.

Yes, they still followed him, my father explained, and it was lucky he had discovered the existence of these spies. The tall Albanian had come so near tonight that father had heard him breathe.

"What does he want of me?" my father burst out loudly. "Why has he put spies to my heels? Am I not squeezed under his thumb unable to move or breathe, as

secretary of his palace? He has killed my father with his exiles and he cannot forget that I am the son of Kemal. A being suspected even when honored, a being that casts the shadow of fear in his heart even at the height of his power."

Spies—the very name threw dread into my heart. Did I not hear my mother saying that the very walls had ears? These mysterious beings that could fit in a needle's eye, that pushed themselves everywhere and came when least expected. They were hideous djins with pointed ears and a tail, pictures of them I had seen in my fairy books.

When dinner was over my parents sat talking in low tones. We children were sent to bed. We kissed our parents' hands and pressed them to our foreheads, then climbed slowly upstairs to our rooms. I insisted that sleep was far from my eyes and that I wanted to sit up. But nurse would not hear of it and so meekly I followed her to our bedroom. But my mind was busy.

"My little nurse, tell me, why is mother so scared every night?"

"It is life, my little one, filled with worry and sorrow. How many I have seen and how my eyes have cried like two fountains!"

"But is my father in danger?" I asked, suspicious.

"Don't be so loose-tongued," nurse scolded. "When you grow up you'll understand all about it."

"But where does father go every morning?"

"He goes to the Yildiz palace, those white buildings you see out of your window."

"And he is secretary there, is he not?" I asked, repeating mechanically a phrase that I had heard so often.

"Yes, my lamb, your honored father is secretary to his majesty Abdul Hamid; he has been there these many years."

"I know," I cried out excitedly, "the sultan is that wicked man who killed my grandfather."

"Hush, hush, child, what words are these!" Nurse looked round frightened.

"I know him," I continued, not heeding my nurse, "he has a long crooked nose, bead-like eyes that never look anywhere, he is all bent over and ugly, so ugly, more so than Isaac. And I know he is wicked more so than any djin. I hate him because he killed my grandfather. Oh, dadi, he will not hurt my father, will he?"

"What is all this talk?" Nurse was severe. "Go to bed like a good child."

She tucked me in my crib and lighted the small candle for the night. Then she went hither and thither putting order in the room, and a little later she went out and closed the door.

The room lay round me, all cold darkness, closing over my head its wings of fear. From the candle came a golden path that grew and spread over the wall. And in it I saw ugly faces twisted and contorted, faces with long noses, faces with eyes almost shut. Then I saw other faces in fright, pale faces, harassed faces, and they all twisted their lips and cried out. Soon these faces became hazy and before my eyes rose my grandfather, Namick Kemal. A mass of hair brushed back from an enormous forehead, two eyes filled with the sadness of the world and a mouth shut in a straight line. These sad eyes, that I had seen only in pictures, followed me and the ugly faces faded into the wall one by one. From below I heard murmurs and bits of voices. The house was still alive, crouching in its corner, waiting for the sunshine to chase away the shadows of fear.

CHAPTER II

FEAR KNOCKS AT THE DOOR

ANOTHER night has drawn its curtain over the wooden house. The blizzard has abated and all day long a sickly sun shone over a world of cold whiteness. We children had been allowed to build a snowman in the garden, but with the fall of night my mother had gently rapped at the window-pane and we had come in obedient yet regretful. We were warming ourselves and playing in the house when of a sudden the doorbell rang and a minute later we heard father's voice. Home so early, what had happened to him? We all ran to the door and kissed a hand which he gave us absent-mindedly. And we noticed that his face was set in hard thoughtful lines.

Once the maids were out of earshot my father turned to my mother:

"Kemal pasha has been arrested today, his house has been ransacked and put under seal, no one knows for what reason. The palace was upside down, my friends told me to be careful."

"But why should you fear? You have done nothing. Being a friend of Kemal pasha does not mean you are guilty of a crime."

"Abdul Hamid does not want his secretaries to frequent many houses," my father explained lamely.

But was that a reason to look white and worried? My mother was pressing him with questions while he walked up and down the room smoking thoughtfully. We children

had squeezed ourselves into corners, all ears and eyes, following this conversation that we hardly understood. Our elders had forgotten us, so deeply immersed were they in their troubles.

"And the letter that I wrote in a fit of madness, what will I do with it?" burst out father finally. "That letter in my handwriting which I left thoughtlessly in the hands of Kemal pasha. The house has been ransacked, and if my letter was found among his papers it is enough to bring ruin on all of us. How quickly Hamid will jump on that excuse to get rid of Namick Kemal's son."

It was of course years later that I understood the portent and the background of this tragic moment in our lives.

It seems that when my father was a young man and I was still grazing grass in Paradise, he had gone with his brother-in-law to a pleasure resort. When they were returning by train a young officer was in their compartment. The train passed through some fields where there were cows and the animals ran away.

"The train is civilization that follows its course and never stops." My father leaned over to his brother-in-law. "But the cows are the uncivilized nations which are frightened and run away."

This remark reached the ear of the young officer who came over and asked:

"Are you not the son of Namick Kemal?"

My father assented and the officer introduced himself as Kemal, the son of the famous Gazi Osman pasha, the hero of Plevna, he who had held the fortress of Plevna with a handful of men against the army of the Tsar. The honorary title of Gazi had been given to the hero and many honors heaped on his head.

This Kemal was no relation of ours; indeed, it is difficult to trace relationships through names. My grandfather's

name is Namick Kemal, my father's is Ali Ekrem and one would never think the two were related unless one knew about it. There are practically no family names in Turkey and there might be one thousand Kemals in no way related to one another.

This acquaintanceship was carried over the years into a friendship that ripened. Kemal became quickly a pasha, a marshal in the army. Sultan Hamid gave him his second daughter, Princess Naime, in marriage. But still Kemal pasha remembered my father and invited him to his palace.

Power went to Kemal pasha's head. He became nervous and eccentric and poured into my father's unwilling ears all his complaints. He had no freedom, his royal father-in-law was strict. He wanted to travel and see the world but Hamid would not hear it. Instead Kemal pasha took to learning French and to reading the French freethinkers in secret. He built himself a magnificent library which attracted my father a great deal. Another reason that he still frequented the pasha's was to hear all the great musicians, who were asked to the pasha's palace when they came to Constantinople.

One cold winter's day as my father was ushered into Kemal pasha's library he saw him by the open window with the snow pouring in. My father exclaimed with surprise but Kemal pasha said he needed some fresh air for his violent headache. Just then father glanced across and happened to see a curtain of the opposite house move slowly to place and a shadow glide away. This was the palace of Princess Hadidje, the daughter of the crazy Sultan Murad whom Hamid had replaced and imprisoned and whom he hated bitterly. The incident of the open window lingered in father's mind and puzzled him a great deal. And one day the mystery was solved. A group of his palace

friends sat whispering and laughing together and father went to them and found out that Kemal pasha was carrying on a window-to-window flirtation with Princess Hadidje. He was doing this merely to spite Hamid whose dislike for Murad and all Murad's family he knew well.

My father was much worried and decided to go and talk to the pasha and warn him. But before he could leave the palace a man came to him and told him Kemal pasha wanted to see him on urgent business. Father left the palace, jumped into a carriage and was driven to the pasha's palace. He was sitting in front of his big desk in his library fingering a paper nervously, with stormy eyebrows. As soon as my father came in Kemal pasha shouted:

"Ah, that tyrant of tyrants, that vile man, he wants to grasp the house of my father out of my hands."

Osman pasha, the hero of Plevna, had died recently and had left to his son a house that was just opposite Hamid's palace Yildiz. This house had been given to Osman pasha by the sultan as a present. Now Hamid wanted to buy it back from his son-in-law. That house was too near the palace, inquisitive eyes might linger behind lattices, plots hatch and ripen into a bombardment of Yildiz. With these thoughts in mind Hamid wanted the house at all cost. And simply to annoy the sultan, Kemal pasha was refusing to sell it.

"I shall not sell it, a house left to me by my father," insisted the pasha furiously. My father reasoned with him, argued, until feathers grew on his tongue, but Kemal pasha would not listen.

"Write a letter to the head secretary of Hamid and tell him I will not sell the house. But make it salty and peppery so it will sting the tyrant," Kemal pasha said. He had called my father to write this letter as he was not

scholarly enough himself to turn out the forceful phrases he wanted.

Kemal pasha gave father paper and ink and then left him. My father in respectful terms wrote a polished letter and explained that Kemal pasha did not want to sell his house as it was a relic from his father. When the pasha came in and read the letter he smiled disdainfully and said:

"This smells too much of the honorable secretary of the palace. I want something that will touch the old man's tooth."

So my father wrote another polite but firmer letter but when the pasha read that he tore it to pieces and exclaimed in anger:

"You are not a man. If your father had been here he would have shown you what writing means. And you call yourself the son of Namick Kemal."

Blood sprang to father's head and he shouted angrily:

"I will write you a letter and such a letter that you will be afraid to put your name below it."

"I am not scared to put my name below any letter that you might write," shouted the pasha. "Write it and you will see." With these words he banged himself out of the room.

White-faced, father sat before the table. All caution was gone from him, every spark of reasoning, every thought of family and danger had vanished, swept away with the torrent of his anger. His anger he spread on the sheet of paper. Fine, curved letters so biting and humiliating that every word was like a sharpened dagger.

Kemal pasha was bending over him reading the letter.

"Take it," shouted father, "take it and send it if you dare."

"This minute I will," retorted the pasha; dragging a

chair he set to copying the letter father had written. But my father had gone to the door, he was out of the house without even waiting to make sure that the original letter in his own handwriting was destroyed, while the pasha bent over his table and the silence of the room was broken by the scrunching of his wooden pen on the glossy paper.

It was this letter that came before my father's eyes tonight. Knowing every word, he was filled with dread. Judging the letter now that his anger had cooled, he knew too well that Abdul Hamid would never forget such an insult. The sultan knew his handwriting. Had he not seen letter after letter which my father had written in the palace? And what did that monster of intelligence ever forget? This very minute while my father walked up and down the small room the letter might be in the hands of the sultan. How his narrow brown face would twitch, his small eyes grow smaller. One gesture of the hand and his dreaded police might be hurrying now to our house to drag my father away.

They came several nights later. We were all gathered in the dining room finishing supper when Mehmed, the man servant, came in with a white scared face.

"There are two officers who want you immediately, bey effendi," he announced, his eyes big as saucers.

My father rose quickly, his face had gone gray as ashes, and my mother jumped up with a cry. We children, frightened and neglected, rose from our chairs.

"Stay here, all of you," father said firmly and he walked to the door.

We ran to the door, all of us, and pulling it ajar we stood squeezed one next to the other listening and hearing only our hearts beating. We could see in the hall two men in uniforms with long sabers and revolvers. One of them moved to my father and said loudly:

"Ekrem bey, you are wanted in the palace immediately." A loud cry broke from my mother, and frightened, we clung to her skirt and started to cry also not knowing why.

"I shall follow you, gentlemen, as soon as I have passed a coat over me," my father answered in a deathly calm voice.

He came to us huddled near the door, my mother was weeping and clinging to him. "It has come, all that I dreaded those long miserable nights. You are going, and Allah knows what will happen to you."

My father was comforting her and kissing each of us lingeringly. Then there was a discreet knock at the door, my father tore himself away, the dining-room door was closed. Out in the hall we heard footsteps and then the street door was closed with a bang. We were left alone with the night and our fears. The house was alive now, every whisper echoed loudly in every corner, every room stood bristling, passing the shadow of fear from one to the other. People came in, nurses and the maids, all whispering and white-faced. And we sat long in that room bowed with tears and the gloom of whispers hanging heavy on our heads.

Nurse took me by force to my room. I clung to my mother and wanted to stay. With tears streaming down my face I was taken up.

"Dadi, I am scared, where did my father go?"

"Child, he went to visit a friend," nurse answered.

"No," I shouted, "the officers came to take him, my father does not go with officers to see his friends. And I heard when they said he was wanted in the palace."

"And why are you so afraid?" nurse said. "He has gone to write a letter, the sultan wanted it written immediately."

But all these excuses did not satisfy me. I had felt the wings of fear brushing against my cheeks. Alone with

the flicker of the pale candle I felt myself getting cold and hot in turns.

While some of us tried to sleep, others cried and others filled corners with their whispers. My father had been ushered into a large room where was seated Ragib pasha, a high dignitary of the palace. He was now one of my father's judges, and the other was Assim bey, another palace official.

My father came eye to eye with the two men behind the table. Any moment he expected the fatal letter to emerge like some evil spirit, to be waved before his face and draw him into a web of intrigue and misery. Instead Ragib pasha leaned forward and gave him a piece of paper. This was the accusation. It was a long rambling document and my father gleaned from it a most ridiculous charge against him. He was accused of plotting with Kemal pasha to poison the Princess Naime and her little son. Kemal pasha was then to marry the Princess Hadidje, daughter of Sultan Murad, and run off to Europe where father was to follow as secretary. Once in Europe they were going to carry on a campaign against Hamid, depose him and put Murad back again on the throne.

Blood trickled slowly to the pale cheeks of my father, his breath came evenly, the fear in his eyes gave way to a smile and he felt himself growing talkative. The letter was not found, perhaps Kemal had destroyed it after all. This absurd accusation brought only irritation to my father. To be dragged at night and then be told all these lies that smacked of the detective story. And yet if he was not careful these improbable lies could weave around him such a web that he would not be able to get out of it.

"Your honor, I know nothing of plots and poisons." My father talked calmly and slowly. "It is true I had

advised Kemal pasha to use some injections for his little son who was weak. But from an injection to poison there is a long way. Anyhow the doctor gave these injections to the boy, not I. You can have them analyzed and see for yourself that they are harmless and cannot even hurt a fly. As for my flight to Europe and my plan to start a campaign against his majesty, your honor knows well that I have more sense than that. What can I with a feeble pen? Is it easy as that to rouse a nation that has slept so many centuries?"

"Write it down, write every word of it!" exclaimed Ragib pasha, his eyes twinkling while Assim bey ran his long fingers through his thick hair and smiled encouragement.

Once the answers were written down and signed, the judges took the paper to the sultan who was waiting impatiently in the next room. The minutes grew in torture, voices drifted from the next room and after an interminable half hour the two men came back. Their faces smiled.

"His majesty wants to know why you wanted Sultan Murad on the throne," Ragib pasha asked. "And his majesty said, 'Does he not know that my brother Murad is crazy and that once he attempted to throw himself downstairs? I did not grasp the throne, I was put there to replace a madman. How can one work for a man who is demented?' "

"But I am not, your honor, I never have," protested father. "I know very well that Sultan Murad is not in his right senses. When Sultan Murad came to the throne I was a young boy but I remember a story that my father had told us about him. One day my father went to see Sultan Murad and found him running after flies. 'Look, look at all these flies,' Sultan Murad exclaimed when he

saw my father. 'Catch them, Kemal bey, catch them quick.' And is it not his majesty Abdul Hamid who has given me my position and my home?"

"Write it down just as you told it to me." Ragib pasha once more turned to my father. And then my father realized that this man was touched and was trying to save him.

With hope rising high, father wrote down his answers. And when the judges came in the second time Ragib pasha said:

"His majesty is pleased with your answers. But he wants to know why you frequented Kemal pasha so much. Don't you know that his majesty does not want his secretaries to go much in society?"

"But it is he who kept asking me," father replied. "Princess Naime honored us by calling my wife to the palace. A royal invitation is an order and how could I disobey the order of the honorable son-in-law of his majesty? Besides I went to Kemal pasha to hear music which I love very much."

Once again the answers were written down and taken to Hamid. And this time the judges came with a relieved smile.

"His majesty is pleased with you," announced Ragib pasha solemnly. "Anyhow his majesty knew that you were one of his devoted servants and he did not doubt you in the least. But after this you must not go in society. His majesty orders it."

My father stood alone in the street. The palace lay behind him, its gloomy bulk pierced by a few scintillating lights. He was free, he had escaped a great danger. By what miracle had his letter escaped the gimlet glances of Hamid's spies? And yet from now on he must be careful, very careful. Kemal pasha had been sent to Broussa an exile, with two guards with him night and day that

watched the very pupils of his eyes. His name had been coupled with that of an exile. Hamid would not forget it. He too must remember.

Late that night there was the sound of talk and laughter that drifted to my sleepy ears. The house was alive and I woke up. How the candle wavered and danced in shadows over the walls. The house seemed full of spirits dancing a mad dance of glee.

"Dadi," I called out, scared and trembling. "Are you sleeping?"

But no one answered, my sister was asleep near me. I drew the covers over my head and did not dare breathe. The door opened softly, at last, and my old nurse came in.

"Nurse, are you going to bed?" I whispered.

"Are you awake, my little lamb?" she asked.

"Dadi, did father come? And had he written his letter?" I asked.

"Yes, he came, and now he is going to bed, so you must not make any noise. Do you know what happens to little girls who don't sleep?" she threatened.

"What happens, dadi?"

"The oumadji, a monster, takes them away."

I shivered into silence. Nurse creaked in her bed and soon there came to my ears the gentle and playful snores of every night. And then I felt fear leaving me, and matching my breaths to her snores I went to sleep.

The next morning early the dance of sunshine awakened me. The room lay basking in a flood of light. I ran out of bed near the hot stove that sang its tune so merrily. The world outside looked clear, white and so happy. Once dressed I ran to the dining room. Every stair in the house seemed to laugh and the sun kept pouring in as if to chase once for all the gloom of nights and of sorrow. Gay faces gathered round the dining-room table. I kissed my

parents' hands. Then I sat before my cup of cocoa while my elders drank their tea. On the table lay my favorite strawberry jam in a crystal bowl. There were also big black olives, white cheese and butter. My father was in a gay mood and was telling story after story. My mother was smiling, the maids had cheery, busy faces. Winter was drawing to an end; the sun was more brilliant and a delicious warmth crept into the house.

After breakfast my father put on his heavy overcoat and his fez and left the house. Mother went to talk with the cook. We children watched father from the window. He was struggling painfully in the snow and this made us all laugh. In and out of heaps of snow he went and finally stopped by a big house near ours.

"Father is going to Ragib pasha's house," my sister whispered to me.

My father was going to the pasha's house to thank him for his last night's kindness. He was ushered into a sumptuous room where he found Ragib pasha. My father came forward and bending low saluted him, with a flourish of the hand, first bending down fingers curved as if to touch the hem of a garment, then slowly bringing the hand to chin and forehead. This done, father thanked him warmly for his kindness and his help in the trial. After a few words were exchanged Ragib pasha broke out:

"Ah, Ekrem, and what a scholar this Kemal pasha is. I never would have dreamt it before. I found the copy of that terrible letter he had sent to his majesty—such a masterpiece, I was really astonished."

Before my father's eyes rose the picture of Ragib pasha in the palace of the prisoner bending over papers, running inquisitive fingers in drawers. Then in a drawer he finds a paper carelessly crumpled, which he reads quickly on seeing a firmly rounded handwriting that does not belong

to Kemal pasha. Quickly he crushes the letter and puts it in his pocket, looking round to see if others had spied upon him.

Then it was Ragib pasha who had saved him. It was this man who had saved his life. Abdul Hamid would never have let him go free if he had known that the letter had been written by my father.

Ragib pasha was laughing maliciously, looking at my father from the corner of an eye. Quickly father ran forward and kissed the hands that had so deftly crushed the fatal letter. Not a word was exchanged but the two men came eye to eye and in one was written mute thanks and in the other a smile of contentment.

CHAPTER III

AN INTERLUDE OF SUNLIGHT

A NEW governess was coming to our house and we children had gathered near the parlor waiting for her. It was thawing outside, the white robes of the streets now lay stained black with mud. Yellowish water had formed pools in the middle of the streets and carriages splashed the passers-by.

When the doorbell rang, we all ran to the hall shouting and pushing one another.

"It is she, she has come, mother."

"Hush, children," my mother answered from above, "you must not run like wild animals and shout so."

Subdued, we ran to the kitchen filled with the delicious aroma of food. Varbet, our old Armenian cook, was bending over the big iron stove watching a brown roast with the eyes of an artist. The maids were cleaning the forks and washing the plates. When we entered like little bombs, Varbet turned to us his kindly eyes and wanted to know if anything had tempted us. But we whispered to him that we had come to the kitchen to spy on the new governess. Slowly we opened the door enough to show our noses. The cook and the maids drew near us curious to see the newcomer. The door had been opened and a tiny figure stepped in. She was so short and inclined to roundness that she looked like a tiny toy person. Piercing eyes that laughed, a large mouth for laughter, gray hair and round face. She hopped round like a little bird and went to the parlor where mother presently joined her. We in

the kitchen were convulsed with laughter and already trying to imitate her short hops and jumps. The voices in the parlor came to our ears. Presently Maria took in a cup of Turkish coffee and when she came back to the kitchen she told us that hanoum effendi wanted to see all of us.

We entered in one after the other and shook hands with the tiny person. My mother explained that Mlle. Lucy was to teach us French and that she was going to stay with us. Mlle. Lucy beamed upon us, her broad nose spread good-humoredly. Her tiny white hands flashed in the air each time she said a word. Over her stiffly starched shirtwaist hung a long silver chain and at the end of it was a small watch tucked in her waist. Mlle. Lucy kept up a steady stream of words, her French falling in waves round us. My mother answered, putting in a word whenever she could.

French I did not know, except for a few words I had picked up. Mlle. Lucy was to give lessons to my elder sister as I was still too young to learn anything. I was to be present and fill my ears with French and learn how to talk it by ear. My brother attended a French school run by priests and already he could talk it so fluently and so fast that he dazzled me. He knew also a great many things and I stood in awe of him. Lost in admiration I watched and listened, not understanding anything. Mlle. Lucy finally rose to go. She was to come back the next day and stay with us.

She came with her luggage, her cheery face, and a heavy trunk carried on the back of a hamal. The man's face was covered with perspiration and looked as red as his red fez. In the hall he took off his heelless shoes with turned up noses, and walked upstairs in his thick white socks covered with holes.

"Let him be careful of the walls," my mother was directing from her room, not appearing before a strange man. "And did he take off his shoes, Mehmed aga?"

"Yes, hanoum effendi, his shoes are off," answered Mehmed aga meekly while he helped the hamal upstairs.

The hamal bent down while Mehmed helped him to lower the trunk off the saddle he had on his back. The trunk crashed down with loud "oufs" from the two men while Mlle. Lucy ran here and there highly excited and worried over her belongings. Then the hamal straightened his back, tightened the long woolen scarf wound round and round his waist and brushed with his dark hands his tight-fitting trousers that were loose at the ends. He took the silver coins from Mehmed aga and passed them once over his forehead for good luck, murmuring:

"Bereket virsin. Let Allah grant plenty." And then he went to the kitchen for a cup of hot coffee.

Mlle. Lucy was to have a room all to herself and already she was runing around and putting things in order, all the time talking and laughing with anyone who was ready to do so. My old nurse watched her sidewise, her face became somber and she was murmuring to herself when Mlle. Lucy was out of earshot:

"She gives herself airs because she can speak French. Let us see if she can take as good care of you as I did."

"But, dadi," I cried out, alarmed, "you are going to be with me always, are you not? I don't want Mademoiselle Lucy, I want you. And I know she does not know any fairy tales." Then I threw my arms around her neck and kissed her wrinkled face. "Do tell me a fairy tale, my little dear dadi, just as short as my little finger."

"I am a fairy tale myself," nurse answered, and I turned away disappointed. For whenever nurse said this oft-

repeated sentence wild horses could not drag from her mouth even the tiniest of stories.

Once more I turned my attention to the new governess and all morning I watched her getting settled in her room. Then she wanted to visit all the house and sister and I took her from room to room. She even went to the baby's room where she snapped her fingers and made odd noises. Ferhounde dadi reigned in that room. She would not let anyone touch the baby, not even could we.

"It is not good for babies to be kissed and fondled," she would say. "I never allow that with my children."

No one contradicted her, for she was quick tempered and also very self-willed. But as she was an excellent nurse for the baby we swallowed her temper and her orders. Now she sat sewing a dress for the baby, all laces and ruffles. Ferhounde dadi could manage her needle, and in her hands a piece of cloth lived and breathed of beauty.

"Ey, matemaselle," she mispronounced gayly, "so you are going to teach our little girls, are you?"

Mlle. Lucy answered in fluent Turkish. But with us she was making a point of speaking in French. How I was wishing for a kind fairy to blow three times over me and put the French language in my head. It was hard not to understand.

When lunch was announced we all ran to our rooms to comb our hair. Mlle. Lucy was in our room combing my sister's hair, but my old nurse marched quickly to me and passed the brush fiercely over my hair. Mlle. Lucy was not even there with her mind, so busy was she talking and wielding the brush.

We all went to lunch, Mlle. Lucy sat between my sister and myself and helped to tie our napkins. We waited impatiently. Maria had gone to bring the first course. My

mother's anger rose immediately, for she hated to wait after a meal was announced.

"Chrisi," she called to the other maid, "why is lunch late? Go and see what is happening. I am tired of these maids, always doing what they want and never listening to anyone."

Chrisi scampered out. She was a tall thin Greek girl with black eyes and a little funny in the head, always laughing and in the clouds. But she worked from morning until night. Some time later there was a tumult on the stairs and loud bursts of anger. A little later both maids came in, Maria carrying a plate of cutlets with French fried potatoes. Her face looked red.

"What is all this noise?" mother asked angrily. "Are we to have no peace from you? You bring food through our noses."

Lunch was finished without any more disasters and after lunch my mother went to the kitchen and I tiptoed behind her. Varbet came forward with a meek look in his kind eyes, head bent to one side. He was gray over the temples and in his white apron and cap he looked thin.

"What has happened, Varbet?" asked mother.

"Hanimdjim, these maids will drive me to my grave. Whenever there is roast or cutlets, I put the tenderest piece at one side and ask these maids to turn that side to you. Today I noticed again that Maria lingered on the stairs too long, she has done this often. Not holding out any longer, I crept after her and did I not catch that miserable girl stuffing herself to death with that tender cutlet I had reserved for you? The blood came to my eyes and I gave her a strong slap. She deserved it, the hussy, save your presence, my lady."

Varbet looked as if he could not hurt a fly but with the maids he was severe. His work, to him, was his life. Had

he then pored over the meat with loving care so Maria would eat the best piece? My mother called Maria to the kitchen and started with:

"Are you not ashamed of yourself? Doesn't Varbet give you meat that you should take from the plate?"

"But, hanoum effendi . . ."

"Don't answer, you have a tongue as long as a shoe."

My mother's voice went higher and higher and soon the kitchen was filled with it. Afraid, I ran out but still the angry rumbles pursued me. After the scolding we all assembled in the living room where Chrisi brought two small cups of coffee, with brown foam floating on top. My mother was rolling herself the thinnest cigarette, seated on a small stool by the mangal. We children were eating our one piece of chocolate. Just then Isaac came in, still shuffling a leg, still alive with sarcasm. He kissed the hem of my mother's dress and sat near the stove.

"Chrisi, bring Isaac some coffee," my mother ordered and she threw her tobacco box to him.

"Hanimdjim, Allah grant you long life." And then Isaac winked towards Mlle. Lucy, lifted an eyebrow and turned one palm upwards, intrigued by the stranger.

"Isaac, this is Mademoiselle Lucy, our new governess," explained mother.

"Hum," grunted Isaac. "And do you know Turkish?"

"Yes," put in Mlle. Lucy, "I have learned how to speak it."

"But she is 'Frenque,' " a term applied to all strangers and foreigners, added mother laughing to herself.

"Haide djanim, hanoum effendi, whom will she fool? She is a sweet waters Frenque born and bred here." Turning to Mlle. Lucy, he broke into glib Armenian.

But Mlle. Lucy shook her head and answered in Turkish:

"I do not speak Armenian, I am a Catholic."

"Catholic, Catholic, and what is that?" burst out Isaac. "You are Armenian as I am; to whom are you telling all these tales?"

In Constantinople there are a great many Armenians who are Catholics; these deny that they are Armenian or that they can even speak the language. They talk French and call themselves Catholics. Mlle. Lucy, being one of these, was furious with Isaac.

"How impolite he is," she said in French.

"Now, now, don't use your Frenque words on me," retorted Isaac. "I have lived too long in this house not to understand *your* French."

My mother was laughing to herself and trying to smother her smiles. To bring peace she turned to Isaac and asked:

"What have you brought today?"

"Nothing but my miserable self," Isaac sighed. "There is a hole in my pocket, I don't even have ten paras." Putting his thumbnail to his teeth, he pulled it forward with a snap.

Isaac was a great drinker, he would drink away all his money and go from house to house visiting his old masters. It was not safe to give him a coat for winter or shoes, for he would sell them immediately and buy some liquor. He never had enough to drink and no matter what one said to him he still drank.

"Adam sende, what do I care, we are going to die this way or that way, let me at least die happily." And Isaac waved all arguments aside.

His coffee was getting cold by the mangal; my mother got up and came near him, taking the coffee cup in her hands.

"Ah, hanimdjim, I shall be drowned again," he protested, shaking his head from left to right. But he put his

head back and opened his mouth. Mother poured the lukewarm coffee drop by drop in his mouth. Isaac swallowed in rapid gulps, rolling his eyes, then he put his chin up frantically. Mother stopped pouring.

"I am full, full," cried Isaac, gulping and talking quickly, shutting one of his eyes which was a habit that had been left to him from a disease following a fit of too much drinking. This winking eye punctuated all his remarks, and it always fascinated me. This terrible eye, would it ever stay steady like the other? Not even sleep could dominate it and it would go blinking through the night like the faint flicker of a candle.

Then Isaac drew nearer to my mother and whispered;

"How is our bey effendi? He still goes to the palace? But will that man ever forget the incident of Kemal pasha?"

"We have heard nothing more. What else can there be? The bey has not done anything," mother answered, all laughter gone from her eyes.

"I know, I know,"—Isaac shook his head—"but, hanimdjim, what a man that Hamid is. I am afraid we shall have a smell of that affair yet. I hope I am wrong."

While this whispering continued my sister and I were playing hide and seek among the furniture. But one brusque movement and we threw down a vase and broke it to pieces.

"What have you done again?" mother scolded. "Did I not tell you that such games are only played in the garden? Always breaking things. Now sit still."

We stood meekly penitent with our heads hanging down. The mere fact of mentioning the palace had roused all of my mother's nerves. And at the fall of night they stood bristling, waiting on tiptoe for the least excuse to flare up and spread their madness through the house. Night was on

us again and with it we children were quiet, subdued by an unknown fear that still hung over us. My sister was with Mlle. Lucy reading and studying French. And I went to my nurse, the source of all my comfort. What did I know of all these events that crowded our lives? What can a child of four know of plots, intrigues and of Abdul Hamid? It was the fear of my elders that spread to me, words that I heard and could not understand that held me in their grasp. It was the instinct of the child that lay trembling with nameless terror.

Nurse was reading from an old book with a worn brown cover. The pages were almost black with age and some of them had bits torn off by eager fingers. The book was filled with big black writing which I did not know at all but which nurse had told me was Armenian. In it she kept brightly colored pictures of women in rich colored robes with round golden disks back of their heads. And one was a picture of some poor man stretched on a big piece of wood with blood trickling from his side. This made me shiver and I kept wondering who he was and why he had been hurt so badly. Nurse paid no attention to me and kept on reading, her glasses in the middle of her nose. Over the bridge she had tied some cotton with thread which gave her face a funny look. I sat near her coughing and fidgeting but I did not get even one little look from her.

Days followed one another, Mlle. Lucy became a member of the house; each day she would open her books and study with sister while I sat and listened, picking a word here and a word there. Still Isaac came with his tricky eye, made fun of everyone and drew money from mother. And still my father went to the palace every morning and came with the fall of night.

Winter dragged on, there were wild storms and the snow rose in heaps, people slipped and fell, the street criers'

Ferhounde Dadi, Selma Ekrem's nurse

Isaac, an old Armenian retainer in the household of the author's family

voices were muffled and at night lanterns would swing in the hands of lone passers-by. Snow and rain, mud to the ankles, winds blowing cold shivers in our hearts, we passed the days. Gradually the sun became bolder, the days fairer.

Spring had come, the wisteria lay blooming in patches of purple over high walls that hid a world of gardens and palaces. The Judas trees spread their heavy fragrance and the hills were green again. Spring had come and summer was cutting its teeth. Constantinople was wide awake once more. Carriages passed with people packed in them going to the famous pleasure resorts. The cry of the street venders came strong and loud from the open windows. Men carrying on their backs baskets filled with fruit or vegetables. Little donkeys or patient horses carrying the wealth of summer from street to street.

"Lemons, lemons, there is a pint in each, who will not believe me buy one and see."

"Water melons like macaroons, sweet as powdered sugar, hey mashallah!"

From far come the nasal tones of a Jew: "I buy old clothes, old papers, empty bottles. Eskiler alayim, let me buy the things that are old."

Mixing with the strident tones of a man who shouts to the sky: "I buy old teeth, old crowns, old sets, old broken teeth. Bring out your teeth, ladies. Money for teeth."

"Hey mashallah, I sell fresh fish, they have had their noonday meal in the sea. Taze balick, fresh fish."

"Bouz gibi lemonata, ice cold lemonade, it will make your thirty-two teeth play the trumpet."

Warm days filled with the fragrance of fresh earth and flowers. How I loved them. Now I could play in the garden and run races without upsetting the furniture or my mother. And often we children would go to Ihlamour, a field covered with yellow flowers. Nurse would doze under

the sun and I would play with sister. We became fairies, princesses, horses in turns. But sister would always run faster and her playing with me was lukewarm. Sometimes Mlle. Lucy came too and she and nurse could bicker to their hearts' content.

We had come home one such warm happy evening, carrying flowers in our hands, and had found the house permeated with the smell of soap, clean towels and lavender. My mother was going about with a white cloth tied over her head and her face whiter than usual. It was bath day, the big Turkish bath had been lit all afternoon. And now it was our turn to be washed. I went in with my old nurse. I loved our big bath with its marble floors, its bulging marble basin where hot and cold water flowed from two big faucets. I sat on a stool, the intense heat made me weak as water. Nurse gave me a washcloth and this I put over my eyes while she soaped my hair. White lather bubbled, hot water was poured while I squealed, as nurse loved the water boiling hot and I did not. One soaping, another, I sat patiently until the sixth was reached. The minutes grew into hours. One requires patience to take a Turkish bath. When I came out, my head tied with a white cloth, night had fallen. Now it was the turn of nurse, and at night the maids would profit. My father had come from the palace and I could hear his voice below mixing with the sonorous tones of someone else. I ran down near the parlor; my mother was coming out.

"Come, let me see if you are clean," she said, and I went to her and threw my arms round her neck. "Oh, how sweet you smell, gule gule kirlen, may you get dirty laughingly." Then mother walked to the kitchen.

"Varbet," she called out, "there is a visitor tonight, make a burek, a pastry with cheese. And is there plenty of fruit in the house?"

"Yes, hanoum effendi, don't worry, there is," Varbet replied.

"Who has come, mother?" I asked.

"Your enishte has just come in; come with me and kiss his hand."

When I went in I saw my father's brother-in-law sitting in a big armchair. He was a tall man who limped badly and looked in pain. His voice sounded strangled as if someone perpetually held two hands to his throat. I was much in awe of his reddish face and white beard. We children called him "Enishte bey," brother-in-law mister, which phrase we had picked up from my father. Father and he were talking long, bringing water from many rivers. My sister came in followed by my brother who was enjoying his summer vacation, and they both kissed the visitor's hand and sat down without saying a word. Presently at a sign from my mother we filed out of the room. Brother wanted to play pirates in the dining room. Amidst our laughter and noise the low rumble of voices was heard in father's library. The rumble persisted, rose higher and insinuated itself into our gay mood. What was happening in yonder room to make them forget that it was eight-thirty and time to eat? Gradually we subsided and felt hunger twitching the cords of our stomachs.

"What are they discussing?" wondered my brother, his eyes pensive.

Mlle. Lucy came and ordered us upstairs to scrub our hands. Before and after every meal we had to wash our hands; my mother had drilled this habit into us from babyhood.

When dinner was finally announced it was late and sleep had taken the place of hunger. Once in the dining room I felt cold shivers running down my back. Again those severe faces, wrapped in such heavy thoughts that they

pulled my elders' faces down. Were they cross at us for making so much noise? The meal dragged and was lifeless. My parents made a pretense of eating. And yet the bureks were crisp, the meat tender and the Russian salad excellent. We also had imam bayildi, a dish that we called "the priest fainted"—made of eggplants, onions and tomatoes cooked in olive oil—my father's favorite dish. Then we had pilaff cooked in chicken juice, one of Varbet's famous puddings and a variety of fruit. Amber colored slices of melon, ice cold and sweeter than honey, golden peaches and big drops of emerald grapes, the famous tchavoush of Constantinople, tender skinned and seedless.

And yet the meal dragged, conversation was forced to the surface and dropped down as no one revived its dying embers. After supper our elders moved to father's library and we kissed Enishte bey's hand and went away. Just then a big cup of steaming coffee without sugar was ushered into the room. The smell of coffee and cigarettes invaded the whole house.

The slow rhythm of voices rose to our ears. Once more the house had risen like a hunted being and stood tense with excitement. The boards creaked in warning, the corners grew gloomy, and who knew what the morning would bring to us?

CHAPTER IV

GOING TO JERUSALEM

THE storm that was brewing following my father's arrest burst at last. His brother-in-law had not come for a friendly visit. He had been sent by the grand vezir, Ferid pasha, with a message from his majesty Abdul Hamid.

It seemed, so at least said Ferid pasha, that his majesty the sultan was very much worried. His daughter, Princess Naime, had gone several times to her royal father and moaned the exile of her husband Kemal pasha.

"While he sits in damp prisons guarded day and night, that Ekrem bey, the cause of all this trouble, enjoys the sunshine of your favor. Send him away from Constantinople, I cannot bear his presence any longer."

She had pleaded with Sultan Hamid, begged and cried. The sultan, so it seems, had tried to reason with her.

"How can I touch an innocent man, for Ekrem bey's innocence has been proved to me, a faithful servant of the palace?" But she had not listened, and the sultan had called his grand vezir and told him the whole story.

"Can woman ever listen to reason?" the wily sultan had asked. "My daughter will not soften yet what am I to do? Ekrem bey must go away from here. Send him in a sweet way, appoint him to some distant place."

The grand vezir had in turn called my father's brother-in-law and had explained the whole thing to him. Would Ekrem bey accept going to Tchataldja, a little city not far from Constantinople? It was an unimportant post with little pay.

Father did not want to go in the least. But back of all these sugary pleadings and polite requests lay the insurmountable will of the sultan. That sorrowful tale about Princess Naime could very well have been born in the fertile brain of his majesty. Father knew that he had to go. Hamid did not want him, though he had done nothing. His crime lay in the fact that he was connected with Kemal pasha and he was the son of a man whom the sultan had dreaded. Abdul Hamid could never forget that. And yet Tchataldja was not appealing in the least.

My father had begged his dear brother to go to the grand vezir and implore him to grant two weeks so father could think over this sudden proposition.

Summer had lingered into a beautiful autumn and Constantinople had turned red and gold. Over the high walls now hung red leaves, a deep red shade that carried with its beauty a touch of sadness. The horse chestnut trees had become soft golden masses. There were glittering cold days and hot days that made one think that summer had stepped back to have a look at us. Days that were hot and limp followed by boisterous ones that stirred people into action, would give place to days of beautiful melancholy where the sky hung sorrowfully over a world of golden sadness. Winter had squeezed open the door of the world and was ready to spring on us without a moment's notice.

The days that followed were filled with vague murmurs. Snatches of conversation carried on in corners were hushed quickly and resumed again in undertones.

"Did I not tell you, hanimdjim," Isaac murmured, the rest of the sentence lost in such whispers that even the flies could not hear.

"How will I leave my house and family?" My mother would shake her head.

Ferhounde dadi was enigmatic as a closed door, my old

nurse calmly patient, but Mlle. Lucy bubbled over with excitement, a question forever glued to her lips.

"What a funny house. Why is everyone lost in whispers? What is happening? Why doesn't anyone tell me something?"

"Don't ask so many questions," would retort my nurse. "What is going to happen will happen. It is all written on our foreheads before we are born."

"Dadi," I asked, "and who writes it there?"

"Allah writes it. We are all born with our fate on our foreheads and nothing can wipe away the writing of Allah the great."

The words Allah and fate silenced me. Allah was a power even more supreme than my parents I had been told. A power that saw all and heard all. Even if one hid oneself under the bedcovers Allah would see one. I had a vague idea of one big ear and one big eye that followed everyone from morning until night. Fate meant nothing to me except a word in everyone's mouth, a word that had the ring of finality.

Days, that had long trains of excitement, came crowding upon us. My father's friends came almost every night, the maids were kept busy cooking and serving coffee. And many nights my father's napkin remained in its folder and we ate alone.

One night my father entered the house like a burst of wind, his eyes were glowing. We all crowded about him, twitching with the nervous exhilaration that oozed from all his person.

"We are all going to Jerusalem," he shouted. "I have been appointed governor and we have to go as soon as we can."

"To Jerusalem!" My mother was aghast, as if we were bound for the north pole. "Allah help us, and what are we

to see next? But I thought they were sending you to Tchataldja."

"They were, but I found a way to secure a better position. It is a long story which I will explain later." And my father rose to go and put on his house suit and his slippers. Mother followed him.

We children remained with our thoughts. So we were going to Jerusalem. Surely it must be a far-off place, a city of the Arabian Nights. Maybe there would be palaces of gold and emeralds just as all fairy tales describe.

"Will we go in a carriage?" I asked.

"Little fool," my brother answered, "we will go by boat."

We would then go in a big boat, those boats I had seen crossing the Bosphorus and had admired from far. I wondered what there was inside a boat and how many days we would remain on board.

My father explained to us later how he had been appointed governor to Jerusalem, which was a highly envied and important post. Of course he had not wanted to go to the small city as an unimportant official. He had been given two weeks in which to find a better one. He found out that the governorship of Jerusalem had been a sort of monopoly in the hands of the palace secretaries. Four of the ex-governors had been secretaries of the palace. To be governor of Jerusalem was more appealing and he set about trying to secure that position since he had to go somewhere away from Constantinople. He telegraphed to a friend who was general inspector of provinces and asked him to remove the existing governor of Jerusalem to a vacant post. This urgent request was not unheeded by father's friend who knew that something important was on foot. So he transferred the governor of Jerusalem to another city. Once the post was vacant, my father wrote a long letter to the sultan and asked for it. He handed the

letter to the head secretary who took it to the sultan. Abdul Hamid read the letter and immediately consented, but my father was kept waiting two hours so as to cover the eagerness of the sultan. Abdul Hamid wanted father out of Constantinople as soon as possible and yet he did not forget to keep up appearances.

After the two hours had dragged away the head secretary returned and said:

"His majesty has appointed you governor to Jerusalem. Your appointment will be issued this minute. His majesty has also increased the salary for your sake. But you must go immediately."

Thus my father had been appointed. Pulling a string here and a string there. The palace secretary was governor.

That night we were all in a fever of restlessness, especially Mlle. Lucy who behaved like a child, so said my nurse.

"We are going to Jerusalem, just imagine!" she would exclaim every two minutes. "I am going to see the Holy Sepulchre and so many other saintly places."

"Ayol, matemasel, you are going to wake up my baby with all your noise!" Ferhounde dadi would interrupt.

"One would think you had been brought up in a village." My nurse was disdainful.

"But, Kalnick doudou (my nurse's name), I can't help being happy.

"Is that a reason you should go about like an excited hen flopping its wings? I have traveled a great deal in my life and if my masters want me, I shall see Jerusalem too with their kindness."

"Think, you will become a hadji," Ferhounde dadi added.

The Christians of Constantinople went on a pilgrimage

to Jerusalem, those who could afford it. And when they had visited the holy places, been baptized and tattooed on their arms, they were called hadji and were much honored. The Moslems visited Mecca on a pilgrimage and when they came back they had become hadjis and the men used to wear green turbans to show that the pilgrimage had been accomplished.

The days that followed were like wild snatches of dreams. The house was upset and this was a great delight to us children. Mattresses were piled sky high and it was fun to climb to the top and slide down again. But if nurse was in the room or my mother, we got a scolding.

"Don't do that, children, you'll tear the mattresses with your shoes. Always walking under people's feet. Now go and play in your rooms."

But how could we sit still when the house fascinated us? My father had sent to us a young broad-faced Tartar, called Mehmed, to help with the packing. He was quick as fire, and worked like a woman, my mother said. My father's books were piled in big wooden cases, he wanted most of his books with him. Then the china had to be packed carefully, every nook filled with straw and newspapers. We were taking most of our furniture with us and it was fun to see a chair all decked up like a child's head with curl papers.

My father seemed lost in the house. He could not find anything that he wanted any more. He would look long for a book which lay peacefully under his hand.

"These women," he would grumble at times, "always upsetting a house, always tidying and losing things."

"But, Ekrem," my mother reasoned, "we have to pack quickly and one can't do it leaving the house in order."

"Yes, yes, but leave my things, I'll pack them myself."

My mother would laugh and we children echoed her

laughter. Father would join us too, knowing well that he would not lay his fingers on a single shirt or even a book.

All our extra property was being sent in snatches to my maternal grandfather's house up the Bosphorus where it was going to be stored for us. A big buffalo cart had drawn to the door and the hamals were lugging down heavy cases and trunks, bent double with the load on their backs. I had sneaked out into the street and stood watching the buffaloes. Such enormous black animals with solemn heads and such sad eyes. Each had a chain of blue beads round its neck to preserve it from the "Evil Eye." They stood so pensive one near the other that I had thought they were hungry and fetched some bread for them. But nurse was upon me.

"You naughty child, running in the streets like a village girl. Come in or you'll freeze to death. What will hanoum effendi say?"

I was dragged in, and the buffaloes went hungry and stood even more sadly by the door. After the cart had been filled the hamals climbed all over the furniture and tied it down with strong cords. Then a heavy cloth was thrown over the cart, against dust. The hamals perched themselves on a case and the cart started slowly, every bone of its body creaking and groaning. The animals hardly moved; they seemed to meditate over a serious problem. The driver poked them with a long pointed stick but they paid no attention and still kept their slow rumbling pace. Soon the driver gave up urging them and he too fell into a deep meditation, or was it sleep? Why hurry? There is a whole day before them.

My father had been worried for some time with the fact that he had not yet paid his respects to the grand vezir and the cabinet ministers as newly appointed governor of Jerusalem. Sultan Hamid strictly forbade his secretaries

even to step in the Sublime Porte, where the ministers were to be found. How to do his duty and not irritate the sultan was a puzzle that kept hopping in his mind.

One morning while he sat in the palace pulling his puzzle before him, the head secretary came in and told him:

"The cabinet is here in the palace. I know you have been worried long over a certain question. You can come in now and pay your respects to the grand vezir and the ministers."

My father got up and went to a small room where he donned his frock coat. Very slim and tall in his dark suit, he was ushered in. He kissed the hems of all assembled. The grand vezir was cordial and talked with him for some time. Then my father rose to go and once more he salaamed very low before each august personage and slowly backed towards the door, as it was considered a shame to turn one's back on nobility. Slowly and painfully he was backing towards the door when he noticed the minister of the interior motioning to him frantically. But father, not understanding all this pantomime, kept going his way. The minister finally rose from his place and ran to my father and stopped him. Father in his hurry was backing towards the red-hot iron stove!

"Before I have even reached my post you extend to me your hands in kindness. I thank your honor," and my father saluted once more and this time he reached the door without further trouble.

No one goes on a journey without visiting all of one's relatives and kissing many hands. Amidst our frantic packing we had to wear our best and get ready. A carriage would draw to the door and we would get in, sitting erect so as not to spoil the pleats and tucks of our dresses. One by one we visited our numerous relatives, kissing hands, talking about the journey and in each place we heard:

"Go laughingly, Allah give you safety."

The last days the house was being swept from top to bottom. Room after room was scrubbed and washed. The women hired for the occasion washed the wooden floors with big potato sacks which they rubbed over with their feet. Left to right, right to left, the women swayed and the grating noise filled the house. It was clean as a rose when the women were through and ready for the next tenant. My mother was particular and would not allow a speck of dust to welcome the newcomers.

But my old nurse shook her head. "It is not good to wash and scrub the house so much when one leaves it."

"Why, nurse?" I asked.

"It is bad luck," answered she, "one must only sweep it clean. This is what we have heard from our fathers and mothers but now everything is alafranqua and one does not pay attention to the old customs."

Would the spirit of the house be offended with so much cleaning? My old nurse seemed to think so and her face was dark.

It is sad to watch the broom sweeping away memories from corners. Bit by bit we were being swept out of this house where we had lived so long. Pails of water washed the last vestige of us and soon the house became an ordinary one that had neither character nor the thousand secrets that hide in nooks and corners. Maybe a house has a soul and each casual tenant leaves on it a bit of his personality. Would the nights be again so terrifying and alive after we were gone? And would the bell ring with its shrill treble of terror for other ears?

My father had bought a beautiful medicine chest, a big wooden box with bottles of medicine carefully labeled, cotton, eye-baths, brushes and everything one might need. We children had admired it in awe, not daring to touch it.

"Where shall we put it?" asked father anxiously.

"We will pack it somewhere, Ekrem, leave it to me," mother answered.

"Yes, you will and I'll never find it again," laughed father. "We might as well leave it here."

The last morning in the city. I had been awake early and had funny feelings shooting though my body. Nurse had made me wear my blue woolen sailor suit and woolen sailor cap with two black ribbons hanging down my back. On the black ribbon in front was written, "H.M.S. Iron Duke." I loved my sailor suit for it had such deep friendly pockets and I was proud of my cap. Mother always made us wear these suits, which she bought at an English store.

My sister and brother were talking together and I could see tears in their eyes. Brother was not coming with us as he could not leave his school and there were no good ones in Jerusalem. He would join us during the summer vacation. He was very sad and so was my sister for they were playmates and loved one another. I stood unnoticed, I was too small and insignificant an outsider always. I felt alone and wished that my little sister would grow up so I could play with her.

Everybody was busy putting away the last bits of clothing. Ferhounde dadi had closed her bags and now she was dressing. She was putting on her tcharshaf. A long loose silk skirt that swept the floor as she walked, a pelerine covering her arms and shoulders and a thick black veil now thrown back of her head. Not a bit of hair showing—that was considered a sin. Only her round face was visible but in the streets that would be covered too with the veil and she would become a black bundle. The baby was all wrapped up in a woolen coat with a woolen cap pulled over her ears. In her eyes also was a furtive excitement.

My nurse came in with a white handkerchief for me and arranged my cap over my bangs. She was dressed in a black coat and a black silk handkerchief was tied over her hair. Nurse never wore a hat, as all the other Christians did, she said she was too old-fashioned for it. But Mlle. Lucy was wearing a big black hat and was immaculate in her new clothes.

"One would think she is a young girl," murmured my nurse, wrinkling up her nose.

My mother was dressing before the long mirror. She too was putting on her tcharshaf. Every Turkish woman had to wear this costume. But her skirts were shorter and more shapely and her veil was much thinner. One could also see her fair hair coming out of the black curves of her pelerine.

We were ready; my father had dressed hours ago. We had a hurried lunch in a bare dining room. My father was the most hurried one of all. He had put his big gold watch by him and kept looking at it with each mouthful. This threw us in such panic that we were not able to eat at all.

"Are you all packed?" he asked finally.

"I have still my hand bag which I have not closed." Mother was flustered.

"Come, come, we have no time to lose."

Mother rose to go, lunch was over. My father was pacing up and down the room smoking his cigarette.

"The carriages have come," my father shouted as he buttoned his thick overcoat.

The suitcases were being carried to the door. Varbet, the cook, and the broad-faced Tartar were coming with us. But the maids and Isaac had gathered to bid us goodbye. They were kissing my mother's hand and the hem of my father's trousers. How strange is a house that is all

empty, like a boat drifting by the will of many currents. Tonight there would not be a glimmer on its face. Dark windows brooding over a dimly lighted street.

We were packed in our carriages. Chrisi, our Greek maid, came to the door with a pail of water. As the carriages started to move she emptied her pail of water over the street.

"Nurse, why did Chrisi pour water after us?" I asked.

"It is for good luck," she answered.

Flow as easily as water and flow back as easily, meant the splash of water.

At the quay we were met by our relatives. There was such a crowd that I was terrified. The hamals shouted and fought with one another, the boatmen yelled at the top of their voices so that my head became like a cauldron. People pushing, talking, weeping. We were all kissed and rekissed, tears splashing over our faces. And I too burst into tears at the sight of so much weeping. Four big rowboats moved towards the boat which stood far out. It loomed finally like a monster and I felt myself so small near it. A white-coated steward grabbed me in his arms and thus lifted in the air I was carried on board.

We were ushered into our many cabins where the relatives crowded, giving last instructions. There was a huge basket of candy which the Greek patriarch of Constantinople had sent as a parting gift to the governor of Jerusalem.

The last whistle boomed in our ears and I felt it deep inside of me echoing for long and casting fear in my heart.

"Go laughingly, let Allah grant you safety."

The relatives were crowding on deck once more. My brother was crying, his two eyes like two fountains. He stood clinging to my mother and did not want to part from her.

"Send us some oranges," someone shouted.

"A whole crateful of them if you want," father answered.

One by one heads dipped down the ladder with a last wave of a white handkerchief, faces streaked with tears. Soon the rowboats became tiny dots on the blue sea. Our boat had started to vibrate, a mysterious power was shaking it. I saw the blue sea covered with white foam as if someone had emptied pails of soap bubbles on it. Sailors were running hither and thither. Mother was crying, leaning on the rail.

It was a glorious day. The sun had come out to bid us good-bye. The Seraglio point was a glimmer of windows, all those old palaces watched us mutely. Back of them stood Santa Sophia, like a ship at anchor, and farther back the graceful lines of Sultan Ahmed with its slender minarets. The Bosphorus curved amidst green hills and palaces. On top of a hill stretched Yildiz, the palace of Abdul Hamid. Maybe the sultan was watching from a window, his small eyes glittering and his mouth twisted into a smile of satisfaction. The palace was crowded with trees, a dark spot amidst the glitter of a bright sunny day. It was the dark shadow of tyranny that had hung over our lives and had chased us out of our home. We were slowly moving away, fleeing from its overpowering clutch. So would it be all our lives, forever moving, forever crushed. Our lives would be a wreck tossed here and there by the tempest of a dying empire.

CHAPTER V

MY FIRST NEW CITY

THE storm fell upon us as soon as we had left the hospitable port of Smyrna. It came silently and suddenly, the wind rising with the fall of night and the waves lashing the portholes. Mother took to her bunk. I was in the same cabin with her and felt neglected. Perched on my upper berth I sat shivering with each plunge of the boat, with each wave that dashed in foam over the porthole. My mother could not even move, and her groans filled me with terror. What was happening? I would lean over as far as I could but did not see anything, and then I would give up struggling and listen to the thud of the waves. Everyone was sick except my father, who paced the deck and enjoyed his meals heartily by himself. The boat seemed deserted except for the scurrying stewards and stewardesses and the plaintive ringing of so many bells.

The next day the ship's doctor ordered my mother on deck. A chair was tied down solidly and mother was stretched upon it covered with a pile of steamer rugs. I too sat near her, eyes fascinated with the waves that rose like hills. How they danced madly and fought with one another. Now a squadron of them would rise high, roll over to the boat and come splashing to the deck. Then the boat groaned in sorrow, rose like a feather and came down slowly in a world of foam.

"Look at the waves, Selma." My father would take me by the hand. "Is not the sea beautiful in its anger?"

"Aman, Ekrem," came the desolate voice of my mother.

"Be careful of the child, she might fall and hurt herself."

"Don't worry, I am holding her."

Then mother would close her eyes, her face white as cloth.

One day my father came to us on the deck, his face beaming, and said:

"What do you think? Beraet has talked for the first time. The storm has loosened our baby's tongue. She lies in her bunk gurgling to herself while Ferhounde moans and thinks she is dying."

Mother smiled feebly and asked, "Then who takes care of Beraet?"

"The stewardess; she loves the baby and is always sneaking in to see if she is all right."

The storm followed us to Beirut. There it rolled back like a defeated beast of prey and we steamed into the quiet of the harbor. We had to change boats but as we had quite a time for the next boat, my mother wanted to go on shore and feel the solid earth beneath her feet.

The boat was alive once more, men and women hurried with pale faces that were becoming feebly tinged with red. My father did not want to be dashed madly about with us, so we left him and came down. An official had come to meet us and invite us to his house. He and his family were Arabs and did not know us at all. But they were most hospitable and told us to consider their home ours.

The ground rolled beneath our feet and every building seemed to sway gently back and forth. We were packed in carriages and drove to the house where coffee and cigarettes were served to my mother. Some time later Ferhounde dadi came in with eyebrows lifted and whispered:

"Aman, hanimdjim, don't look at the kitchen. A dirty Arab cook and the baby's diapers drying side by side with the utensils."

My mother's horror of dirt bristled in her eyebrows. How could she eat with that kitchen and its dirt rising like a ghost before her eyes? She and Ferhounde dadi sat whispering and plotting. In both cleanliness was a disease. But food had not yet appeared, the mistress of the house was busy coming in and going out. I felt the cords of my stomach twitching intensely.

"Mother," I whispered, "are we not going to eat? My stomach is so empty."

Soon we would, I was told, but mother did not look as if she could want to eat. Dirt and filth did not bother me, since I had not seen it. I wanted food in any shape.

We were called in for lunch. A big table was set and many Arab women were assembled. Their Arabic sounded harsh and strange in my ears. Luckily the mistress of the house spoke a little Turkish or we would have been reduced to signs. We were served by Arab girls who wore bright colored dresses. A big platter of meat was brought in surrounded by a fortress of fat. More foods, every one strange to our palates, highly spiced and very rich. I noticed that my mother did not eat at all. And what she tried to eat she gulped down with an effort, the look of secret horror on her face veiled by a polite smile.

Food was urged upon us as if we had escaped a famine. The plates were passed several times and each time our hostess pleaded with us to take some more and bewailed the fact that we did not eat anything. Luckily, there was an abundance of luscious fruits. Such big oranges, deep gold in coloring and each one as juicy and sweet as one could want. Piles of delicate tangerines and pale yellow lemons. These intrigued me and I wondered if people ate lemons in this strange country. Our hostess then begged us to try a sweet lemon and said that they were extremely good. Taking one, I discovered that these lemons were not like ours at

all, they were sweet as powdered sugar and with a delicious flavor.

After lunch our hostess insisted that we visit the city. After the coffee had been served we were driven in carriages to the principal sites. While we were driving and enjoying ourselves, we heard behind us the galloping of horses and a carriage turned a murderous corner at full speed almost breaking apart. In it we saw kind old Varbet and Mehmed, but a Mehmed who had added an inch of importance.

"Hanoum effendi, the boat is going to sail." Mehmed ran to us out of breath. "Bey effendi is pacing the deck, the boat is being held for you."

We were driven at breakneck speed over the cobblestones. We came to the boat, our hostess running with us and apologizing. My father stood on the gangplank, his face set in anxiety.

"Where have you been?" he shouted. "What kind of people did you visit? The idea of keeping you so long. Don't they have any sense?"

My mother was frantically lifting her eyebrows, trying to explain that our hostess could hear him. But father paid no attention. We bade a hurried good-bye to our hostess and climbed the gangplank a little shamefaced. The ship pulled out as soon as we were on board and Beirut became a dot in the sea of my memory.

The boat was to arrive at Jaffa, the port of Jerusalem, at midnight, but the captain told us he would wait for us to disembark in the morning. My father had refused, as he did not want to delay the ship.

I was awakened in the middle of the night with the light of the lamp in my eyes. Mother was dressing and Mlle. Lucy was busy telling her snatches of gossip concerning the passengers. I too got up and was dressed hurriedly. We

came on deck where my father was talking with a stalwart Arab whose breast was covered with numerous decorations. This was the chief boatman and he was urging my father to lose no time as this was good landing time.

"Djirbi knows the sea," the Arab was saying in broken Turkish. "The sea is Djirbi's life, now stormy, now calm, but Djirbi knows its secret currents of passion."

The Arab had some of the grandeur of the sea and in his eyes there were flashes that he had gathered fighting with many storms. My father was advised to listen to the Arab as he was the best boatman of Jaffa.

This man's father, Djirbi the elder, was the famous boatman who had landed the Emperor Francis Joseph when his majesty had come to Jerusalem on a pilgrimage. The boat had anchored at a distance as usual. But there was such a wild storm that the captain would not take the responsibility of landing the emperor. But the elder Djirbi had come in his rowboat, fighting hand to hand with the storm; clothes dripping, eyes wild, he stood before the emperor. Djirbi would land his majesty, he was not afraid. Had he not come among maddened waves? The emperor consented in spite of all pleadings. The old man was lowered to the rowboat that looked like a nutshell. The Arab guided the boat with sure hand and fearless heart. Wave after wave broke over the rowboat and the rocks leered beneath the tumult of waves. When they landed Francis Joseph snatched off one of his decorations and pinned it on Djirbi's breast. The old Arab was now dead, but his son had inherited his furious power and courage, his fearless love for the sea.

We stood listening to all this talk, our faces ghostly in the dim light. Down below we could hear the Arabs shouting and the splash of oars. There was a crowd who had come to welcome the new governor. Afar lay Jaffa with

its dim lights and all round us stretched a purple sea foaming at the mouth, seething with undercurrents, tossing the rowboats to the level of our eyes, and sucking them down again to the depths of purple anger.

Two Arabs ran on mother, grabbed her in their arms and lowered her into the boat. One by one we were carried in this odd fashion. Ferhounde dadi required three Arabs for her bulk and her high-pitched laughter echoed all over the boat. But Mlle. Lucy was thrown into wild agitation, furious in her fluent French, she was ranting against the Arabs who did not mind her in the least.

The Arabs were pulling away from the boat, now a big shadow. Twelve men were at the oars with Djirbi at the helm. The night was thick with darkness, the sea was splashing us wet. I sat huddled in my corner. Suddenly there rose a wild chanting prayer from the Arabs. First it was like the wail of those who drown at sea, then like a humble prayer. But soon the chanting rose in power like the roar of an angry sea. We had come near the treacherous passage thick with jagged rocks where a boat could be dashed to pieces. The men kept up their deep mournful prayer which penetrated to the very marrow of my bones. And I sat shivering with terror, with the mysterious fear of the sea and of God which these men were invoking. We landed with the cords of our knees broken with fear.

Jerusalem was connected with Jaffa by a narrow tracked little train that started in the afternoon. We stayed at the mayor's house where we had gone the night before. In the afternoon we were escorted by many officials to the station. My father was in a carriage with them while my mother had us children in hers.

"What is a train?" I asked mother, finding my tongue

after the first fever of gaping at the crowds was over. "Is it like a carriage?"

"No," mother replied. "It is much bigger and is not pulled by horses."

"Then how does it go, mother?" I was astonished.

"Don't ask so many questions."

We had arrived at the station and were escorted into our special compartment. My father was talking to the officials on the platform. And I was all eyes. The train puzzled me. Long black carriages one tied to the other, and there were no horses in sight. Then this train must go by magic, I thought. Everything went with horses in Constantinople, the carriages, the trolley cars. This was my first adventure with a train and I could not understand why this thing did not need any horses.

We pulled out of the station slowly and then we started to go fast and I was afraid. But soon I was used to the speed and was leaning out of the window and saw that the trees and houses moved.

"Mother, mother, the houses are running in this country," I shouted.

They all laughed at me and I was told that we were running and not the houses. But I had seen them with my own eyes, could I doubt it?

A few hours later the train pulled into Jerusalem. Bathed in the half light of evening, dark purple hills pensively surround a city seething with houses. There was a dense crowd on the platform. The soldiers lined in a straight row, the officials in their dignity, the foreign consuls in their uniforms and a delegation of priests. Venerable men in purple robes and silks. From afar a mob stared at us, nudging each other. We were among them soon, a little stunned, a little tired, but filled with that urge that

makes one want to run and see everything at once. We were driven to the governmental mansion, a big stone house. We passed narrow streets, big churches, and I sat as if I would lose my eyes.

The house was crowded with people. My father went to the selamlick, the apartment reserved for men, where he received the officials and said a word here and a word there. The harem side, the apartment reserved for women, was crowded with the wives of the officials who had come ostensibly to make us feel at home but really to satisfy their curiosity and to stare at us. The crowds lingered and grew, my mother had to sit with all these women when she needed to rest.

We children roamed from one bare room to another, sneaking into the selamlick amidst a crowd of men and being dragged again to the harem. We had never lived in such a house before, never had known a divided home. But here a selamlick was essential, there would be so many men whom my mother could not see, as women could not appear before strange men. And now that mother was the wife of the governor she had to obey that old custom. In Constantinople we had not needed a harem for my father, unlike most of the Turkish men, allowed mother to appear before any friend of his whom she wanted to see. She had not been brought up in that narrow atmosphere where it was considered a sin to show one's face to men and to expose one's hair to casual glances in the streets. Her father was extremely liberal and she had brought to her home these liberal ideas which revolted the old heads.

Jerusalem lay shivering with cold, its bones not used to such winters. Everyone had complained to us about the cold as if we were in some way responsible for it. Jerusalem was usually basking in mild winters, but this was an ex-

ceptional one, as had not been seen for years. Later we heard that Constantinople had been struck with a terrible spasm of cold. Charcoal rose to tremendous prices and it was sold in the street carried on huge platters which the street venders balanced on their heads. Abdul Hamid had distributed bread and charcoal to the poor. The snow had covered the streets for nearly a month, without once stopping to breathe.

Our luggage had not come yet, so we could not make ourselves comfortable and hot. The house was bare and austere, drawing away from us, not yielding in sympathy. It would have to be tamed step by step with a frilly curtain, a soft toned rug thrown in each room. Mother was all ready for the battle, looking over each corner and moving her forces in her mind. The piano will be in that nook, that room will be turned into a parlor, but one was not enough. All these thoughts mixed in my mother's mind while she sat hunched with the cold and talked with her visitors.

Ferhounde dadi had come like a dragon raised in fury. There was no milk in this forsaken hole of a place. They had given her some bluish liquid which they called milk without shame. No wonder there was no water in the city, these Arabs poured it all in their milk. How was she going to take care of the baby? If this continued she would pack and go. What a city anyhow, there was nothing but gloom, religion and filth.

"It squeezed my heart," Ferhounde dadi finished, exhausted.

She had to be pacified. Someone told us about the American colony where one could get good milk and cream. Tomorrow we would send someone and ask that milk be delivered every morning. We were then told in whispers that those Americans were not decent at all. They walked in groups over the city, climbed hills like goats and they even

danced! All Jerusalem turned its back on them. Such wild behavior, it was enough to raise the saints from their graves.

Then it was the turn of Varbet. The kitchen was impossible, there was not even a stove. Varbet was gentle in his complaints. He only wanted hanoum effendi to keep his kitchen in her mind. Without a stove a cook is not a cook.

My mother looked gloomy. Jerusalem had depressed her. What was she going to do here among Arabs and priests and the wives of officials narrow in their outlook? As for my father, he would be kept busy. Jerusalem was not an easy city to handle. One had to pacify a thousand hatreds and jealousies. Already he was deep in thought and work. And it looked as if we would hardly see his face.

Amidst the rattle of coffee cups, the hubbub of voices and the grinding of wheels, the slow measured chimes of the church bells came to our ears. Soft delicate tones that glided over the air, and mixed with the deep booming of others. Over the city the voices of the bells echoed, awakening shadows in corners. The chimes mingled together and rose like one powerful chant. The voice of Jerusalem was bidding us welcome.

Jerusalem, the unknown, surrounded me with the thrill of its strangeness. This was my first adventure, my first step on the highway of romance. The fever of adventure had penetrated me. To go from city to city, to fill one's eyes with the wonder of the world. So had they gone, my remote ancestors, those wandering tribes of Turks. Setting their tents towards the dying sun, crossing rivers, but ever moving restlessly across the wild stretches of Asia.

CHAPTER VI

CHRISTMAS IN JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM, the city of monks and priests, of deep-throated bells and stately churches, where every spot is sacred, where every corner breathes old legends. Jerusalem, the gray city of religion, where centuries of prayers have cast upon it a heavy air of sorrow. Pilgrims throng from all over the world to this city of mysticism and fanatical beliefs. It is a city where races have come and gone, where many hatreds are still burning, where Christians look at each other with deep-rooted suspicion, where they swear at Jews and Jews swear at Christians. It is here that religion is marred with battle. Heads bowed meekly in prayer are raised fiercely, the worshipers and priests of the different sects of the Christian religion spring at one another's throats. Knives are flashed, blood flows, and people lie dead until the Turkish soldiers come to restore peace between the followers of the one religion.

Jerusalem is a city that many races have fought over and three great religions have claimed, each holding it sacred and wanting it for its own. A city perched on a hill amid bare desolate gray hills where the olive trees grow. A city of dirt and dust, of odd stone houses and crooked streets. Jerusalem lay before us, drawing us with its unknown magic. My mother was busy fixing the house, receiving the downpour of guests, but we children wandered through the streets with Mlle. Lucy and my old nurse.

The people in the streets were fascinating. There were many priests, each order of the Catholics wearing a different costume, some in brown, others in white, some going in sandals and some in bare feet. The Greek priests strode in somber robes with tall chimney-like hats, their long hair twisted in a knot at the back of their heads. Then there were groups of Russian pilgrims, old and young, with the fever of religion burning in their eyes. They wore high boots, tight trousers, long belted coats and Russian kalpaks, caps of astrakhan. The women wore loose skirts with a long tunic, and a cloth over their heads tied under their chins and hanging down behind. These pilgrims had come from far-off Russia, huddled together on the bare decks of ships, after they had saved kopek upon kopek to feed their souls on the altar of Jerusalem. The poor ones walked from Jaffa to Jerusalem, a bundle hanging from a stick slung over their shoulders, and in each bundle there was always a teapot, without which a Russian cannot live.

The Arab men wore long white robes with black mashlahs (something like kimonos) and dirty towel-like head coverings. The women wore loose white tcharshafs but they threw back their veils and showed their faces. Sometimes groups of them came from the many villages lying round the city, the village men in loose long blue tunics, the women too wearing trousers and veils thrown carelessly over their heads showing their hair and faces. They were followed by children with hardly any clothes on, running in the dust, and back of the family trotted always the faithful donkey. Sometimes we would see groups of Arab girls in a row, straight as arrows, swinging their arms, and on their heads they would carry big baskets filled with eggs, cheese, and milk which they brought from their village. How gracefully they walked, holding their heads proudly, the basket never wavering, held there by the magic of long

practice. Then there were Arab women returning from the fountains carrying on their heads earthenware jugs filled with water. Not a drop would spill while they walked swaying and chatted in guttural tones, raising a cloud of dust with their bare feet.

In a shady corner we came upon a bundle of filthy clothes where flies were gathering by the hundreds. We approached and discovered that the bundle was an Arab in a dirty mashlah which he had pulled over his face. He was sound asleep, crouched like one of his camels.

"Aman, how dirty are these Arabs," and Mlle. Lucy carefully lifted the hem of her skirt. "Look at all these flies which he does not even bother to chase away!"

"Mademoiselle," I asked timidly, "how do the Arab women carry those jugs on their heads? Are they glued on?"

Everyone laughed at me and I felt the red glow of shame mounting to my head.

"Allah only knows how they do it," put in my old nurse. "It must be very difficult."

There and then I decided to practice in the secret of my room. I did, but with disastrous results. The jug went crashing to the floor and my old nurse came in to scold me.

"But I am trying to be an Arab girl," I excused myself.

"It is lucky hanoum effendi did not see you," grumbled nurse, gathering all the broken pieces. I was so cowed that I did not try again to acquire the magic of these women. It was their secret and their glory, and they could keep it to themselves.

Another day we wandered to the old walled city, the ancient part of Jerusalem still protected by thick fortifications. People lived here in houses so small one could not even call them houses, some made of hastily gathered stones

with a window or two, some even without roofs. Here Moslem Arabs and Christian Arabs mingled with Jews, though the Jews had their separate quarters all over the city. The women were all in white tcharshafs, even the Christian women covered their hair and faces in the city, while in the villages the Moslem girls were careless and showed theirs, and no one objected or tried to change them. Lucky girls, who were free as the wind, walked so proudly swaying their bodies, and laughed in such mouthfuls showing their glittering white teeth.

The Jews were queerly dressed. There were two kinds of Jews—the Eskenazim and the Seferdim.

"Look, look at this old man," Mlle. Lucy twittered, "isn't he funny enough to make you die of laughter?"

An old Jew was coming toward us. He was dressed in a long purple velvet coat and his white tunic showed from beneath. He had on a velvet cap of the same color bound with fur. From beneath his cap two curls fell on his cheeks. These curls were sacred to every Seferdim Jew, and they all wore them, old ones, young ones, and children. We all looked at the old Jew, fascinated. He shambled along with shoulders hunched as if centuries of hatred had crushed him to the ground.

"Nurse, why do the Jews have curls?" I asked.

But no one seemed to know. Maybe it was their secret, jealously guarded. The Jews were peculiar. Nurse had told me once that if you asked a Jew how many legs a cat had, he would always answer three and a half, and never say four. The reason for this stubborn answer no Jew would ever divulge. So it was with their curls, coiled so carefully over each cheek.

Purple velvet and blue tunics, white-sheeted women, naked babies, gray donkeys, all mingled and filled the

narrow crooked streets. And in and out of the motley crowd moved the priests, the hermits with ragged beards, the Russians in their creaking high boots.

One afternoon a carriage came to the door and mother and we children went for a drive, with Mlle. Lucy and nurse following in another carriage. We passed through the cobbled streets till we came to a dirty road where the dust rose in clouds, covering us from head to foot and turning my mother's black tcharshaf gray. We came upon a hill and were told by our driver that here Christ had ascended to heaven.

"Mother," I asked, "who is Christ?"

"He is a prophet," answered my mother.

"But Mohammed is the prophet," I objected.

"There have been many prophets," my mother explained. "Mohammed is one, Christ is another, and there are prophets who came before them."

"But I thought, mother," put in my sister, "that Christ was the prophet of the Christians only."

"No, my dear," answered mother. "He is a prophet too in the eyes of all Moslems. We revere him and believe in him and in all the other prophets too."

"But the Christians don't believe in Mohammed," answered sister, who knew so much and had silenced me.

"It shows their prejudice," replied mother.

Then Christ was a prophet, but what were prophets? Magicians, probably, since people stood in awe of them and spoke their names in venerating whispers.

We stood on the hill and the spot where Christ had ascended to heaven was shown to us. I stood near it and wondered. How do people go up to the sky? Was there a ladder or did the angels come and take them? Maybe that was what my elders meant by death. To be taken up to the blue sky by soft-winged angels with sweet faces would be

Abla, Beraet and Selma Ekrem in Jerusalem

a pleasant journey, I thought. Would the angels come down for me too? I wondered.

When we drove back home, I went to find my old nurse, the source of all knowledge.

"My little nurse, will I go up to heaven as Christ did?"

"Child, what makes you say these things? Only the prophets rise after they are dead."

"Nurse, tell me about Christ the prophet, was he a man?"

Nurse was puzzled how to answer me. "Christ," she said finally, "was the Son of God."

The Son of God, the One Eye and the One Ear. The whole thing worried me intensely. I found in my mind vague ideas of prophets and their lives and decided to put the whole question before my mother when I could catch her by myself. Above all I wanted to know what could these prophets be, whether they had shape and form like the fairies and djins or whether they were clouds with magical power.

In front of our house was a big building with a watch-tower and beautiful gardens, called "Moskofia." Here the Russians of Jerusalem lived and to it came groups of Russian pilgrims. I could see them arriving from morning to night. At daybreak we could hear them singing. Men and women joined their voices and sang haunting beautiful Russian hymns. The air would be filled with these melodies of snowbound Russia. Each morning the voices sounded stronger, increased by many pilgrims.

For Christmas was coming and Jerusalem was thrown into a fever of commotion. Pilgrims from all over the world were crowding now to the city. The churches were overflowing, the streets were packed, and pilgrims wandered in search of a corner to sleep at night.

Mlle. Lucy was a devout Catholic and was thrilled at

the thought of passing Christmas in Jerusalem. She taught us children the beautiful French carol:

"He is born, the divine child,
How beautiful he is and charming."

This we sang up and down the house, the tune lingering in our memory and asking to be repeated over and over again.

Christmas, I had discovered, was the birthday of Christ the prophet. This event we Moslems did not celebrate. We had neither prayers nor Christmas trees nor presents. Mlle. Lucy had told me about Christmas and how in France children put their wooden shoes near the chimney and how "Papa Noël" filled them up with presents at night. He came mysteriously down the chimney, it seems, and I wondered why he did not come to us. Maybe it was because we had no fireplaces and the pipes of our stoves were too narrow for him. But deep in my heart I was longing for the tree and the presents and all that excitement Mlle. Lucy had told me about, which had made my mouth water.

We were going to spend Christmas day in Bethlehem where we had been invited by the mayor, a Christian. The day before Christmas, Mlle. Lucy, my old nurse, and our Christian maids could not sit still. Mother had given them permission to go to Bethlehem for midnight mass and the thought of it had gone to their heads. They left soon in a carriage and we were to join them the next day.

Early Christmas morning we started. Jerusalem still echoed the thousand chimes of its thousand churches and the air was full of myriad prayers. We drove to Bethlehem, Turkish gendarmes riding before and behind us. My father had to stay in Jerusalem in case some battles or quarrels should rise to be settled.

At Bethlehem we were welcomed by the mayor and drove to his house. The house was crowded with Arab women who had come to pay their respects to my mother. They all spoke Arabic and we could not understand a word. The women were dressed oddly in rough hand-woven material, brilliant reds and blues. The young girls wore thin veils covering their hair even though they were Christians. The married women were distinguished by a peculiar headdress, a tall bonnet-like creation over which was thrown a veil gathered below the chin.

We were served candy and sweet sirups which the daughters of the mayor passed to us themselves. The talk round us grew. Then we were called in for lunch, an interminable feast during which I counted twenty courses. We had chicken and meat drowned in heavy spicy sauces, pastries and vegetables, heavy desserts stuffed with pistachios, and all the varieties of fruits that grew in the country. We were gorged with food, our hostess urging us to take second and third servings of each course, and looking as if she were wounded to death when we refused.

After coffee we drove to the famous church built round the stable where Christ was born, a church which is the constant cause of quarrels between the Catholics and the Orthodox Christians. Every sect has its own limited portion of the church and no one could pass from one to the other. If a worshiper of one sect put his foot over into the portion of another, then the priests claimed that as their own. A strict watch is kept over the boundaries.

It was this church and its quarrels which served Russia as a pretext to attack Turkey and start the Crimean War. The dispute was begun as to where Christ's head had fallen. The Catholics claimed that the sacred spot was in one part of the church while the Orthodox insisted that it was in another. This led to violent quarrels and battles

royal. Russia sided with the Orthodox while the Catholics roused the Arabs and told them the Tsar was using this as a pretext to take Jerusalem. This led to the Crimean War, and at its end the European powers declared that the church should be in the hands of the Turks and that the Turkish government should assign the place where Christ's head had fallen. The government declared that the sacred spot was in the middle of the church and there a gold star was worked in the stones. Two Turkish soldiers guarded it from morning till night year after year. The Christians, of course, still used the church and divided it as of old among the different sects.

It was this church we were to see. I remember vaguely a shining gold star and round it I saw enormous candelabra with hundreds of small candles. These would be lighted at night. Maria, our Arab maid, told me later that every year at the hour of the birth of Christ, these candles began to sway slightly from left to right. One by one they started to sway till all were in motion.

"Dadi, did you see the candles moving?" I asked my old nurse. "Maria says that every year they move when Christ is born."

"I was too busy praying to look round," she answered. "That Maria with her head always in the air! She'd better have kept it to the ground and been more mindful of her prayers."

"But do they move?" I insisted.

"How can I know, child?" she replied. "Everything can happen in this Holy Land."

After we had seen the star we were taken to the section of the church reserved for the Catholics where was displayed a scene of the Nativity which we children lost our eyes over. I saw a tiny baby with a serious face and a gold disk back of his head, leaning forward, his arm out-

stretched. He was seated in the lap of a lady in gay colors and before them knelt many great personages and all round them were animals.

"What does it mean?" I whispered to my sister.

"This is Christ," she explained, "that baby in his mother's lap. He was born here, ooh, many years ago. And this church was once a stable," she finished with the importance of knowledge.

This wooden doll, Christ! I could not believe it, no, never. My sister must be mistaken. Was not Christ the Son of God, a superhuman being, a vague form, a great power? But this Christ was like my baby sister, he looked so small, only he had a serious face and none of the fluffy dresses of Beraet. This was getting beyond me. I felt a vague disappointment and turned aside from the painted figures. They had shattered a dream and I bore them a grudge.

That night we returned to Jerusalem, the ride had chilled me and I was shivering. The city looked somber like a still pool. But beneath its stagnant waters of deathly calm the tortured hatreds of thousands might be writhing in passion. For the first time Jerusalem stood before me menacing and terrible. We had come here for peace and quiet, but were these to be found? This city of a thousand hatreds might turn against us as the white turrets of Yildiz palace had always turned.

The gray stone house looked dark, mysterious and for a moment it looked like the house we had left back in Constantinople. The bell rang loudly and started echoes of fear in my heart.

We found my father with a dark brooding face and this did not surprise me, for I had been waiting for an evil to burst out of the dark night. He hardly greeted us and hurried out to the selamlick. We could hear quick

footsteps, the banging of many doors and policemen that dashed to the house and rode off again, their horse's hoofs echoing wildly in the night.

Once more gloom was upon us. My mother started her restless pacing and we children watched her wide-eyed. Could it be that Sultan Hamid had come to torture us again? Maybe my father would be arrested and dragged away.

Late in the night my father came to us. He lighted a match pensively and smoked his cigarette. We knew he was worried by the way he poured forth columns of smoke.

"What has happened, Ekrem?" mother asked, and into her voice crept that nervous shrill note.

"It is trouble, always trouble," my father broke out.

"No wonder Sultan Hamid consented to send me to Jerusalem. This city, it is hard to manage with all its religions and hatreds. The people are like a river held back by a dam, any moment the surging waters may break it and cover us all."

My father stopped, but my mother was insisting to know this fresh trouble that threatened us.

"The trouble is great because I know Jerusalem, I know the fanatical people, a word is a spark to their feelings," my father was saying. "While you were away at Bethlehem, an officer came galloping to the house and wanted to see me. He looked tired and dusty and in his eyes I read fear. The story he told me might throw someone else into a fit of laughter but here in Jerusalem laughter is not possible even for the slightest things. Late towards the evening a Russian pilgrim entered the church of Bethlehem and threw himself with religious fervor on the golden star. The church was crowded with people, the soldiers on guard seeing the pilgrim deep in his prayers drew a little apart. But these prayers lengthened and

finally the pilgrim rose and was lost in the crowd. The soldiers growing suspicious drew near the star and discovered that a piece of gold had been worked out and carried way. Immediately the soldiers ran to the officer in charge and the event was dashed to me."

It was a serious matter, my father was talking of bloodshed and death. The stealing was bound to be known and the Russian pilgrim could not be arrested for no foreigners of any nationality could be tried by Turkish courts because of the capitulations which Europe had forced upon Turkey. The different races would be at each other's throats. Worse might happen.

"Bethlehem was the cause of the Crimean War," my father was saying. "This very same star had been stolen and Jerusalem had risen indignant. The Catholics cried out the Orthodox had stolen the star that belonged to them because it had a Latin inscription on it. The Orthodox were indignant at this accusation and Russia, who needed a pretext to interfere in Oriental questions, declared that she would uphold the rights of the Orthodox. France, on her side, supported the Catholics. England did not like Russia's interference in Jerusalem, formed an alliance with Turkey and France and the Crimean War was declared."

We listened to him awed. What would this second stealing lead to? The air was charged, Europe had an eye on Turkey and needed but the slightest excuse to fall upon her.

"The pilgrim must be found," my father broke out, "and I shall drag the piece of gold from his hands. I shall hold these people in check and cork their bottles of of hatred."

The words of war and death chased sleep from my eyes, I had seen the eager pilgrims pressing close to one an-

other in Bethlehem, I had looked into their demented eyes and now these faces rose before me. I saw them running with knives flashing in their hands. And back of them in the darkness I could see the sinister face of Sultan Hamid.

The next few days we lived hectic hours. My father was away all the time and the chill of uncertainty had descended on us. No longer did we children sing the Christmas carol we loved. Nurse could not comfort me, for she too had a serious troubled face.

My father went to the Russian consul, whom he knew and had helped. He told the consul about the stealing and emphasized the danger. The Russian consul decided to help my father. All over Jerusalem the pilgrim was hunted and finally he was identified by the two soldiers. He was brought before the consul and my father. The pilgrim denied the whole story. He was threatened with excommunication but still he held firm. The consul then tried gentler means. He would give the pilgrim gold and a free passage to Russia if he would give up the bit of star he had stolen. But the pilgrim stood stubbornly silent. Then the consul opened wide his eyes and made threatening gestures, his words hissed like the lash of the knout. The pilgrim was cowed and he succumbed and handed over his booty.

The gold was fixed in its place in the dead of night, the few snatches of gossip were quickly smothered and my father came to us with a sigh of relief.

Once more Jerusalem had been saved, and the different nationalities mingled, keeping their hatred and suspicions in their eyes. Christ had been born again in Jerusalem and the exaltation lingered in the air. Only the church bells tolled a little mournfully, tired of so much ringing.

Before me now stood a different city. Jerusalem was

no longer the harbor of our suffering spirits. Instead it rose before me like a dragon with mouth aflame. The lure of its oddness and of its adventure was now also the lure of fear. These people I saw in the streets, packed in churches, they could rise and trample us down. Knives were flashed too quickly in Jerusalem.

Were we then never to find peace and happiness? Life was one long shiver of fear. We would run madly, flee from city to city and back of us still would follow the shadow of fear. The sunlight only came in streamers of tinsel to be crumpled quickly and suddenly by the dark hand of our fate.

CHAPTER VII

CHRISTOS ANESTI

THE thought had come to us strongly, now, that we were really exiles in this somber city of tears, bound to its barren rocks by the whim of a sultan. We were held in a vise, struggling alone and helpless, for the governor of Jerusalem could not have real friends among the high church and state dignitaries. One could not trust a smiling face or a hand stretched in friendship.

My father had realized this from the first day that we had come to Jerusalem. He had told us about his first night in the city, but it had been more of a funny story to us then.

When we had come to Jerusalem, some months before, it was late in the evening. During our first supper in the city my father had seemed preoccupied and worried. At nine-thirty of the night he was told that the consul general of France had come to pay him a visit. My father went to the selamlick to receive him. After the first greetings the consul started by saying:

"France, as you know, is the greatest friend of Turkey, and it goes without saying that the French consul is the greatest friend of the governor. I also knew your predecessor who told me a great deal about you." And he continued talking friendship for an hour, the words Holy Sepulchre, Bethlehem, Gethsemane, passing and repassing without end.

Second visit, close upon the heels of the first, consul

general of Russia, a tall man coughing all the time, nervous, quick in anger but with a good heart. Here is a new friend for my father, how many proofs of his friendship he brings forth!

"It is the Emperor of Russia who is the greatest friend of his majesty the sultan," he says in his nervous way. "It is Russia who saved the Turkish Empire when the other powers were intent on division. We must become friends, for you can depend upon me."

Only he, apparently, could tell the truth to the new governor and inform him about all the different questions. Then the words Gethsemane, Holy Sepulchre, Russian pilgrims, the great Russian church Moscovite, came in and out of the conversation.

He goes at last, it is midnight, but the third visitor is ushered in. He proves to be the consul general of Italy. How amiable he is. A thin small man with a laughing face and with such courteous manners.

Assuredly he is the greatest friend of the governor. It is easy to explain, since Italy has always remained neutral in Oriental questions. Italy is only concerned with the Catholic clergy in Jerusalem. Could the governor find a better and more disinterested friend?

At last he goes also, my poor father is preparing to go and sleep when the door opens and a giant priest comes in. His eyes flash, his enormous nose shadows his face but he seems good-natured. He presents himself, the first dragoman of the Armenian patriarchate.

"It is easy to see," he begins, "that only the Armenians are the most loyal subjects of the Turkish Empire," etc., etc.

One-thirty, my father is tired but the arrival of a second priest keeps him in the room. This one is thin and long with cunning face and gestures. What a devoted sub-

ject he is, what a man capable of sacrifice! The Greeks, but it is only they who are the best and most devoted subjects of the empire, etc., etc.

Twenty minutes to two, arrival of a queer personality, wearing an odd costume with two curls falling on both cheeks. He is cold, restrained but courteous. He is the representative of the foreign Jews, who are not subject to the Turks.

At last the poor governor has found a real friend! The foreign Jews, but they are the most disinterested and the quietest people in Jerusalem.

Three o'clock lets in another Jew. An old man with a long beard, eyes speckled with mischief but amiable and oily mannered. He is the representative of the Turkish Jews.

"Take care, your excellency," he begins, "of that rogue of a Jew who was just leaving and have confidence only in your humble slave."

Four o'clock: my father runs away at last and goes to bed. But can he sleep? He is up at dawn. He goes before the window. What a splendid city is stretched before him, with its old fortress, its churches and its two big domes of Omar's mosque and the Holy Sepulchre. The houses are all of stones and olive trees cluster round. The sun is reflected on the gilded towers of the great Moscovite church and throws a golden light all over the city.

"Ah," sighs my father, "if only I did not have so many friends in Jerusalem."

All these high dignitaries, who had come to my father with offers of friendship, were steeped in intrigues, eager to grasp more power in the Holy Land. And behind them stood the different nationalities they represented quick to flash out and hard to pacify. The European powers had their eyes on Turkey, and the Holy Land was a constant

pretext for turmoil and a seething evil. My father had to work among these people, see through their intrigues, win their confidence if possible, find a remedy for all evil and keep the Holy Land quiet. It was not an easy matter.

The people of Jerusalem were different from any people we had ever known, we could see this almost every day. It was at the feast of St. John that I realized this difference again and had my first fear of a crowd. We had gone to Jericho to witness the "Throwing of the Cross" ceremony.

Early in the morning we set out for the Jordan. Masses of pilgrims had flocked to the banks of the famous river. The Greek patriarch did not attend the ceremony but he had sent one of his cardinals to represent him. A place was reserved for us and we sat, mother drawing her black tcharshaf a little over her face, while we children gathered round her. Farther away the pilgrims stood, masses of them, and before us, close to the shore, was an ungainly rowboat, filled with priests. The Greek consul, resplendent in his gold-braided uniform and befeathered three-cornered hat, stood by a venerable cardinal whose long white hair was twisted in a knot at the back of his head, and who wore the black chimney hat peculiar to Orthodox priests, and over it a black veil floating behind him. He had on gorgeous yellow brocaded robes embroidered with gold and soft colored silks. Near him were other dignitaries of the church, some in purple robes, others in somber black.

They all stood solemnly and the eyes of the thousand pilgrims were upon them, impatient to throw themselves in the holy waters and emerge different beings. One of the purple-robed priests took off his tall hat and started reading in a singsong chant from a velvet covered book, studded with precious stones. Everyone stood silent and

breathless while the chanting rose in the air. Then the cardinal took a jeweled cross and dipped it three times in the river. Immediately all the pilgrims, clad in long white shirts, all these men and women from so many different lands, threw themselves into the Jordan river. Even Varbet, our cook, was among the thousands. Who felt the cold that sent a shiver through our coats and blankets? The holy waters heated them.

After the ceremony every pilgrim folded his white shirt with religious care, for these shirts would be used again, at his death each would wear and be buried in this garment which carried in its meshes the holy fire of the Jordan. They would appear before God and Christ just as they had come out of the Jordan, baptized and purified.

The crowd of pilgrims was intense round us, their faces held fierce joy, even our meek good Varbet seemed changed. His familiar face showed a whirlpool of emotion which I had not seen there before. These thousands who had thrown themselves in the Jordan after a jeweled cross, what could hold them back if they were swayed and incited? A word from that venerable priest, a finger applied on their tightened springs and they would bound forth. The pilgrims were tramping away. Instinctively I drew near to my mother. One old Russian man was close to me, I heard him mutter and cross himself, his boots crunched the ground and his eyes were lost in visions that only he could see.

After the ceremony we rowed on the river, by banks lined with green trees, sweet to our eyes after the grayness of the hills and the streets of Jerusalem. Above the Jordan we saw bare hills alive with rocks and amidst these far-off peaks lived hundreds of hermits, some in crags, others in treetops, others in crude huts. They lived alone with the sky and God. Food would be sent to them from the city

and the hermits would throw down ropes and pull up their supplies. Many died in the open, alone and unnoticed, with the night for a shroud and the stars for candles.

One of the hermits used to come and visit my mother when he journeyed to Jerusalem for his provisions. He was a gaunt man with tangled hair and beard, and eyes brilliant with the madness of solitude. He spoke in Greek to my mother, a language she knew well. The hermit said that he was related to the Emperor of Austria, and that he had come years ago to Jerusalem and lived ever since in a crag above the Jordan. The poor hermit was more than a little insane and he frightened me when he rolled his eyes and thundered:

"This is an evil world, an evil world. God's anger, like lightning, falls on the hills of Jericho. His sweet angels no longer sing among the bare rocks of desolation. The world is an egg and God in His anger will squeeze it to pieces some day. Evil is in our hearts, men live and grow fat where the Son of God perished on a cross. Hearken to me, I am the voice of God and the breath of God."

I stood fascinated by his contorted face and his voice that shot through my being. I could then see hundreds of these hermits crouching among the hills, thundering to the sky and waving their arms. At night they might be marching to the city, strong in their beliefs, thousands of them, cutting the quiet air with the lash of their words. Their words would be like rocks thrown in a pool that sends the waters in waves of commotion. And out of the dark night the evil forces might rise and close over our heads. The hermit was going away with shoulders hunched, but the fear in my heart followed him through the narrow streets, to his crag among the hills of Jericho.

Easter, the Great Festival, was drawing near, the forty days of fasting had begun, pilgrims from all over the

world crowded to the Holy Land, the church bells tolled with renewed energy and the priests were busy and eager-eyed. Jerusalem was one long shiver of excitement. The tramping of pilgrims echoed through the days and at night their chanting floated over the city. The pilgrims were afire to see every holy nook and stone and the priests saw to it that these were many.

"Here Jesus Christ laid his hand. Give us money and you shall see."

"In this place the Virgin Mary had a vision. Give us money and you shall see."

Money rolled out of pockets into grasping fingers, the pilgrims gave all they had, and night and day they tramped and prayed. The crowds undulated and flowed. Some of the pilgrims, afraid to lose one tinsel of a ceremony, slept in the Holy Sepulchre in separate places reserved for them. And after they left the priests washed the church with soap and water.

Easter revolves round the great church of the Holy Sepulchre. This church too is divided into different sections and each belongs to a different sect of the Christian religion. Here, also, a strict watch is kept over the boundaries. Blood has flowed here and people have died. The Turkish governor is responsible for the keeping of peace and whenever there is a great ceremony he has to attend it with armed soldiers.

So, as Easter drew near, our hearts were squeezed and every night we children scanned father's face to see if trouble were brewing. We did not have long to wait. One night we understood that the pot of trouble had boiled over.

The Kopts, the Christian Egyptians, had imported twenty-four young Kopt boys from Egypt and had trained them to sing in high piercing voices. One day, while there

was a service in the Holy Sepulchre, these Kopt children started to sing and their voices rose like shrill sirens that drowned the voices of all the worshipers of other sects. This happened the next day and then the next again. The Kopt children grew stronger in their shrill singing. The other worshipers were patient for a while though they fumed and stormed. But seeing that the Kopt children were growing bolder and noisier, they sent delegates to my father. The delegates stated the case solemnly, keeping their anger in check.

"We cannot hear ourselves pray, your honor," they complained, "this cannot continue, the Kopt children must be silenced."

My father knew well it could not continue. He knew that tempers would flash out like lightning. He sent a letter to the Kopt patriarch asking him to silence the children. But the next day the chorus sang louder than before. Once more the complaints poured on my father's head and this time the venerable priests had murder in their eyes.

My father took his worry to us and his troubled face cast a shadow on us again. He as governor must find an immediate remedy for this evil.

"What am I to do?" My father paced the floor. "How am I going to silence these Kopt children? The Kopt patriarch has been oily but he has found a hundred excuses for the chorus. The other nationalities are losing patience."

"But what can they do, Ekrem?" mother asked. "They cannot murder each other over such a silly question."

"Can't they, can't they?" my father burst out. "Little you know these people. One day someone's temper will break like a cord pulled too tight, he will swear out loud. The swearing will lead to fist playing and that to the flash of knives. They will murder each other with a vengeance, all that pent-up rage will burst open like a boil. My ears

have been filled with these stories and battles royal since I came here. And there is no one who will help me in this matter."

I watched the crowds from the window, each gesture, each word I suspected. I saw evil in the faces, even in those of the servants in the house. No one could be trusted, my father had said. At night I dreaded to go to bed. That dark room where flickered a pale candle held a terror for me. If nurse went out after putting me to bed I would cry out after her:

"My little nurse, don't leave me, sleep does not enter my eyes."

"Allah, Allah, and is this a new style you have brought out of your bag? Close tight your eyes and sleep will drift to them."

"But this darkness breaks the cord of my heart. Nurse, stay with me, I am afraid," I would plead.

"Of what are you afraid?" nurse asked. "Gather your mind to its right senses and sleep." But she, too, seemed in a hurry to leave this uncertain darkness and go to the light and the voices of people.

My father was losing his appetite and his sleep. The second letter to the Kopt patriarch had had no effect. Finally an old bent-down Turkish official came to my father and said:

"There is only one way of silencing these brats, but I do not know if your honor will take the remedy that I have to offer."

"What is it, for Allah's sake?" asked my father.

"It is to follow your predecessor's method."

"And what was that?"

"He used the stick in emergencies," replied the old official, "and it worked like magic. Your honor can send a few

soldiers to the church and order them to spank the Kopt children. They will disperse like quicksilver."

The next day the soldiers entered the Holy Sepulchre and found the boys singing their shrillest. They were spanked by the Turkish soldiers. The priests moaned, the children yelled and ran away and all the other worshipers laughed and rejoiced.

The affair did not end there. The Kopt patriarch, furious, telegraphed to Constantinople and stated that the governor was a murderer. The government was flustered and the minister of the interior sent telegram after telegram to my father asking him what he had done to upset the Kopts in this fashion. My father's shirts were aflame and he answered:

"Acted according to predecessor."

Meanwhile the delighted Catholics, Greeks, Armenians sent telegrams to the government, all stating that they were pleased with their governor and that he was the best they had ever had. Constantinople was pacified and dropped the whole matter. The Kopts rumbled in fury but they were cowed and the trebles were silenced.

We had peace once more. And after the story had closed we could laugh over it, specially we children. But it had not been a laughing matter for my father. The week of anxiety had told on him. Twenty-four shrill voices might have led to bloodshed and the death of many, who knows, perhaps even of ourselves.

The Kopt incident had awakened our suspicious eyes. Though we had peace now, still we watched father's face, the horizon where our half-guessed clouds of fear took form. But this time the explosion took us all unawares.

One night, as we were about to finish supper, carriage after carriage stopped before the house, and to our ears

came a chorus of angry voices and the mingled scraping of impatient feet.

"What is it, what is happening?" we asked each other, each look getting lost in the pupil of an eye. Our gazes concentrated on my father's face; he knew something surely but he was hiding it from us. But my father looked as perplexed as we did. We ran to the windows, crowding one on top of the other, and in the darkness we could see vague forms pouring out of carriages.

"It must be a serious matter," my father was saying. "Something must have happened at the Holy Sepulchre."

He hurried out to the selamlick and Abla and I followed him cautiously. The room was crowded, we could dimly see the people through the door that was ajar. There were the French, Italian and Russian consuls, the Greek, Kopt, Armenian patriarchs and a number of bishops and high dignitaries. Faces were set in anger. My father was among them, a little dazed. They fell upon him like a pack of bloodhounds.

He was told that the Greek patriarch had taken it upon himself to give a new cushion to Koudouri, the Arab gatekeeper of the Holy Sepulchre. The Christians had given this position to a Moslem to avoid the jealousy which would arise if any one of the various Christian sects were represented in the doorkeeper. Now the presumption of the Greek patriarch in giving a cushion to this doorkeeper had assumed diplomatic importance. This will never do, the other patriarchs and the bishops and consuls shouted. The Greek patriarch can never have such a privilege. The granting of cushions to the doorkeeper of the Holy Sepulchre would become a monopoly of the Greek patriarch and this the other church dignitaries could not tolerate.

With eyes popping out I peeped through the door and

beheld Koudouri's new cushion lying on a table bulging with comfort and ignorant of all the trouble it had caused. My father was thinking, with his forehead furrowed by anxiety. And then I saw him, not as my father, but as the governor of Jerusalem in whose hands lay tremendous power and on his head a cauldron of trouble. It was he who had to solve all these problems without hesitation and with quick decisive remedies. The people in the room were besieging him, each with a look or a word trying to win him over to his side.

It was finally decided to burn the offensive article. In the presence of all the state and church dignitaries, the cushion was torn to pieces and thrown into the open grate where it was burned to ashes. Then a long proclamation, stating the whole case, was drawn up and signed by all present.

It was late at night when the pacified crowd left my father. Carriages rolling away awakened the quiet streets. In the room there was a smell of burnt cloth, my father opened a window and looked at the city long and lingeringly. Mother, worried, came to him and we children left our hiding place and followed her in.

"What was it, Ekrem?" she asked.

"It was the Holy Sepulchre, but nothing very serious, Allah be praised," he answered and then he burst into laughter. "Will you please send a new cushion to Koudouri the gatekeeper?" he asked. "I have won one battle tonight and henceforth the privilege of supplying cushions to the gatekeeper of the Holy Sepulchre falls to the Turkish state."

Before we had time to forget the Koudouri incident and breathe freely, Easter had come with a train of days each mysterious and torturing. We were waiting for another disaster to strike us on the head. Jerusalem had grown gaunt with its forty days of fasting and its incessant pray-

ing. At the end of the forty days the Greek patriarch was to make his solemn entry into the Holy Sepulchre.

We all went to witness this event. When we came to the courtyard of the Holy Sepulchre it was crowded with people, they were nose to nose and breath to breath, with eager eyes and trembling bodies. We squeezed through the crowd and found our places and waited for the procession with this mass of humanity. Words shook this sea of people and ripples ran eagerly from face to face.

"Here they come, they come," one long shout was raised and suddenly every church bell pealed loudly, cleaving the air in fierce leaps, clanging in deep tones and thin trebles.

Slowly, and with majesty, the procession marched and came before us to the thousand outbursts of the bells. The priests came in columns of two lines, each holding a lighted candle in his hands. Some were dressed in black robes, others in brocades with jewels and gold that flashed in the noonday sun. Six hundred priests, they marched slowly with measured steps, an endless row of solemn faces and flickering candles. Behind came all the consuls in resplendent uniforms, keeping time to the slow rhythm of the bells. Then came the Greek patriarch himself, a figure of such richness that my eyes puckered as I looked at him. He had on his head a huge crown covered with precious stones, the gift of the Tsar of Russia, a heavy crown that was worth a fortune. He had on gorgeous brocaded robes, with a long train which eight choir boys lifted off the ground. In his hand he held a long jeweled cross. And back of him marched a crowd of priests and the Turkish soldiers in blue uniforms. And back of the soldiers came the madness of the crowd, pushing, elbowing and tearing one another.

The lines broke out, people were trampled and I was almost squeezed to death. The sky seemed to lie heavily on the earth and the air had grown thin with the breathing of

thousands. And still the procession marched solemnly. It was like a wild dream, a world of beauty and richness true only in fairy tales. The brocades rustled, the jewels sparkled and the people pressed close together and over this endless chain of solemnity came the long tortured peals of the bells.

Wild-eyed like any pilgrim I gazed at the procession that was luring me onward with the surging crowd. Then amidst this furor of sounds I heard, dimly at first, a rich lingering voice that seemed to come from another world.

"Allah Ekber, Allah Ekber."

The voice pulled me out of this wildness that was like a whirlpool sucking me down. I lifted my head and saw the slender minaret of a small mosque that was stretched with eagerness to the sky. On its laced balcony I saw the dark-robed muezzin with his hands lifted to his head calling the faithful to prayer. Now his voice rose stronger in the air.

"Allah Ekber, Allah Ekber, God is Great, God is great."

One by one the priests entered the Holy Sepulchre, the bells panted breathlessly and the Greek patriarch marched slowly, holding himself rigid under the heavy crown of jewels that weighed him down. The voice of the muezzin still lingered in the air and I could see a dimly lighted mosque crowded with silent and bowed figures.

After the ceremony we were leaving the Holy Sepulchre with my mother. The narrow streets were so crowded that if one dropped a needle it would not fall to the ground. In dim corners, under protecting eaves, I saw strange shapes in tatters, hiding and crouching in the dark. Curiously I moved a little toward one and stood still, horror-stricken. A hideous face flashed before my eyes, but before I had time to move, my mother had run to me with a cry and had pulled me away, her face white.

"Allah preserve us," she cried out as she pulled me away, "don't go near these people again."

"Who are they, mother, are they beggars?" I asked.

"They are lepers," she answered in such a hollow voice that it went through me and my blood turned to water with fear.

I did not know what a leper was but my mother's voice had frightened me. I had seen them often round the Holy Sepulchre and sometimes their faces had been covered. But the shape in the corner haunted me. What was so terrible about it? Then in a flash I realized that the face of the leper did not have a nose.

On Easter Saturday the Holy Light falls from the sky, and this is one of the most important ceremonies, to which my father had to go and we were going with him. The ceremony is in the afternoon and the Holy Light is supposed to fall from the sky on the tomb of Christ.

When we entered the Holy Sepulchre a growing rumble like thunder fell on my ears. The church was dim and in the half light of candles I saw masses of heads, one on top of the other, heads squeezed between windows, in cornices, surrounding the big dome like blind candles. There were heads that seemed to float in the air whose bodies were lost in a tangle of bodies. The big church was so packed that there was no place for a blade of grass. Seats had been sold by the priest at exorbitant prices.

Soon the patriarch's special bell tolled and he came followed by his procession of cardinals and priests. The patriarch was dressed all in white. When he entered the church, the voices thundered louder and tremendous thrills shook the people so that the church seemed to sway. Back of him came quietly the Turkish soldiers, guns in hand and bayonets fixed. They surrounded the tomb of Christ in thick columns and waited patiently.

The sight of them woke the constant dread in my heart. Only these soldiers between us and the people in the church. We had heard how the people had fought and the soldiers had to intervene at previous Easters, and the thought that this might happen again made me hold my breath.

Then a wild commotion pulled my eyes away from the soldiers. The Greek patriarch was marching round the tomb of Christ followed by the chanting priests and the excitement of the pilgrims. The chanting grew louder, Russians, Greeks, Arabs swayed in prayer. Three times the patriarch went round the tomb and at the third time the candles were extinguished one by one, only one faint light glimmered by the tomb of Christ. The patriarch extended his arms and these were tied by a cord. Then he entered the tomb of Christ and the door was sealed after him. Everyone felt an urge to move, an urge to pry. The patriarch was waiting in prayer for the Holy Light to fall from the sky and with him waited this mass of people, the darkened church and the air heavy with breath.

A loud piercing shout tore my ears: "Curse the Jews, curse the Jews, El Yahout, El Yahout. Curse the Jews all over the world."

I saw men climbing on each other's shoulders, three men on top of each other, and from this height they shouted.

"Curse the Jews, El Yahout."

The cry was picked up by this mass which seethed in anger and the cries of "El Yahout, El Yahout" shook the Holy Sepulchre. Swaying back and forth, eyes bulging out of their sockets, clapping their hands to the rhythm of hatred, the crowds let forth their fountains of passion which ran in the church like fire, while in the tomb of Christ the white-clad patriarch prayed for the Holy Light. The suspense became intolerable like a gasp of breath that gurgles in a throat.

Then of a sudden the door of the tomb opened and the Greek patriarch came out with two lighted candles. The Holy Light had fallen from the sky. The people pressed forward like madmen, each person holding in his hand thirty-two candles. All ran towards the light in suffocating masses but the Turkish soldiers kept them at bay, their bayonets reflecting the trembling flicker of candlelight. The soldiers prevented these people from trampling each other. They came towards the light in small groups and their faces were lit with a glow. From the gallery the people shouted and pressed one another. Candles were lowered by cords and the priests lighted them. It was a battle as to who should light his candle first. The candles flickered like stars in a summer's night and soon the Holy Sepulchre was a huge tremendous flame that wavered. The smoke rose in black columns and spread over the church. And at the sight of the candles and the black volumes of smoke I cried out in fear: "The church is burning, mother."

But who heard my cry? The noise in the church was intolerable and I felt it pound in my head like a hammer.

One of the candles in the patriarch's hand was put before the tomb of Christ to burn the whole year, and the other was sent to the Tsar of Russia. A messenger would speed night and day with the Holy Light in his hands, crossing mountains and drifts of snow till he came to the Tsar with the candle still burning in his frozen fingers.

This Holy Light from the sky is a cure for all evils. That night when we went home I saw our Arab maid sticking a lighted candle, which she had brought from the church, into her breast to stop it from aching. Later the wife of the French consul told my mother that she had seen an ailing baby held naked over the sacred fire, to cure it of a disease.

"It does not burn one who has faith," our Arab maid had told us when asked if the fire did not hurt her.

At midnight there was another ceremony in the Holy Sepulchre. We children had begged hard to go, and mother finally consented. Sleep was rubbed away from my eyes at the sight of the people. Once more the pilgrims and priests prayed, incense was burned, the brocades glittered. With the first faint glow of dawn, the Patriarch cried out:

"Christos Anesti, Christ has risen."

"Christos Anesti, Christos Anesti," the thousands burst out while the Holy Sepulchre lay bathed in the soft tones of the dawn.

Christ had risen and on Easter Sunday the Orthodox Greeks did not greet one another with the usual "good morning" but each burst out to the other with the joyous news, "Christos Anesti." The news spread from mouth to mouth all over Jerusalem, the words echoed in houses and nooks. And once more Moslems, Christians and Jews mingled in the streets while the bells kept up their chorus:

"Christos Anesti, Christos Anesti."

CHAPTER VIII

JAUNTS INTO THE DESERT

BROTHER had come to Jerusalem for his summer vacation and we were happy to see him and to show him the city. We took him everywhere and explained to him the ceremonies.

"Brother, Abla has a fat gray donkey and she rides everywhere on it," I told him after the first wonder of family and Jerusalem had faded. It was a gnawing hurt that I was confessing to him. My father had bought such a sweet-tempered and lively donkey for sister. She did not want to come off his back, and I had to look on with longing in my heart. I wanted a gray donkey, but I had been deemed too small for it. Sister used to race our carriage every day. The donkey knew what his mistress wanted, and how he would run to outpace the two black Arab horses which my father had bought. The coachman, an Arab, would hold the horses in check, and anyway they were too proud to race with a toy animal and they arched their necks disdainfully. Sometimes I was allowed to climb by the coachman and he would permit me to hold the long snake-like whip which I tried to slash in the air, but the whip lay limp and mocked me by curling ignominiously on itself.

Brother was not impressed with the donkey, he had his eye on the carriage, and soon it was he who climbed on the box and held the reins with proud fingers.

Now that brother had come, we were to move to Kata-

mon, a few steps from Jerusalem, for the summer. We were to live in a little house near a big monastery and gardens. It was the property of the Greek patriarch who had begged us to use it for the summer months.

The house smiled at us with its glitter of windows, and all round were vineyards and gardens. It was fun to be in a small house where rooms did not dodge one's footsteps. Here I could run bareheaded among the vines and watch the heavy clusters of frosted grapes bowing their heads to the ground in prayers of thankfulness to the sun.

The vineyards seemed never to end and before me stretched a vast horizon of grapes. Not far from the house was the big monastery where lived the old priest Yeronda who had charge of our comfort. Yeronda would show me the best grapes and often I followed him to the monastery where the priests were squeezing the grapes with their bare feet into shapeless masses to make wine. They owned also a number of goats whose tinkling echoed through the day. And here in the monastery goat milk would be turned into slabs of white cheese and then wrapped in grape leaves. Yeronda would bring to us the best with baskets of grapes that escaped the wine makers.

My father had a tent all to himself not far from the house and here he worked, surrounded by officials whose arms were crossed in reverence over their stomachs. There were papers to be read, documents to be written and signed, telegrams would pour in, messengers come and go, and thus Jerusalem was brought to Katamon every day with a complaint or a question to be settled. My father had no vacation and no peace from morning to night. We hardly saw him and he became almost a stranger. When he did on rare occasions come to see us, we were shy of him and drew away frightened.

We children wanted to build a house for ourselves, a

real wooden house with rooms and a roof, and it was to be situated among a cloud of purple grapes. Brother was much excited over this idea, and he started to save his weekly allowance. As yet Abla and I had no money to our names so that brother became treasurer, architect, and boss in general. He condescended to use us as workmen but only on condition that we did not bother him and that we should work hard. Abla and I gathered wood, handed nails to my brother, and were busy every minute. The adopted son of the old priest Yeronda came to help us whenever he could escape from his chants and prayers. We wanted a real turning corkscrew staircase. Brother shook his head over this, though he would not confess himself vanquished. But the roof—that puzzled all of us. We could not put just leaves and branches for then the rain would live in our house and we ourselves would still be homeless. To this day I sorrow because we never finished that little house. Perhaps it is still waiting for us in its haven of grapes.

Panayot effendi, the secretary of the Greek patriarch, came often to see if we had everything we needed and were enjoying Katamon. One day he told us that the patriarch had some excellent beer, and that if mother allowed, he would send us a case.

"Beer is always welcome," Mlle. Lucy rolled her eyes.

"But hanoum effendi will lock it up and you won't get even a drop!"

"Our hanoumdjim lock the beer, she who does not even lock up her money and jewels! You send us the beer, Panayot effendi, and leave the rest to me."

A few days later Panayot effendi came back to us and asked my mother:

"How was the beer I sent you? Was it not like liquid amber? What a flavor, ey, Mlle. Lucy?"

"Panayot must have a sunstroke," she retorted. "Did

you think we believed your beer story and your outburst of generosity? We did not even have the smell of your beer!"

"What do you say?" Panayot was red and gray by turns. "Did you not get the case I sent you?"

"What beer are you talking about? Not one bottle came to us," mother answered.

"The devil of a priest," burst out Panayot. "That old hypocrite of a Yeronda! He has sat on the cases I sent you, has he? He shall hear of it yet, the devil in priest's clothes!"

Yeronda was like a ferret, always in corners, spreading his gloating eyes on coveted objects and hiding whatever he liked in his ample robes. Mlle. Lucy always teased him. She would beg Yeronda to wear his festival robes and his gold watch and then she would turn round him saying:

"How handsome you look, Yeronda. Such splendor, and you are such a dignified priest!"

Yeronda was pleased and his armpits would swell with pride. Mother and Mlle. Lucy often visited the monastery where he lived and one day they came to the patriarch's room. In a closet Mlle. Lucy found the flowing robes of the patriarch, and laughing she said:

"I must put this on and see if it makes me feel holy and elated!"

Yeronda was scandalized and ran to her, crying:

"You must not do that! What if the patriarch smells a woman—then what should I do?"

"Tell him that I have honored him by wearing his rags," retorted Mlle. Lucy, to which Yeronda opened wide his mouth and looked stupid.

The monastery came to our help in a difficult situation. Our little house at Katamon did not have a bath and my mother could not live without one. It was not in the least satisfactory to splash in a basin every morning. Mlle.

Lucy, who knew the monastery as she knew the inside of her own pocket, said to my mother:

"These good-for-nothing priests have a huge bath which they never use. If they took a bath, I suppose they would wash off some of their holiness. Tell Yeronda to have it scrubbed for you."

The bath was scrubbed with boiling water. It was a Turkish style bath which pleased my mother and now we went to the monastery for our baths and were satisfied.

At Katamon a saint is supposed to be buried and thousands of pilgrims come to visit the shrine every year. While we were there a group of Russian women and men came as usual. I saw them toiling up to the hill which led to the monastery. The women looked like colored balloons in their full skirts, and the men carried their inevitable bundles slung over their shoulders. Already Yeronda had scented the approach of the pilgrims and he hurried toward them with his adopted son, both looking holy and important.

The pilgrims advanced in awed groups, mouths a little open, and child-like eyes awaiting a miracle. They were tired and dust littered their boots for they had walked all the way from Jerusalem. From a high terrace of the house we watched them. Yeronda was upon them like a black vulture while the pilgrims stood respectfully dumb, not knowing a word of Greek. But the wily priest had picked up a few words of Russian and a complete understanding of the psychology of these pilgrims. He gesticulated and crossed himself, whereat the Russians crossed themselves too, and then he broke into his Russian phrases. He explained about the saint that lay there, a saint so holy and great that one had to whisper his name.

"What lies is Yeronda fabricating?" Mlle. Lucy shook her head. "And look at those poor Russians swallowing it all. I would like to beat him, the old devil!"

But Yeronda, unconscious of these threats, dwelt upon the holiness of his saint. Here the saint had lived, trimmed these very vineyards with his hands, laid his burning longing among these steep hills. From this well he had quenched his thirst, and he lay now in this humble grave, just a mound covered with grass. The Russians followed Yeronda, prayed, crossed themselves, and knelt on the ground. Then while the pilgrims were burning with holy fever, Yeronda drew from the ample folds of his robes a colored icon. The holy picture electrified the Russians, they put out eager fingers, each burned to possess an icon. But Yeronda held himself aloof. A poor priest must live, the icons cost money. For their sakes, he would accept roubles. A few of them drew money from their bosoms, but most of them shook their heads. The Holy Land had already eaten all that they had, and they could not afford these icons. On their faces was dumb sorrow and a longing that they tried to stifle. Slowly they moved to the road.

We kept watching them and my mother, intrigued by the priest's pantomime, called to him.

"What is the matter, Yeronda?" she asked.

"The pilgrims wanted my icons, but they had no money to buy them," he called back.

"Why don't you give them as presents—such a good deed might help you in the other world," Mlle. Lucy sneered.

Yeronda threw flashes of anger at her. What did she mean! A poor priest had to live. God did not send bread from heaven any longer. My mother cut him short. How much did the icons cost? Yeronda named his price.

"The old thief, he is charging triple for them!" burst out Mlle. Lucy. "Surely hell waits for him with open arms!"

But Yeronda kept undismayed his humble look. Mother told him to sell her fifty icons and then his face was streaked

with joy. Fifty icons, and the honorable lady would not bargain!

Mother then called the Russians to her. They halted in the middle of the road, not knowing what to do. Yeronda shouted to them to come and then they came obediently, like children. Mother went among them and to each poor pilgrim she gave an icon. Great shivers of joy ran through their faces, like the wind piercing through fields of ripe wheat. Their eyes almost fell out of their heads, little cries of joy broke from their lips. One moment they wavered uncertain, not daring to think. And then they all ran to my mother. Some threw themselves at her feet, kissing the hem of her skirt, others caught hold of her hands which they kissed again and again. Words came like loosened torrents from their lips. Their thanks and prayers slashed the quiet of the sky. My mother finally forced her way back from these clinging besieging beings.

Once more the pilgrims set their faces toward Jerusalem. But now before them spread a path of joy. Their shoulders squared, they broke into a hymn, strong, beautiful voices that rolled forth haunting melodies. Soon they were tiny specks down the dusty hill, but their voices lingered. Mother had tears in her eyes and we children stood silent and moved.

Towards night we saw Yeronda and his adopted son with a big bag in his hands.

"Bad year to you, old priest!" Mlle. Lucy shouted. "Have you no heart? You turned those poor pilgrims into peeled onions. How much money did you make?"

"Money?" questioned Yeronda. "What money are you talking about? This is food I am sending to a poor woman in the village."

"You holy hypocrite, you. Food indeed! It is roubles, roubles that you carry. I can hear them jingle in your

bag!" But Yeronda shrugged his shoulders and waved his hand round his forehead, meaning to intimate that Mlle. Lucy was crazy.

When we returned to Jerusalem, I was a little sad, but this was balanced by the joy of seeing my old nurse. She had remained in Jerusalem to complete her pilgrimage, and now she met us with a new dignity. She was a hadji, a holy person. One night she showed me her tattoo on her arm just above the wrist. It was a picture of the Holy Sepulchre surmounted by a cross.

"Did it hurt, nurse?" I asked, when she had explained to me the process of tattooing.

"Yes, it did, my child, but now I have forgotten the hurt."

"And will the ink not come off when you wash?"

"It will never come off," she answered. "I will take it to my grave."

After this I stood in awe of nurse and her tattooing, and I wondered if this blue image would help her in that other world about which everyone in Jerusalem talked. Would that world be as nice as this one or would it be dark and dingy like a church?

Once we were invited to a small Arab village where again we were to stay in a house owned by the Greek patriarch. We set out on this long journey. Sister wanted to ride her little gray donkey, but the road was long and she had to part from her pet. First we went in carriages and then changed to horses. I was in the arms of a soldier riding a black Arab mount. My old nurse was riding on a gaunt mule with a will of its own, so that she constantly let out cries of distress and a barefoot Arab had to run beside her and hold her on. Sister rode on a milk-white mare with another soldier. We went in this fashion over narrow paths

lined with rocks, and crossed bare hills, some of us far in advance of the others. Suddenly there was a cry passed from mouth to mouth. The white mare was nowhere to be seen. What had happened? My mother was wild with fright, thinking of precipices and treacherous slippery rocks. The party halted and some of the soldiers were sent in search of the mare. My soldier and I rode back too. The man crouched smaller on his horse, raised one arm, tightened his legs, and held me fast. The black horse reared, snorted, and broke into a gallop. We were carried faster than the wind, hills slipped behind us and ducked their heads. We crossed mournful valleys where our frightened voices echoed.

"Abla! Abla!" I called out in a timid cry that lingered small and weak in the air.

Soon we fell on a white spot that grew bigger and there we discovered the white mare. Sister was gathering a few herbs and did not seem worried in the least. The soldier was busy fixing the saddle for there was something gone wrong with the saddle which had delayed them. This was at last fixed but then the mare developed a fit of obstinacy. She would not budge. How the soldiers fought with her will! Until they started her, their very lives came out.

When we joined the waiting cavalcade, we were greeted with long shouts and many questions, and prayers of thankfulness. Praise Allah, we had come back without broken bones. Once more we fell on the road.

A village peeked at us from behind rounded hills and a cloud of dust arose at our approach. The cloud turned into Arabs in floating white robes riding on horses with proudly arched necks. The Arabs carried long guns in their hands and were shouting their greetings. White headgear floated in the wind, guns were fired, and the Arabs

welcomed their governor. We drew to the town back of that white galloping cloud.

We visited the village. The patriarch's house and farm had a big pond and some trees and vegetables. It was the only clean, green spot about. The rest of the village was drowned in filth. We would come upon what looked like a hole and from it we would see heads peering at us. The poor Arabs lived thus, like animals, in holes burrowed underground. In the holes they lived, men, women, and animals all together. Others lived in tents, out of one of which we saw naked babies crawling in the dust, young girls carrying baskets, swaying from right to left, horses' heads nosing at us with wonder, while a few miserable hens fluttered excitedly out between the tent flaps. Gray desolation and human indifference. My mother was frightened out of her wits for these Arabs might be alive with vermin.

At night the Arabs came round our house, white-robed they marched silently and sat in the garden in circles of quiet solemnity. A big bonfire was lighted and to each group of Arabs was given a whole roasted sheep stuffed with rice, raisins, and nuts. From the window we watched them closing over the platters, dipping in their hands ravenously, and pulling out chunks of meat which they devoured. The rice they gathered with their hands also and carefully emptied it in their mouths. White forms bent over food touched with the flicker of the bonfire which roused slumbering shadows. They ate long and steadily without stopping for breath until only a carcass was left on each platter that once was proud with a whole sheep. Then the Arabs sat, gorged with eating. One by one at last they rose to their feet, like ghosts emerging from the ground. And then began their mad dance round the bonfire. Like de-

mented beings they jumped and waved their long guns and swords that caught a thousand glimmers from the bonfire. In and out of shadows they gyrated, the white robes swelled over their heads. The dance finished, the Arab horses were brought quivering with the fire of the desert, snorting and rearing up to the heavens. With loud whoops and piercing war cries the white forms jumped on their horses, black as the shades about them. They raced round and round the fire, let out blood-curdling yells, firing their guns in the air, and raising the night from its slumber. The white forms melted into the dark of the horses. The guns were thrown in the air and caught again, swords were brandished over heads. Arabs rose to their full height, jumped off their horses and back on again with a swiftness equaling that of their steeds. The flames leaped up and sputtered in a mad dance of their own. Then suddenly in a silent streak of whiteness, the Arabs disappeared.

We stayed in this desert village for a few days and every day we went on long excursions over the bare hills baking under the hot sun. In one big village we almost aroused a bloody fight. There were three big monasteries there, one belonging to the Greek, one to the Catholic, and one to the Armenian priests. All of them invited us for lunch. How could we accept all the offers? And yet we could not accept one and reject the others, for that would smack of favoritism and the offended priests would draw into battle. Finally it was decided that we must go to all three monasteries one after the other and eat three lunches that day. I shall never forget the display of food that was set before us, the quantity increasing with each successive rival monastery. Thus a fight was avoided with price of glorious stomachaches.

We were going to visit the sacred mosque of Halibrahim some days later, after we had returned to Jerusalem. My

Selma Ekrem's father as governor of Jerusalem receiving the friendship oath of an Arab chief

old nurse and our Armenian cook, Varbet, wanted to come too, for the Christians held a spot in this mosque highly sacred—the tomb of Father Abraham. But unfortunately the Moslem Arabs did not allow any Christian even to step within this mosque. However, both nurse and Varbet begged so hard that mother finally consented to take the risk and let them come along. But if they were caught and recognized as Christians, she could not answer for what might follow. My old nurse disguised herself as a Turkish woman by wearing a voluminous old tcharshaf of my mother's and covering her face with a thick veil. She was told to seal her lips tight. When we reached the mosque after a long carriage drive, my old nurse stood bowed and riveted to my mother's side. As we entered the mosque Varbet was about to follow us, when an Arab policeman who had come with us and who knew us well, stretched out his arm and stopped him.

"Varbet, you can go as far as the court, but no farther!"

Varbet pleaded and begged but the policeman was firm and his black eyes gleamed. So we left our cook looking after us sorrowfully. I can remember only a vast quiet place where not even the air stirred, and a series of awe-inspiring gigantic tombs in separate rooms. These tombs were surrounded by iron grilles and covered with rich somber shawls. Before each tomb my mother stopped and prayed, while I looked round with fear in my eyes. These tombs were as imposing as the quiet mosque. One felt moved to pray and worship but I did not know how. My prayer was silence and of that I knew a great deal.

The Arab policeman came to the rescue of us children and took my sister and myself to a well at the bottom of which gleamed a solitary candle. We were told to throw pieces of paper down the well and if these did not burn, it meant that we could have the wish of our hearts. The white

papers fluttered down, whirling impishly close to the faint glow of the candle. The wishes trembled on our lips as the white papers became small dots and finally landed safely away from the candle. We were to have the wish of our hearts.

When we turned toward Jerusalem, twilight had become dark and gloomy. Lulled by the jingling of the carriage, I had fallen asleep. Suddenly, I felt a heavy crash, heard loud cries, and knew that I was being hurled down, down into the dark well where fluttered a candle. I opened my eyes and found myself squeezed in between mother and sister. Our carriage had upset and we had been thrown on a pile of stones. From the solitary house by the roadside, pale faces looked ghostlike by the flicker of lantern light. We were helped out of the wreck with no bones broken and entered the house to wait for another carriage. While we were waiting in the harem, we heard the Arab policeman below saying:

"Allah has punished us because our hanoum effendi took a Christian into the mosque."

My mother sent for him and told him that my old nurse had gone into the mosque to worship and that Allah did not bar his sacred house to Christians. The policeman remained respectfully silent but his eyes were stubborn. He knew that it was a punishment. Had not the carriage turned over like a fish in a frying pan? He had seen this and more too in the gloom of the night. But he would remain quiet about it. The hanoum effendi had a white heart and Allah had not shown to her his great wrath.

Just then a carriage came galloping madly. My father had worried and had come to see why we were late. We drew into Jerusalem finally and I was so fast asleep that I had to be carried to bed.

Toward the beginning of summer my father was going to Berussebi, the "City of Seven Wells," on a tour of inspection. Berussebi is near the Egyptian frontier and there the nomad Arabs lived in tents on the hills and in the valleys and refused even to build houses. My father had drawn up a vast plan which he had submitted to the Turkish government and which had been accepted. He was going to build a modern city at the frontier just as the English had done on their side. To each Arab who built a house, a gift of fifty gold pieces (about $250) would be given and for three years he would be exempt from taxes. He was going to open roads, build fountains, establish a pharmacy, and in general help the Arabs toward civilization as best he could. He was going out over the desert to talk to the sheihs, the Arab leaders, and explain his project.

My mother wanted to go too and it was decided that we should all accompany my father. We started from Jaffa one early morning in two carriages, followed by armed mounted soldiers. Jaffa was bathed in the light of dawn and was sweet with the smell of oranges. We followed a road that led to a deserted valley and little round hills. Soon we struck sand which got between the wheels of the carriages so that the horses had to pull hard. Some hours later we stopped before the garden of a sheih in a little village. Two tents were ready for us and the sheih came out to welcome us. Dressed in a loose tunic, flowing mashlah, and long white headdress, he was an imposing sight. My mother and we children went into the tent reserved for women, where the sheih's wife, a dirty Arab woman, greeted us with long words which we could answer only with smiles. The tent was covered with rugs in our honor, and coffee was served, but my mother's horror of dirt got the better of her. If she refused the proffered cups, the sheih's wife

would be offended, so mother carefully lifted a corner of the rug on which she was sitting and poured the coffee upon the sand beneath. Thus slyly she disposed too of the sweet sirup which was served after coffee but which we children drank to the last sticky drop. Then fresh almonds and cucumbers from the sheih's oasis garden were piled in hills before us. These mother was willing to eat and when we finally left the hospitable tent, our carriages were piled high with more mounds of almonds and cucumbers. The horses had been changed and we set once more on the sandy road.

It was deserted. Occasionally we would see some dark-faced Bedouins riding lean camels and emaciated donkeys. Closed silent faces these Bedouins had, like the deserts of their country. We would pass by small groups of tents where naked babies crawled in the sand and Arab boys would run after us grinning and shouting. A few palm trees waved the hot air gracefully with their branches and cactus grew in thick bushes forming living walls. There was also a tree we saw often, big and strong and covered with small fruit. And if we ate of this fruit, we would come to Arabia seven times, we were told.

Towards night we came to Ghaze, a rich seaport where there were gardens and houses. This was a little paradise with its glint of water and glimmer of trees, and narrow streets where the houses came head to head. We were met by the Turkish officials and the Arab leaders and were taken to the mayor's house for the night.

Early next morning we set on the road again. The country grew more wild and deserted. Towards night we reached Berussebi, and here indeed was no paradise but only a few miserable stone houses, and wide roads that led to tents and to the wilderness of the desert. The sheihs came to meet us and we were taken to the mayor's house. Now

my father became very busy. The next morning, wearing his gold-braided uniform with his sword dangling by his side, he received the sheihs. To each he gave a mashlah and decorations as presents from the Turkish government. My father then had to officiate at several Arab weddings and circumcision feasts where he distributed presents among the little boys. The wedding ceremony of these nomads was as simple as this: the father of the bride and the father of the groom, each wearing a little green sprig in his turban, approached each other from their respective tents. Meeting, each removed the sprig from his own headdress and handed it to the other, who then placed the exchanged bit of green in his turban. That was all, and thus the son of one and the daughter of the other became legally married.

Another day we went far out to a small village which we reached by horseback. The sheihs came to greet us and father was ushered into the tent reserved for men but I was so small that my being a girl didn't count yet and so I entered too. The sheihs came one by one to my father, making an odd salute, by putting their two hands close together and laying them in the cupped hands of my father. Now huge cauldrons were brought into the tent. The Arab's idea of hospitality is to cook enough for a hundred persons when only twenty are present. Those enormous cauldrons contained two kinds of meat, one boiled and the other roasted, one the meat of camels and the other that of sheep. We crouched round the cauldrons, my father cross-legged on the one and only cushion which the sheih had brought specially in his honor all the way from Berussebi. We tore the meat with our fingers. There was no bread but a kind of pastry made with flour and water mixed before our eyes, rolled on the Arabs' knees and then cooked over the fire in the middle of the tent. We were also served a drink of camels' milk. That was all.

Behind the tent were the Arab women, who did not appear but who were busy cooking coffee which they would grind and roast immediately before serving. The cups, containing only a few drops of coffee each, were brought in. The sheih took one, rose, and came to my father, kissing the hem of his trousers and then offering him the cup. The sheih repeated this process several times with successive cups of freshly roasted coffee.

On our way back to Berussebi we passed by another small village whose sheih had prepared a meal for my father. My father excused himself, saying that he had just eaten. Then the Arab drew himself up and suddenly threw himself before father's horse.

"Over my dead body thou shalt cross!" he exclaimed. The sheih's feelings had been mortally wounded. No one can ever refuse the bread of hospitality of an Arab; it is the greatest insult which can be done him. So my father had to dismount, enter the sheih's tent, and eat another meal.

My mother could not stay longer in Berussebi for it was no place to live in. So my father decided to send us ahead to Jaffa where he was to join us in a few days. We set off in a carriage followed by the usual two soldiers on horseback.

Towards evening our horses reared and stopped. We leaned out of the window and saw a white form stretched on the road. From far it looked like a rag but the soldiers who had ridden forward galloped back, crying:

"A man has been killed, my hanoum effendi, his body is stretched on the road and his breath has left him."

My mother was terrified. What if we were attacked too? Maybe a band of brigands was roaming near us. Night was falling fast on our heads and Ghaze was not yet in sight. We decided to take another road which the coachman knew.

The carriage rolled on once more while the soldiers went ahead to see if the road led to Ghaze. Shadows closed upon us. The dreadful silence of the desert sent shivers all through us. My mother prayed silently. The carriage rolled on and then we came upon some white figures moving stealthily by the road, Arabs with their camels whose soft tread did not give a quiver of life to the quiet.

Mother gave a cry of terror. Surely these were the brigands and they would fall upon us now. Why had the soldiers gone ahead? We children clung to her and closed our eyes. But the Bedouins did not even glance toward us. Lost in a world of their own making, they paced slowly on, were left behind us, and were soon dots in the wilderness of a black night.

CHAPTER IX

REVOLT AND THE REFUGE OF HOME

JERUSALEM was thrown into agitation. People crowded the streets shouting and pushing, and our house echoed the trailing thunder of the roaring of guns.

"Do you hear that?" my father asked as he came in to where mother and we children were sitting. "It means that the rumor is true and that the constitution has been granted in Turkey."

"A constitution granted by Sultan Hamid?" My mother shook her head. "I would sooner believe that man could fly to the moon than that Hamid could allow the nails of his despotism to be clipped. It must be another terrible trick of his."

"But it is true," father answered, "Sultan Hamid has been forced to recognize the Union and Progress Party. And if this continues the sultan will be a puppet on the throne."

"Sultan Hamid a puppet?" My mother laughed. "He will find a way, jingle his gold to the greed of upstarts, that man of a hundred plans and means."

This was the eventful year of 1908. Abdul Hamid, after thirty-three years of tyranny, was to succumb to a power greater than his own. And this marked the beginning of his downfall. It seemed unbelievable. Sultan Hamid, who with a flutter of his hands could shake Constantinople and the whole of Turkey, now lay trembling in his palace. But this news fell on my ears like a pack of meaningless words

tossed carelessly by the wind. What was a constitution to me? Just another of those long hard words that I must learn and not forget.

This event, which seemed to stir my parents, had been accomplished by a group of men who called themselves the Union and Progress Party. To understand the growth of this party one must skip a great many years in the history of Turkey. The French Revolution had awakened a group of patriots who wanted to reform Turkey. Later these patriots formed the Young Turk Party to which prominent men belonged. My grandfather, Namick Kemal, was one of those glorious Young Turks, lost in dreams, suffering and struggling. They had wrung reform after reform from sultans, they had cried out to the people to wake up and take their liberty which the sultans were grasping. They had been exiled, imprisoned and even killed.

When Abdul Hamid came to the throne most of these men were dead or were exiles in corners of Turkey. Gradually and secretly another Young Turk Party was organized and gained thousands of followers. Unfortunately the leaders of this second party were neither great nor honest, nor were they, as before, the prominent educated men of the country.

One day Turkey was astonished to hear that the Young Turks, who now called themselves the Union and Progress Party, had murdered Sultan Hamid's governor of Monastir. The sultan sent a detachment to arrest the leaders then in Salonika. But the soldiers had been gained beforehand by the Unionists and they threw down their arms and joined the party. Two Unionists came to Constantinople and forced Hamid to grant them a constitution. A parliament composed of Unionist deputies was formed and Turkey's fate seemed to be in the hands of these new men. This bloodless revolution had been accomplished with

rapidity, for the army had joined the Unionists and the people followed like sheep.

The next few days Jerusalem was in a whirl of patriotic and political commotion in contrast to its usual religious feelings. This had neither bells nor incense, but the shouts of the people and the waving of banners. To the Arabs, this was a revival of a long cherished hope, their independence. Words of liberty and freedom had penetrated their skins. They wanted to be free not only of Sultan Hamid but of Turkish rule. Once they had been independent and powerful, and why not again? As the days lengthened, Jerusalem lay whispering. Officials who, for one reason or another, had been dismissed by my father had come to the front. People with suspicious pasts, a lot of schemers with their eyes on the rich pockets of Jerusalem, began to talk against my father. Who was the governor anyhow? Just a tool of the sultan. Was it fitting that the son of Namick Kemal should work under the tyrant sultan? These ruffians were pushed forward by a group of speculators. During the two years' governorship of my father they had had no opportunity to satisfy their thirst for money. My father would not hear of dubious deals, he did not grasp the rich soils from the Arabs neither did he allow others to do so. The intrigues of these people with the unrest of the Arabs had broken my father's spirit. He who had worked hard had been honest and just, so this was his reward. He felt he did not want to see Jerusalem again. But at that time there was a law that governors could not resign, because many of these posts served as places of exile in disguise.

"But I shall find a way," my father was saying, his face dark and hurt.

And one day he read to us a telegram with his face puckered with mischief.

"To the honorable Grand Vezir. Your humble slave has worked faithfully for his majesty the sultan all these years. I am sure of my reward. Will his majesty give me permission to return to Constantinople so I can publish my father's books?"

Sultan Hamid must have been very upset when he read the telegram. He did not want the books of Kemal published in this critical moment. Some time later my father received a telegram in which it was stated that his majesty was much pleased with the governor of Jerusalem and to reward him for his excellent work the sultan was appointing him governor general of Beirut.

Once more the trunks came down, the furniture was wrapped in paper. Mother had added to her collection wonderful pearl inlaid Arabian sets which were hard to pack. The clothes were piled in trunks and moth balls were thrown in them. The house lay upset and uneasy. We were going to Beirut, another adventure lay before us. Once more we would come face to face with a strange city and feel the thrill of it flashing through us. My father had to sell our horses, carriage, and my sister's gray donkey. This upset her and she melted into tears. My prize possession was a gold watch, shaped like a heart, which I had received from the Armenian patriarch, a venerable man about a hundred years old who had to be carried wherever he went.

We were a little sad amidst our tumult of packing. There were many friends we were leaving behind. No more would the church bells toll us to sleep, no more would we wander among the gray streets of Jerusalem and witness ceremonies as enchanting as fairy tales.

A big crowd came to see us off and there were flowers waving the air. Some cried, others begged us to come again, sister was in tears over her donkey. She was sure he would

miss her and put his head sadly to one side. We passed through crowds of people and they all seemed sorry to see us going.

At Jaffa it was hot, so hot that we felt ourselves melting away with the heat. There was thunder in the air, the suspicion of a storm. The sea was too calm and the sky hung over it like black amber. Once as the boat left Jaffa, the winds came galloping to welcome us, like loosened demons. The boat rose and fell in the arms of an angry sea.

Storm and wind at sea and dark menace at the city of Beirut. We had landed awed and silenced with the din of the storm in our ears to find on the quay dark faces pressed close to one another, red fezzes waving in the air menacingly. Beirut stirred with an anger of its own, deep among its masses of humanity. Arab faces scowled at us.

Our luggage had been dumped on the quay but there was not one hamal in sight. The hamals had gone on strike. They shouted liberty and independence in the numerous coffeehouses and sipped the hours away in a dream blue with smoke. Then we looked for policemen but they too were striking! A city without policemen and dark with an evil that wormed secretly in the hearts of these Arabs.

Beirut was unruly and demoralized. The previous governor had fled with his life while the Arabs had spat on his face and insulted him. Then crowds had run to the prisons, opening wide the doors; thieves, ruffians and cutthroats swarmed the streets, inciting the people to revolt, to throw the city into turmoil and create a ripe field for their energy. And back of this spirit of evil lay the stuffy breathless summer day that crushed one with its fiery heels.

The city was hostile, raised like a dragon ready to snap its jaw at us. With fear in our hearts we stood, apprehensive and tired. Finally some ruffians were found who would take care of our luggage. A few of them swarmed

round mother's piano. The piano was lifted slowly then crashed down again on the quay. The startled strings wailed in pained choruses. And to this day I can hear the thunder of reproach from our old piano. The men stood with malice on their faces and joyous glitter in their eyes. They had done it purposely and now they stood arrogantly before us, defying us to speak. Would the anger of vibrating strings run through the Arabs and send them into frenzy? One can never be sure of an Arab when he is excited.

My father sent us away to the general's quarters where we were going to stay for the night. But he remained on the quay with our helpless luggage, a piano that still vibrated its hurt feelings and the Arabs who were stubborn and hostile.

That night sister and I lay curled in one big bed that smelt of moth balls. Ice cream had been given to soothe us. But the heat of night was too intense, and drove us into agitation. A night of fear again, even worse than those in Constantinople. The shadows of fear might close upon us once for all.

The next day we moved to a hotel, my father called the mayor of the city and asked him to find a suitable house for us. My father was so preoccupied that we hardly saw him. My mother was all nerves again while we children made ourselves small and hid in corners. The strikes continued and the heat did not waver an inch.

The first day when my father left the hotel to go to the governmental house, he found about a hundred dusky faces grouped round the door. Eyes small with bloody splotches, white headgear awry. And when my father was among them they shouted lustily in Arabic, "Long live liberty." But the cry was menacing, like the challenge of lightning to the earth heralding the storm of thunder.

The next day hundreds of throats were parched with the cry of:

"Long live liberty."

Soon the hundreds grew into thousands, and these clustered near the hotel, filling the streets, and my father had to fight his way through them.

From the window of the hotel we watched him and the cords of our hearts were broken with fear and worry. There was nothing to be done, these Arabs listened neither to tail nor to head. Lawless every one of them, they had ears only for the shouts of intriguers.

We were shut in our hotel rooms to the heat and mosquitoes that devoured us. The magic of a new city hung before us, unpluckable and thus sour as sour grapes. Not once did we leave the hotel, not once did we wander among the Arabs that crowded the streets. And every night the sad discouraged faces of our elders drew away every desire of laughter and joy.

My father finally decided to leave Beirut. He did not like the Arabs that waited for him at the hotel door. That torrent of madness could not be checked and he was not going to endanger all our lives. But above all, he knew that these Arabs wanted independence and an end to Turkish rule, and he for his part would not rule where he was not wanted. So, risking the sultan's fury, he sent his resignation to Constantinople and bought our tickets for home. The last day in Beirut the mayor rushed to the hotel, which overlooked the harbor, and he said:

"Your honor, I have just found a beautiful house for you."

"But I have found one first," replied my father.

"How can it be, your honor? I have looked everywhere," answered the mayor, flustered. "Where is this house, may I ask?"

"There," replied my father pointing to the boat at anchor in the harbor.

Before us stretched again the city of mosques and minarets, the golden city of Constantinople. Sunshine, cooled with fresh breezes, and the blue of the Bosphorus wiped from our memory the brooding anger of swarthy faces. Beirut lay waiting for another victim while the blue of the sky and the blue of the waters sang to us a happy welcome. We were home again and the hundred smells of flowers came to us like a rippling wave of sweet scent.

We were going to stay with my grandfather, my mother's father, for a time, on his big estate up the Bosphorus. How I loved my grandfather's house. And now that he is dead and the family scattered, this house keeps in its spacious rooms the echoes of days gone by, of joy that can never come back. It has been my friend all these years, a kind friend who saw me grow up and helped me with its sunshine and flowers. Not a transient acquaintance whose flitting face arouses one's interest and later mingles with many other faces dimly seen and dimly felt. The years have torn relentlessly at the beauty of the big white house; the gardens, once a paradise of flowers, now lie in tangled masses of grass and weeds. The rooms become puddles with each rain and the north wind blows through its cracks in winter. But I shall keep my love for it, a love that can never change and will burn steadily like the holy light before the tomb of Christ in the Holy Sepulchre.

On top of a long steep hill stands the big house, its eyes forever on the blue of the Bosphorus and the green of the hills. A series of moss covered slippery steps lead to the ponderous gate of the garden. Its black austere frown is covered by wisteria in the spring; like a mass of purple cloud it falls to the ground. But the scent of wisteria greets you long before, at the foot of the hill it comes upon you

like a promise of fairy land. The wisteria is the first smile of the house. And when the black gate is pushed back you are sure of the beauty to come, of the friendly faces of gardens and flowers.

Once the black gate is crossed, the world has been shut out, this is a dream of beauty that other eyes cannot see or guess. The high walls stand jealously watchful and rear their indifference to casual glances. The gardens inside stretch in terraces, rising higher and higher until you have the blue of the sky in your eyes and the glory of the Bosphorus in the hollow of your vision. The gardens ramble from one legend to another. Down near the gate stand the twin shrubbery gardens, holding hands over a little wooden bridge. Rows of many colored carnations in vases, like multicolored ribbons on children's heads, stand round an iron grille. Higher up stands the rose garden with its huge pond full of croaking frogs and its sedate lawns and paths. Near the pond there is a thick cluster of trees where nightingales spread a feast of music through the nights of spring. Beyond are the hothouses filled with fragile twigs and big lemon trees whose scent goes to one's head. There are other little discreet gardens, some where only violets hide their heads from hands eager to pluck them. One on top of the other stand the fruit and vegetable gardens, the minute forest of chestnut trees that turn gold and red in the autumn. There are also vast chicken coops, the kennels for hunting dogs and a cunning house for two deer which my father sent from Jerusalem. And topping this variety of gardens and colors stand two ancient pine trees that rustle and moan with each wind. There are such fairy lores in these gardens, such wonders to be discovered.

The white house stands amidst this world of gardens catching the sun in all its windows and opening to us a

world of high-ceilinged rooms, rooms that are big as boats and where one can sail the seas of one's imagination.

We were reaching this world of house and gardens. Our relatives had come to meet us and carriage after carriage stopped, daunted by the hill. Up the steep hill we ran, laughing over every stone that rolled under our feet. And with the stones rolled the laughter of our relatives, eager for our faces.

Grandfather's house was a mixture of East and West. Here he lived like a patriarch of old surrounded by his family, his numerous attendants and their children. Every room was crowded with people, the house was always alive with laughter and with voices. If one face was sad and drawn there were many others who laughed and wiped away the sad lines. And through it all my grandfather dominated the house, the figure round which everything revolved and which held the house together. He had brought to this Eastern atmosphere his Western ideas and culture that made him different from other people whom I had known.

The gate closed behind us and we were in this haven of quiet. The menace of Beirut could not follow us. And from here one could not feel the shadows of Yildiz and of fear.

CHAPTER X

WITHIN OLD FAMILY WALLS

SHELTERED by the big house, we lived through the months of unrest and revolution that followed our return from Beirut. Constantinople was in upheaval, but we lived within the tall walls where unhappiness and fear could only ooze through to be dispersed by the joy of those gardens.

I stood in awe of grandfather and his ways. He was a tall erect man, and every inch of him shouted his life in the army. White hair that shone with cleanliness, a twisted white mustache as full of life as he was, and light blue eyes, piercing, blustering, like an early frosty winter morning. We children never ran to him to be kissed, never did we climb all over him with brimming affection. We always stood respectful and shy before him. He kept his eye everywhere in the house, took care of every household detail, though he stayed mostly by himself. Often I heard him say in his deep masterful French, "L'œil du maître engraisse le cheval."

Grandfather, Djelal pasha, had had an interesting life and the aroma of it still clung to him, setting him above us and making of him a mysterious person whom we children wondered about. His father belonged to a rich family from Cavalla who had gone to live in Egypt, then under Turkish rule. The great Mehmed Ali pasha of Egypt had given him his adopted daughter in marriage. Mehmed Ali had picked her up as a child during one of his battles. The girl's brothers had come to Mehmed Ali and filled his lap with

gold as her ransom, for she belonged to a rich and noble Greek family. But Mehmed Ali would not part from the child, so much had he grown to love her.

"Take back your gold," he said to the brothers. "She is not a slave to be ransomed, but my daughter." The brothers could not move him with their pleadings, and so they had to leave their sister. The little girl's crib was always next to the great Mehmed Ali's bed and many nights he would watch her in her sleep. She became his beloved daughter and when she grew up, he gave her in marriage to his protégé, my grandfather's father.

While grandfather was a little child, his father died, leaving his widow with two little boys and immense estates which she could not manage. Soon the rich farms and cotton plantations were snatched from their hands, but the widow struggled to save from the wreck a fortune that was big enough for her needs.

My grandfather's mother dreamt of honor and fame for her sons. In Egypt they would be wasted. "You must be educated," she would say to the two boys.

She sent them to France. This must have been a great sacrifice for her for she adored her children. All Egypt was aghast. To send her little boys to Europe, it was scandalous! But she was firm in her decision. Grandfather often told us how she packed the suitcases with her own hands and tied two bags filled with gold round the necks of her sons, one nine years old and the other, my grandfather, just seven.

In France the brothers were educated at St. Cyr, the famous military school, and became well known with their handsome faces and the jingle of their gold. Days of fame spread before them, the full glory of the court of Napoleon III. There they met the elegance and beauty of France covered with jewels that sparkled like the chandeliers.

There were great dinners where the two Turkish boys sat rigid in their uniforms. Grandfather was nicknamed "Le Beau Djelal" and was a great favorite of the emperor and of the flirtatious empress, Eugénie. Then grandfather came to Turkey as the aide-de-camp of Sultan Azziz, and rose in power. A general in the army under Sultan Hamid, his glittering uniform and decorations were the joy of our hearts.

He suffered too. He was forced to pass months of exile in the snowbound city of Erzeroum where my mother too spent the early years of her childhood. An uncouth, uncivilized city, Erzeroum, where grandfather fretted, used as he was to the splendor of palaces and the majesty of imperial courts.

And now grandfather had retired from the army and lived surrounded by his numerous relatives in his great house perched on a hill. We had come to live there too. But did it matter? There were so many rooms to spare! Days of wonder and joy mixed sometimes with the agitation of the outer world.

Every morning I woke up with the summer sun shining in my room. Nurse dressed me and I ran out in the big hall crowded with people. The huge oak table was covered with snow-white linen and on it there were many cups and plates. A short woman came in and out, sweeping the floor with her long skirt. She was my "Little Aunt," the second wife of my grandfather's brother, and it was she who was grandfather's housekeeper. When great-uncle died, my grandfather had taken in his two widows, for he had had two wives, and his little niece, and for years they had lived with him.

Little Aunt always wore long dresses with a tight black belt. From one side of the belt dangled a bunch of keys, and from the other a clean folded handkerchief. On her head she

wore a kerchief edged with colored lace. She was always busy in the house and she took charge of breakfast every morning. Cocoa for us children and tea for our elders were cooked in her room and brought to the big hall steaming hot.

A ravenous group, noisy and hilarious, gathered round the table. Grandfather was in the sanctuary of his room and never appeared. His life was like clock-work. He would wake up at five, take his bath, and have breakfast brought to his room. Then a good part of the morning he would linger over his dressing and when he emerged he was always immaculate from top to toe.

All the others except grandfather had come into the great hall. There was Cousin Kerime, the daughter of Little Aunt, with her two long braids, a tiny person with a chiseled beautiful face. Then there was my officer uncle in his uniform, my Aunt Idjlal, mother's sister, and a mass of old nurses and retainers.

Suddenly a door opened and a thin figure appeared. We children ran to her. "How are you, little monkey?" she said, gently slapping our cheeks. I loved my Big Aunt, she who had a biting word and a kind heart and was tall and thin, with nervous hands and face. She too wore long dresses with a watch stuck in her belt, and a lacy headdress on her short spare hair. Everyone in the house respected her and she lived like a queen in the domain of her room. Up with the sun, she roved forever. Her maid had long ago cooked her coffee and now she held a thin cigarette between her bony fingers.

Big Aunt squinted at the table loaded with a variety of jams, cheeses, and olives. Then she paced up and down the hall nervously, while the rest of us gathered round the table. Each had a special cup of different color or design, and each had his favorite drink. The voices rose high with

the rattle of cups. Now and again Big Aunt pulled our ears or leaned over to take a black olive or a bit of cheese. Then she sat down to have her breakfast with us, scolding one, laughing with another. But before any of us had finished, she went back to her room to resume her nervous pacing and the smoking of another long thin cigarette.

Every morning after breakfast, Little Aunt went to her room and I followed her. She had a small room that shone. Over her bed hung a Koran, for Little Aunt was very religious, in fact the only religious member of the family. She turned and smiled at me as I followed her into her room, with a "What is it, what do you want?"

"Little Aunt, I want to come with you," I pleaded.

She consented with a smile, for she loved me very much. Little Aunt took a lantern, and swinging it in her hands she left the room, her skirts swishing. Together we went down the wide staircase to a marble hall. Then Little Aunt lighted her lantern and opened a big iron gate. A dark damp place came before us. I always drew back, afraid of this chilliness where the darkness was so dense and so full of mysterious noises. Little Aunt held high the lantern and the tortuous steps of the cellar were revealed.

"Be careful," Little Aunt admonished me as she ducked her head, for the ceiling was low. We entered the cellar filled with huge sacks, barrels, onions hanging from the ceiling, and hundreds of pots and pans. This was Little Aunt's kingdom, and all was orderly. She could lay her hands immediately on anything she wanted. Soon the white-capped and aproned cook stood before us, holding his pots in his hands. Little Aunt dealt out slabs of butter, saying:

"You eat this butter yourself, I am sure. Every day you complain that I don't give you enough."

"But my lady, can one cook without butter?" he de-

manded, scandalized. And there were many other points over which they wrangled while I ferreted in and out of corners and felt thrilled to be in this gloomy world underground. How freely I breathed, though, when we had climbed back to the marble hall and Little Aunt had closed the big gate and blown out the candle.

Often I followed Little Aunt to her room to see her preparing for her morning prayers. She prayed regularly five times a day when the muezzin called from the tiny minaret of a nearby mosque. Before praying, it is necessary to wash the arms, feet, the back of the ears, and to rinse the mouth. Little Aunt never missed the order and she prayed softly to herself while she washed. Then she spread a pale colored rug and prayed by herself. This was a complicated process. I saw Little Aunt cross her hands over her heart, then kneel down and lay her head on the rug. Up and down she bowed, all the while praying to herself. Then she took her prayer beads and started more prayers. At these times I squeezed into a corner so as not to disturb her, and wondered how she had learned to pray and to read from the Koran which was written only in Arabic. I did not know that she read without understanding a single word as so many thousand others did in Turkey. She knew how to read a little in Turkish, struggling over the newspapers and squinting behind her glasses.

It was Little Aunt who took us children to the Shadow Shows and the theater. The Shadow Shows were my favorite. They were held in a small theater away over in Stamboul in a narrow crooked street in the old quarter of the city. A little dirty hall filled with women, children and noise. Of course no men were there for this was a theater reserved for women. Some of the women brought tiny babies who tore their throats in lusty cries. The voices of the venders filled the room. Here one could buy peanuts as

one waited for the show to begin, and scatter the shells right and left, indulging the while in neighborly gossip. If one was thirsty, one called the little boy who clinked his two glasses, merrily shouting:

"Ice cold water! Ice cold water!"

"Water vender, is your glass clean?"

"By Allah, lady, I just washed it but I'll wash it again for you." And the boy would rinse the glass from the brass water container he carried, and empty the rinsings on the floor. Hundreds of mouths had left their imprint on these glasses. But women drank their fill, children gulped eagerly, and even babies sipped from the community glasses.

The din would rise to the ceiling, the heat become intense, but all this we bore stoically. Little Aunt was as excited as we were. Then the room would be darkened and all eyes turned to the little white curtain up in front. A light shone behind it and soon we would be lost in the excitement of the shadow show. One man directed these shadows all by himself. The shadows were little figures cut out of camel skin through a hole in each of which the man passed a stick to make his manikins move this way and that. On the curtain we would see them as shadow men and women moving, acting and talking, as the lines were read by the manipulator who could change his voice now to the high-pitched squeals of a woman, now to the deep tones of a man, even to the thin treble of a child.

The shadow play centered round two figures, "Karaguez" (Black Eyes), and "Hadjivat." Karaguez is a hunchback and represents the simple-looking, stupid-acting peasant who is really clever and gets what he wants though he acts like a dunce. Hadjivat is the pompous bourgeois who has a high opinion of himself. These two perpetually fight and many times Hadjivat beats the hump

of Karaguez, to the delight of all the onlookers. There are also the shrewish wife of Karaguez, his little boy, his donkey, and many lesser characters. And all of them gesticulate and speak. There are coarse jokes that the audience gloats over, letting out loud and throaty laughter that shakes the hall. Peanuts are eaten, shells fall on the ground, glasses clink and Karaguez carries on his antics on the curtain.

Another theater where we went sometimes was in our little village. Here Little Aunt took us to see "Bald Hassan, the Comedian with Painted Face and Not One Hair on his Head." How she laughed over his clumsy attempts at cleverness, and how we joined in her laughter! The theater was another dirty hall littered with shells. The same kind of audience, composed solely of women and children, attended it. As for the stage, it was so primitive that even I laughed at the crude attempts at houses and stairs. The plays were not really plays, but who cared? "Bald Hassan" jumped and looked stupid, fooled the other players and got the best of each. The actresses were all Armenians as Turkish women could not act. How could they when they were not even allowed to show their faces to men?

Sometimes uncle would promise to send us to the theater and we would be thrilled.

"If you kiss my feet, I'll send you," he would say. Stretched on a couch in the big hall, he would laugh at us and everyone joined him. We were at first revolted. The theater was not worth such an ordeal.

"Just as you wish," uncle would say. "Here is Little Aunt, she'll go without you for your mother will not give you money."

Little Aunt would appear in her long-flowing tcharshaf and that was enough to decide us. One by one we would ap-

proach and kiss uncle's slippered feet while he would roar with laughter and hand us silver coins.

"You miserable scamp, teasing the children!" Big Aunt would come out of her room with her never-ending cigarette. "If you were not so big I would spank you," and she would go to uncle and pull his ears. She adored him and spoiled him and he too loved her in his teasing way.

Another way of earning our show money was to scratch Cousin Kerime's dog who went by the proud name of Togo. Togo was a bulldog, ugly, old and inflicted with all imaginable ailments. Cousin Kerime loved Togo and made him wear serge coats—for warmth, she said—but my father insisted that the coat had another purpose. Togo had the itch and would rub his back on every piece of furniture. If we consented to rub his back, Cousin Kerime would then give us the coins we needed.

No one could say a word against the dog and even grandfather tolerated him, though he never allowed Togo to touch even his shoes. Once Cousin Kerime bought a big box of chocolates and left it in her room. Togo entered when no one was there, threw the box down on the floor, tore it to pieces and ate every bit of chocolate. He was not whipped, for he fell sick and Cousin Kerime and Aunt Idjlal took care of him tenderly.

Aunt Idjlal had the keen blue eyes of my grandfather but did not resemble him in many other ways. She loved to go to bed early and to linger late in bed in the morning. She always had a book in her hand for she was a great reader. She would read at night in her bed, read part of the morning, read when others talked and laughed. She could read English and German, though she could not speak them, and of course French which she knew very well. Another of her passions was gardening. She had a whole garden of her own where she grew a variety of flowers which

loved to sprout for her. She had the hand for them. In summer she and Little Aunt would stand over huge cauldrons and cook all kinds of jam. Aunt Idjlal was jovial, with a loud voice that drowned all others, and she lived her own life among her books and flowers. My sister Abla was her favorite and she would ask her into her room to tidy it and arrange her clothes.

Aunt Idjlal was not like my mother though they were sisters. Mother, her sister, and brother had been brought up by grandfather and governesses, for their mother had died when they were young. Grandfather had taught them excellent French and Turkish, sent them to French schools, and did not bother to teach them the sewing, embroidery, and cooking which so many Turkish girls had to learn.

Grandfather appeared every morning at a set hour. In summer he wore white linen that trembled on him, in winter, a heavy suit. Every detail was always attended to and grandfather always looked as if he had come with a newly bought suit. Like my mother, he had the disease of cleanliness. He wore gloves even in the house for opening doors and if he did not have them on he would call one of us to open the door. From his room he would walk to Big Aunt's and there he would sit in his special armchair.

"How are you, hanoum?" he would ask. "I see you are smoking too much."

Then he would go and see his secretary, an old bent man who waited for him in the big hall playing with his old wooden prayer beads and smoking his old wooden pipe. He always carried with him a tattered account book and every day grandfather would inspect it. We called the secretary "Lala"; he had taken care of uncle, conducting him to school, holding him on his pony when he was a little boy and later teaching him the mysteries of the hunt.

Lala lived in a little house overlooking the pine trees in

the upper garden, with his fat jovial wife and his numerous hunting dogs. All his passion was for dogs and hunting. His wife was from Trebizond by the Black Sea and he himself was a Kurd. When he was in a good mood he would explain how he had first met her long ago.

"I saw her through the keyhole first," he would say. "She was beautiful."

"Let your tongue be riveted to your palate, man!" she would shout.

They quarreled all the time and their voices would drift down to the house. She always called him "herif"—"man"—and always turned to him a bitter tongue.

Grandfather was severe and if the accounts were wrong he would scold the old man who mumbled in an undertone to himself. In such moments every one of us would hide.

After the accounts had been inspected, grandfather went to the big garden with the pond. This was his, and we children were not allowed in it at all. Round and round he walked with his firm step. Rain or shine or even snow saw him in the garden for his daily walk. Then he would go to his room and change his clothes for lunch.

There was a big bell by the back door and this would ring to announce every meal. Then all of us would rush to the stairs. Big Aunt led the way with her nervous walk, her skirts sweeping the carpets. If grandfather felt gay, he would ask us children to race down with him. Down the double staircase we went and at such times my heart beat loud. I was always the last but at times Abla tumbled down before grandfather and then held open the dining-room door for him.

It was a huge room with a big table where everyone had his special place. The meals lasted long, the butler serving course after course. If he made a mistake or a course was delayed, grandfather was furious. Wine was always served

and even we children had a few fingers. Only religious Little Aunt did not drink at all as wine is forbidden in our Moslem religion.

"Take a few drops, hanoum," grandfather would turn to her. "You are sure to go to paradise anyhow!"

But she was firm. Everyone else in the family drank, for no one else was religious like Little Aunt. Grandfather could not live without his wine.

If one of us did not eat at table, grandfather would notice it and say, "Again you have filled yourself with black hens. I don't see how anyone can eat them." Black hen was his nickname for ripe olives, a favorite food of the Turks, but spurned by him. He loved French cooking above all and would make fun of my father who loved pilaff.

"You are a pillafdji, a rice fiend, a real old Turk," grandfather would tease. "Eat chicken and meat, sir, why bother about rice?" If a dish were not to his liking, he would summon the cook after the meal and call him by every bad name. Then again all of us would run away and hide while grandfather's angry voice pursued us.

And every afternoon, even if it snowed, grandfather went for a long walk over the hills that leaned over the garden walls to look at us. For hours he walked, swinging a thick stick in his hands, his steady stride never wavering.

It was especially the nights that I loved. When it grew the least bit dusky, a heavy tread would disturb the old wooden floors of the house. It was Ibrahim who came to light the lamps, for there was no electricity in Constantinople during Sultan Hamid's reign. Ibrahim was a huge Tartar, shoulders broad as a wall. He went about in naked feet that padded like an animal's over the boards.

"I am Delli Ibrahim, crazy Ibrahim," he would say.

He had been with grandfather for many years, lighting the lamps and stoves of every room in winter. With the first

rays of the sun I saw him entering my room like a cat and lighting the big china stove. He would pour petroleum on the logs and send a flame flaring up to the ceiling. Grandfather often scolded him for using petroleum but he still continued in his stubborn way.

Ibrahim would lumber in, his ugly broad face alive with mischief.

"Exiles, you are here again, hole-in-the-pocket exiles," he would say to us. And often he would imitate old Lala, mumble through his nose as he did, turning the leaves of an imaginary account book. He loved to tease Big Aunt who would playfully call him donkey and animal while she chased him with her slipper in hand. When he was in a good mood, we would ask him to tell us the receipt of one of his favorite drinks.

"A pint of raki, a pint of alcohol, a drop of water. Mix them well." And then Ibrahim made a queer enticing noise with his lips, closed his eyes, and gulped down an imaginary drink.

Some nights he would stick a big cigar in his mouth and run down to the village where he drank all that he could buy. Late at night, without a cent in his pocket, he would totter up the hill, often to sleep curled by the big black gate. On such occasions, grandfather was furious with him and sometimes discharged him. But Ibrahim always came back and pleaded and was taken in again. He would sell his coat and shoes to buy liquor and cigars, and when he smoked a cigarette it always indicated that his money had run out.

Ibrahim slept in a little room by the kitchen and this room was perpetually infested with cats. The village cats all came to Ibrahim who slept at night with cats for a blanket. With his own money he would buy them liver and feed them one by one.

After dinner grandfather went to his room and Big Aunt and Little Aunt were then busy. A big couch was drawn up to the lamp and a blanket put at one end. Every night grandfather would stretch on the couch and read his French newspapers and magazines. After an hour of reading, he would pace up and down the hall for a set time and then return to his room.

Meanwhile everybody else gathered in Big Aunt's room. Her maid would take a tray from one of the many cupboards and cook coffee. Then Big Aunt resumed her pacing and her smoking, her high-heeled slippers buried deep in the thick rug. Little Aunt would decipher her newspaper, reading the words softly aloud to herself. And the rest of us would be grouped in corners, playing, talking, and laughing, but with an ear to the big hall where we could hear grandfather's cough, the rustle of his papers, or his relentless pacing.

Big Aunt's room had many treasures, chief among them a special big cupboard where she kept candy and macaroons. She had a big couch over which leaned dozens of photographs, and on this couch she would sleep every afternoon. Often she asked us children to climb on her back and jump up and down, and this I loved to do. Shoes were thrown aside and we jumped hesitatingly at first but with more and more force as she complained that we were weak as water.

Big Aunt loved cards and with me she gambled. She taught me a variety of games and I had to be careful for she had a dear way of playing out of turn and doing what she liked with the rules. When I won she would give me a silver coin. Sometimes if the game dragged she would exclaim impatiently:

"Haidi, haidi, it is enough. Leave me now, I am going to sleep."

At night Big Aunt would sit before a game of solitaire; this too she managed her own way and the cards were obedient to her fancy. "Of course you win, Big Aunt," uncle would tease her. "You do what you want. This is the third time you have played this solitaire and three times you have won."

"What of that?" Big Aunt would turn to him. "It is because I know how to play."

Other times she would take a basket and start sewing. Big Aunt always had scissors in her hands. As soon as a dress was finished, she would cut it up again. The sleeves were wrong, the skirt was too full. "Click, click," the scissors would hum joyfully.

After grandfather had finished his pacing in the hall and had gone to his room, the noise and laughter would increase. Big Aunt would fold away her cards or her sewing and some nights she would say, "Haidi yallah, go away all of you. You make too much noise. My head is swollen." And we would file out one by one to gather in some other corner. But no other room was like Big Aunt's. Nowhere could laughter be so gay or the hours fly so swiftly.

Tucked in my bed I would often hear the house still alive, laughter drifting in whispers. Nurse would sleep beside me, the candle would flicker. But now I went to sleep joyfully. The nightwatchman was without, pounding with his heavy stick, toc, toc. He made the round of the house and the garden and seemed to say to me:

"All is safe, sleep soundly."

CHAPTER XI

THE PASSING OF HAMID THE RED

One evening my uncle brought to the house a number of his friends, young and fiery officers. They all wanted my father to come with them and deliver a speech that night. My father was hesitating and found himself in a difficult position. He did not want to refuse but the sultan might take his speech as an insult to himself. One of his father's plays, *Vatan*, "Fatherland," was to be acted in the open and the officers demanded a speech from the writer's son. They forced father off his feet with their enthusiasm. The house was filled with the clinking of spurs and loud bursts of voices. They carried father away and mother was left anxious and worried.

The play was to be acted in front of the War Department in a huge empty square. There a big tent had been set and forty thousand people were packed in it with their madness. The play *Vatan* swept the people off their feet and the cries of "Long live Namick Kemal and liberty" tore the air that had lain so submissive before.

Then the young officers carried my father to an improvised stage and by the spluttering torchlight he delivered his speech. Forty thousand pairs of eyes were on him. My father was carried away with the fever that burned and exploded on so many faces. At the end of the speech he shouted:

"The soldiers have planted the banner of liberty on the Yildiz palace."

He was acclaimed and the voices filled his ears. By the

waving torchlight my father was struck by a face that contracted and shot out gleams of malice. It was only a glimpse and soon the face was lost in that seething sea of men. But my father had recognized one of Sultan Hamid's sons.

He was not left long to his discovery. The people had run to the platform and soon were carrying my father on their shoulders. The future lay in their hands. Down with tyranny and the rule of sultans. This was the people's day and once more the Ottoman Empire would rise gloriously on the shoulders of so many braves that would bring new life and ardor to the country.

The next day my father was due to have an audience with Sultan Hamid but when he went to the palace the master of ceremonies found thousands of excuses. His majesty was busy, he would see my father another time. But my father knew that his speech had traveled to the sultan's ears and that the palace was closed to him for good. My father turned to the official and said:

"Please tell his majesty that I am one of his humble subjects and have worked under him for years. He has barred the palace to me, but a day will come when he will have to receive the hissing mob."

In spite of Sultan Hamid's tyranny, his madness and all the evil that my father's family had suffered from his hands, my father respected the sultan for his supreme intelligence. If the sultan were surrounded by honest men and not by spies, and if his intelligence were directed to construction instead of destruction, Sultan Hamid could yet be of great use to Turkey. A new and young power had risen and already had set into action with promises of good work. But the young needed to be tempered with experienced and elderly men. If only the sultan would join forces with the Union and Progress Party instead of working against it.

My father, like so many Turks, was enthusiastic about these new heroes who calmly and surely had wrested from Sultan Hamid a constitution and had gained the army. He wanted to see them and talk to them. My father decided to go to Salonika, where the leaders were to be found, and he wrote to one of his old friends to secure an interview for him.

He set out for Salonika and left us in the white house on the hill. I can remember his face as he left us; in his eyes he was carrying the hope of a nation.

Meanwhile we led our quiet but spirited life at grandfather's. There were long and heated discussions in Big Aunt's room. My uncle and Cousin Kerime were filled with great admiration for the new party. Turkey was to be saved and would rise again a powerful nation. Through this hubbub of voices my Little Aunt sat listening or reading. These questions were beyond her and yet she would try to read about them in the newspapers. Big Aunt never touched a paper, for she did not know how to read or write. But she had her set opinions and threw herself into the discussion. As for my grandfather, when he rarely joined us, he showed himself sceptical.

"Let these men not make us regret the reign of Sultan Hamid," he would say thoughtfully. "The one who comes makes us regret the one who goes."

But the young people could not see it that way, they laughed at grandfather indulgently. He was too old, too much filled with the glories of the past.

I followed these talks with curiosity, not daring to ask questions. I had gone to my old nurse and had asked her:

"What is happening, nurse?"

"A great many things, my child," she had answered. "Sultan Hamid has lost some of his power."

"And how did it happen?" I had asked, puzzled. "Is he not still at Yildiz?"

It seems he still was but nurse knew nothing more.

"What is a constitution?" I followed eagerly.

"It is something very good," she said vaguely, getting mixed up in her words. I could not understand, and neither could nurse. A constitution, I decided finally, was like a pill from father's medicine chest and when you swallowed it you felt all well and happy for a while.

I gave up the struggle for discovery. There was a new factor in my life. Mlle. Lucy had left us to visit her family and Cousin Kerime wanted to teach me French. She had bought some gayly colored books filled with beautiful pictures. Every morning I would go to her room which I loved so full it was of odd things. Cousin Kerime would allow us to rummage in corners, and often we would find candy in a box, biscuits, or beautiful bits of ribbon and silks. While Cousin Kerime dusted and made her bed I would spell out the big letters in my book. French I could understand now. It had happened suddenly as if a fairy had waved a magic wand and had let the words pour into me. And I could speak it too, which was a joy. And now guided by my cousin I was going to read, little by little. It was painful, like a stomachache, but Cousin Kerime was patient and kind. The letters had whims—how they changed dresses in a twinkling of an eye! The thing that had looked like a ladder now appeared like a big castle. They were forever hiding from me and playing hide and seek with my memory.

"But this letter is B," my cousin would insist, "D is like a man with a big stomach."

"But, Cousin Kerime, B has a stomach too," I would urge.

"No," she corrected, "B represents the twin gardens

divided by a bridge. Can't you see the wooden bridge?"

Yes, I could and to my mind came the gardens, the trees and flowers. The scent of them drifted from the open window. Somewhere the dogs were barking, people were scurrying here and there and Big Aunt's voice was piercing the air. Then the books would lose their charms and I would fidget on my chair and make such mistakes that Cousin Kerime would be astonished and would wonder where in the world I had found them.

When I left Cousin Kerime's room I found myself in a little dark corridor which led to Little Aunt. This corridor had always attracted me. There I had always felt like a hero battling with monsters crouching in the dark. At one end of the passage was a closet and in it was a fascinating rag bag. A big treasure house that bulged with odd bits of silks, velvets and trembling linens. Little Aunt collected these left-over pieces and Big Aunt furnished the principal amount with her love for cutting. Little Aunt would fashion these rags into cushions, quilts and dresses for dolls. My sister had a passion for dolls and she would sit for hours sewing dresses for them with Little Aunt. But I never had liked these dumb-looking babies with curly fair hair. It was a nuisance to dress them and apart from that they were good for nothing. Except being the cause of many scoldings and tears when they chanced to crack or break suddenly in your hands.

But Little Aunt's colored rags I loved. I wanted to feel them in my fingers, to plunge my hands deep into the dark mystery of the bag and bring to light a flashing silk, like a fairy tale out of my unwilling nurse. But I never dared touch the bag without permission. So I would linger by Little Aunt's room and look at her with longing:

"What is it again?" Little Aunt looked at me over her glasses.

"Little Aunt, is the bag in the closet very full?" I would ask.

"You are after my rags again," she would answer, and then would rise and lead me to the closet that yawned open like the dark night. Trembling a little I would force my hand into the softness of so many treasures. Here was a priceless silk with brilliant colors, it made me think of Jerusalem, lighted candles, incense and the gorgeous priests.

"Can I have this, my dear Little Aunt?" I would ask.

Then the desires of the old woman and the little girl would fight over the silk that remained so coy and passive between us. It would fit so cunningly in the corner of that quilt, did the rag not want to join so many old acquaintances? It would make a glorious flag tied on a stick, a tassel for a wooden saber, a magic veil for a fairy. It would lead a life of adventure and sleep at night tucked under a snow-white pillow. The shimmering silk was mine, I could feel its longing for me in the quiver of its colors. I had won it over to my side, away from the quilt and perpetual slumber. This thing too wanted the air and sunshine and the glory of adventure.

Little Aunt shut her desire in her eyes and turned away with a sad sigh. The closet door was shut tight. She was afraid that her other treasures would fight their way out of so many quilts and cushions. This rebellion must be kept a secret. The corridor guarded it in its long deep and narrow body. And if at night it was inclined to whisper it through the keyhole, the rag bag tightened its cords and turned an austere back.

When my father returned from Salonika he looked tired and depressed. The enthusiasm that had carried him away must have been drowned at sea or sucked away by the interview he had so eagerly desired. All the relatives wanted to

hear about his experience, for to them he was covered with a glow. He told us his experience in Big Aunt's room. It was night and the lamp threw a yellowish glare over the assembled faces.

Father told us that he had gone to Salonika and visited one of his old friends. To him my father had told of his hopes and had begged him to secure a meeting with any leader of the Union and Progress Party.

"I am curious to meet them," father had said. "They must be great men to have accomplished what we all had thought as impossible."

"One of them will come to my house today," his friend had answered, "I'll introduce you to him. See him and judge for yourself."

Some time later the Unionist came and my father was introduced to him. Father's friend sat behind his desk and said he had to write a letter but that the two men could talk and that my father had some questions to ask. The Unionist sprawled in an armchair and waving one hand in circles he said, arrogantly. "What questions do you want to ask?"

Father let out his admiration and complimented the party for its great work. The people were with them, they were the hope of Turkey.

"But there are many dangers lurking ahead, you must keep your eyes open," my father finished.

"What kind of danger?" asked the Unionist, with a smile of contempt.

"First, there is the press. Sultan Hamid crushed it with his violent censorship. You of course have granted free speech, as it should be granted. But all of the sultan's men and the riffraff will naturally turn against you, insult you and try to arouse the people against you. How will you manage these people?"

The big man shook with laughter in his chair. "We have

thought about it, Ekrem bey. Whoever works against the sacred society or insults the members will be shot down like dogs."

He rose to go filled with pride and anger. He cast a supercilious glance at my father who did not say a word. The door closed behind him. Father's friend looked up from his papers and waved a hand behind the retreating figure as if to say:

"These are your heroes and great men."

Big Aunt's room was filled with clamor. All of the leaders were not like the one father had seen. My father was always pessimistic. Were the Unionists not working hard and reasonably? But my father shook his head, he had been filled from childhood with the patriotism of men who were not upstarts. To shoot anyone like a dog, this did not invite him to admiration. One does not govern with a smoking revolver. He hoped with all his heart that he was wrong and that the Unionists would turn out to be great and unselfish men.

We were in Constantinople for quite a long time and we were still living at grandfather's house as my father was kept dangling with a promised appointment. One day my uncle came from the barracks on sick leave. For three days he loitered at home. He went to a room in the basement, a room that was odd in shape and filled with many pots and brushes. There uncle dabbled with paints helped by my mother and Cousin Kerime. I would sit near them and wonder how people created flowers and trees with a brush and thick liquids that smelt heavily.

But my uncle was bored. At the end of the three days he threw away his brushes and went to visit his friends at the barracks. Night came but my uncle did not appear. We decided that his friends must have kept him for dinner. We ate without him, then gathered as usual in Big Aunt's room.

It grew late, very late and still my uncle did not come. Conversation was dropt, faces assumed anxious lines and the big white house was gloomy for the first time in many days. Big Aunt paced the room and the smoke of her cigarettes left a bluish cloud in the room. My mother forgot to send us to bed, and grandfather joined us instead of retiring at the set hour.

It was long after midnight, I was curled up in an armchair sound asleep when I was suddenly awakened by the banging of doors and a commotion of voices. I opened my eyes and saw that my elders were running to the big hall and I ran after them rubbing my eyes. Soon I heard the clinking of spurs and my uncle came in, his face so white that it did not look human. He sank down on a chair and closed his eyes.

"What has happened? Why are you late?" The voices surrounded him, the anxious faces were lined before his eyes.

"There is a revolution, the soldiers are killing the officers. I have just escaped with my life."

Then, exhausted, he was silent. A shiver ran through the house. It was no longer a haven of calm, it stood like a man with his teeth dug in his lips. For the first time I could hear a dim roaring like far-off thunder.

The scared faces clustered together, questions came piling on my uncle. How had it happened? How had he escaped? Was he wounded or hurt? My uncle sat silent as if waiting for an inevitable evil that would burst open with a loud bang. Finally he turned to us his white face.

"When I left you today, I took the ferry boat. The ticket man whispered to me, 'Be careful, Djelal bey, evil and murder are abroad. The soldiers have revolted.' But I laughed at him. When I left the boat the streets were all quiet. I walked to the barracks without seeing any sign

of revolt. At the barracks I found my friends and my chief grouped in the garden whispering."

" 'It is well you have come, we were going to send for you,' my chief said.

" 'What is happening?' I asked, anxious.

" 'There is trouble, the soldiers have revolted and are killing right and left. Ours are keeping quiet at present but we are afraid it will not be for long.'

"I was then told to take my detachment of cavalry and bar a steep hill. All day I stood with my soldiers. Any moment I expected them to shoot me down. Then some men and priests began to loiter about talking to the soldiers, offering them cigarettes. I stood there as if bound from hand to foot. I made no effort to stop these men, and before my eyes they were poisoning the minds of the soldiers. But this I did not know, I had not grasped the situation. Towards night we came to the barracks, the horses were fed, the men ate and then we sat down to our meal silently and with eyes on the door. Suddenly there was a loud thunderous noise, like a torrent loosened in the building. We flung the chairs from us and ran out. The soldiers were leaving the barracks, guns in hand, swords flashing and eyes out of their sockets. We tried to stop them, to plead with them.

" 'Where are you going, children?' our chief asked.

" 'We are going to join our brothers, they are dying and so will we.'

"But what had happened to rouse our soldiers? What did they want and where were they going? They only shook their heads and said:

" 'We must go. Please don't hold us.'

"What could we do? They marched out in groups brandishing their guns. We were left alone in the dingy barracks. An awful silence weighed us down. We were cut off

from the rest of the world without any way of communication. We were left at the mercy of any group of soldiers who might march in and murder us. We did not know the truth about the revolution, we only knew that the soldiers had revolted and were shooting their officers. Before us now passed groups of soldiers, in tens and fifteens. The shooting rent the air and cries came to our ears.

" 'We want Sheriat, we want Sheriat, we want the laws of the Koran.'

"It grew late and a man stood before me, a sergeant in my own detachment.

" 'There is danger for you here, my officer, go at once to your home,' he said.

"But how could I leave my post? The shooting was becoming violent and the tramping of soldiers tore my ears. They were passing by us, probably they did not know we were there. But what if a group of them should dash in? And yet I had been told to stay. I told the sergeant I could not go. He insisted but I shook my head. Just then a bullet crashed in and a window flew in a thousand pieces. I threw myself on the floor. The sergeant was by me again telling me to go. I rose dazed and went in search of my chief who was preoccupied and worried. He told me weakly that I should not go. I left him and then a friend and brother officer came to me and told me:

" 'Djelal, I hate to be shot down like a rat. I don't mind fighting and dying, but this does not please me. I am going, come with me.'

"He dragged me to the carriage that was waiting at the door. We entered in, pulled our overcoats on us to hide our uniforms and loaded our revolvers. The coachman beat the horses and we were rushed onwards madly. Then suddenly we heard loud reports, and bullets whizzed by the carriage. I could feel their wind whistling in my ears. The

soldiers were running behind us but the coachman was quick. The horses were lashed to madness and we tore down a steep hill at such terrific pace that the carriage was almost upset. The bullets still pursued us but they were wild and did not hit us. At the foot of the hill we breathed a bit. It was a long way home. The horses kept up their pace. And in the dark and awful night we galloped for home. Groups of soldiers passed us shooting wildly and shouting and waving axes and swords in their hands. The dark night hid us and we huddled in our corner with our revolvers gripped in our hands. These soldiers ran bewildered and confused, repeatedly firing without aim."

My uncle stopped once more, exhausted. The house seemed to be filled with creaking boards and full of the tramping of soldiers. That night we could not sleep.

Three days we sat in terror hardly daring to move. The house was surrounded by soldiers and the bullets whizzed by the windows. When the shooting was very violent we hid in the basement. We breathed with dread. The soldiers round the house increased. No one knew what madness shook the city. One of the menservants sneaked out of the house and came back with the report that a brother officer and friend of uncle's had been shot to death before the little Greek church of the village. He had run away from his barracks and the village people who knew and loved him had tried to hide him, but the soldiers had spied him out and shot him to death. He had lain riddled with bullets in a pool of blood. Everyone had fled. The village seemed deserted, the shutters of the houses were closed, one could not even hear people breathing.

The soldiers round the house alarmed us so much that my uncle wrote to the French consul, whom he knew well, and asked him to come and get him. One afternoon a carriage drew up to the house and the French consul came

followed by the captain of the embassy yacht and a night-watchman. They took my uncle and left him at a hotel downtown. The soldiers did not molest them, for they had been told by the people who had incited them not to touch the foreigners. For one week my uncle hid in the hotel and for one week we waited and trembled for his life.

News of the revolution filtered to the house. The captain of a battleship had been shot, a general had been insulted and covered with blood and wounds. The soldiers were still running in the streets and shooting people, a great number of officers had been killed. The people were hiding in their houses, the city was in a turmoil. Then we heard that the army from Salonika was marching to Constantinople led by a Unionist general. The Unionist leaders had fled the first day of the revolt and were meeting secretly in a little suburb not far from the city. The soldiers had searched for them so as to kill them but they had been too quick. The army came to Constantinople and for days they fought with the soldiers in the city. People were killed, houses were honeycombed by bullets. The fleet, faithful to the Unionists, turned its guns on the city. Many of the big barracks were destroyed and soldiers were killed.

One day the guns were silenced, the shooting ceased and the battle ended. The Unionists were victorious. The leaders marched in triumph to the city and deposed Sultan Hamid. They put him on a train and sent him to Salonika as an exile. The Unionists dragged the heir from his palace, where he had lived almost like a prisoner, and put him on the throne.

No one really knows who was responsible for this bloody revolution. The Unionists claimed it was Sultan Hamid and they deposed him. Others said it was a counter party who wanted to get the power out of the Unionists' hands, and some claimed it was the Unionists themselves. But

the revolution had its leaders. The soldiers had been told that the Koranic laws would not govern them any longer but other laws copied from the Christians. They were told that the new government would discard the Moslem religion. Clearly the priests had a large finger in this affair. Luckily these soldiers were not organized and they did not have an able leader. They did not know what they wanted; they had been worked upon and had risen like a mad sea.

The Unionists hanged some of the revolutionists and took the power in their hands. Sultan Hamid was no more, his candle had been put out. Yildiz palace stood white and empty. But even if deposed Hamid would still remain like a big shadow of fear over Turkey. His place was taken by Sultan Rechad, the "cotton father," a mere puppet in the hands of the Unionists. The rejoicing that followed was tinged with sadness, the sadness of freshly dug graves that weighed so heavily upon a sad and troubled nation.

CHAPTER XII

CYCLONE IN RHODES

Once again, like the Arab nomad, we folded our tents and left the ashes of our settled life back in Constantinople. Once again the blue Marmora spread before us a magic carpet that was to carry us to new twistings of our lives.

This time to the wind-swept island of Rhodes. There is the fierce mad wind, like the galloping of ten thousand horses, that swoops through the island rattling every window, swirling down the chimney, gnashing its gigantic teeth with terrorizing roars, lashing the sea into a frenzy of foam and fury. Then there is the nervous wind that flits here and there, running through the treetops, crouching in silence for a breath and once again springing up with its mantle bulging. Then there is the tired wind that ambles through the island, dips its feet into the blue waters and passes its trailing veils over the window-panes softly and slowly.

Often the sea, driven to madness, would lash the sand of an interminable beach. The thud of the exasperated waters would resound like thunder, and the clash of wave with wave would send the frightened spray in tremendous leaps. Then the boats would toss at a far distance, not daring to come nearer. And many times they sailed away without having the patience to wait for the storm to calm down. At such times we were cut off from the rest of the world. Often, too, thunder and rain joined forces with wind and wave. But suddenly the sun would shine again,

the sea would gently lap the shore, the wind would be tamed, and Rhodes would emerge like Noah's ark after the deluge.

The new government had appointed my father governor-general of the Archipelago Islands. The governor-general lived in Rhodes but he had the whole group of islands under him. My father's boyhood was wrapped up among these islands as his father had lived in exile on one island after the other as governor.

Rhodes I loved instantly. I loved her for she was wild, aloof and untamed and filled with impish tricks. The sun would be shining brightly when the sky would turn suddenly black, as if frowning on such gayety, and a downpour of rain was upon us, rain that descended like straight strings from the sky. Of a sudden this mood would change, the rain would stop as if the last drop had been squeezed from the sky, the sun would shine once more and the streets would dry quickly because most of them were of colored pebbles, arranged in attractive designs. There were also storms that lasted for days. And every night the wind would rise fiercely.

My mother did not like the island. The wind got on her nerves and depressed her. She was alone a great deal, for my father was kept busy and Rhodes did not afford amusements and company.

Not to my mother but to us children it was like a grotto of wonder that we could never explore completely. Rhodes threw before our feet a long wild beach covered with fine sand, cunning rose colored and lustrous pebbles, odd and fascinating pebbles that carried in their markings the wildness of sea and wind. From far I could hear the thud of the waves and the salty tang of the sea would accelerate my pace. Nurse came trotting behind, for I had run out of her clinging hands. Here I could wade holding nurse's

hand, and often the mischievous waves would lure me a little farther and break into laughing spray that would splash me. I wanted to swim but nurse could not show me how. When I had my fill of the blue waters I could bend over the sand, run my fingers through its silky softness, bury my wet toes in it. It was a game the sand and I played and sometimes the sea would sprout out, lifting its head curiously to see what we were doing. Helped by nurse and Beraet, I would build fortresses and strong castles which the sea would wash away. And the pebbles and shells that I gathered! My pockets were full of them, my room, my bed and all the house. People stumbled over them, grumbled softly to themselves. Mother found a few on her best armchair; she scolded me and threatened to throw them all out. But still the pebbles came and wandered all over the house.

The house itself was alluring, with its many big rooms and winding stairs that led into separate apartments. We were surrounded by gardens and still the oranges, tangerines and lemons pursued us. There was a big grove of them and now we could pick the fruits with our own hands. Nurse and I had come to know every tree. This one had sour oranges, the next one juiceless, but the little tree was covered with honeyed fruit. Nurse went in and out with an open knife in her hands. We buried our teeth in a juicy fruit, saw another more appealing and would run to it, throwing away what we had in hand. Then there was a real live windmill near an enormous pond where we loved to play. Once Mehmed, who had come with us, was showing us a trick with a gold coin. It slipped out of his hands and fell in the big pond. For days Mehmed lingered round it hoping to locate it. Finally a little boy was found who dove to the bottom and looked like a silvery fish. He came out with the gold coin and I stood lost in admiration with

eyes glued on the tattered boy, wishing that I too could go under the water as he did.

There was also a smaller pond in the midst of a flowery garden where there were goldfish. My elder sister and I would lean over them for hours trying to catch them. Once I almost caught a furtive tail but I was wet to the armpit and my mother scolded me. She told me I was hurting the goldfish. From that day they swam in peace but to them was left an uneasiness, a side dart of the head as if any moment they expected childish hands to strangle them.

My elder sister, whom Beraet and I always called Abla and never by her name, was growing too old for me. She had been put in a school run by French nuns, and she grew more important in my eyes. I was yet too insignificant for school. It was then that I was thrown with my younger sister, Beraet. She had become altogether human and turned out to be a good playmate. Henceforth we were bound together by the bond of play. She and I would go to see Abla and often we caught her in the sewing class. The girls wore gray aprons and the nuns dark robes that looked severe and chilly. The sight of them sent little shivers down my back. Needles flashed, thread was pulled long and lazily and the nun went from one girl to the other. Beraet and I sat very silent and watched Abla working. During recreation the sight of many girls playing together made me envious.

I wanted to go to school and learn all that Abla did. I wanted to read the rows of red books in Abla's room. These had fascinating pictures, gilt pages and such beautiful covers. I pored over them often deciphering a few words with loud exclamations. Beraet would look over my shoulder and once I caught her with a pencil in hand scribbling all over the books. I was scandalized and scolded her. She said she was writing.

Djelal Pasha, Cousin Kerime. Big Aunt, Selma Ekrem and her sister and brother

"One does not write in a book," I said severely, "and anyhow this is not writing. Look at me, I will show you."

Painfully I traced an A that rebelled in both legs but Beraet was filled with admiration. After that she filled pages with letters in all forms of crookedness.

One day as Beraet and I had run after mother into the kitchen where Varbet was cooking, we were frightened by a face pressed close to the latticed window and by the frightful noises that it made. We peered through the lattices and saw a strange man with a grinning toothless mouth, wild eyes in a stupid face. He wore wooden shoes and he was partly in his underclothes. Varbet came to the door and gave him some bread and food and then chased him away. The poor man clattered down the pebbled street making odd animal sounds.

This was the island's principal character, Crazy Murad, who appeared suddenly before windows and leered at people's faces, who stealthily crept upon people in the streets and shouted in their ears, frightening them. Murad had gone crazy after the death of his mother. He was weak-minded from birth and the death of his mother had completely crazed him. A few days after the funeral a tall ghostlike figure was seen in the streets making his way to the cemetery. The few passers-by saw him among the white graves, tall, they said, as a giant, with eyes like burning embers and all over him there was a strange phosphorescent glow. Three times he waved his arms and the dead came out of their graves. The people had fled terrified, sure that they had seen the devil at his unholy work.

The devil proved to be Crazy Murad. He had looked for his mother everywhere, then he had remembered the cemetery. White in his underclothes, he stole through the meshes of the night to the cemetery. There he had dug out his dead mother. He was discovered in the morning sit-

ting on the grave with the dead body in his arms. The poor woman was buried again and Murad was taken to his hut.

He was harmless and begged his living from door to door. Varbet would take him in the kitchen and feed him whenever he came to the house. But Murad would also ask for money. If you stretched to him a hand filled with gold and copper he would search until he found the biggest copper coin, this he would grab, leer at your face and clatter down the streets laughing in his terrible way.

Our fat servant Eleni had told me about Murad. Once she had come upon him while he was busy digging a grave. She had told the police, who had taken him away. Murad could not get over this habit and he was always seen hovering around the cemetery, scrutinizing the graves and digging with his nails at every fresh mound of earth.

"Is it true?" I had asked Eleni after she had finished her gruesome tale.

"No, it is not the truth, but the child of truth," she answered, tossing her head.

This was her favorite answer. Show the least bit of doubt and Eleni would flash out this oft-repeated sentence. Eleni was a privileged person. She had been in my father's family when mother came to the house as a young bride. She had told us often about it. Eleni then was a young girl, but she remembers the ceremony.

"Your mother looked beautiful in her long-trained white dress. She had a white veil from which hung tinsels. I wanted to take some from her head but I did not dare. Then your mother was in a room alone and I came near the door and looked at her.

" 'Come in, and take the tinsel you want,' your mother said to me.

"I went in and cut off long streamers for my friends and

myself. It is lucky to take the tinsels from a bride, and I was very happy."

Mother had taken Eleni when we had left for Rhodes. She was round and jovial, with a red nose but with the delicate hands of a great lady. She had the soul of one. Often she would go to my mother's room, pull out mother's emerald and diamond rings, her earrings and jeweled comb and put them on. Rings she adored, and she would hold her fingers to the light and put her head on one side admiring the play of colors in the stones.

"Hanimdjim, where shall I put this towel?" Eleni would fling her jeweled fingers and toss her earrings.

This always threw us into hilarity. We loved Eleni but specially an Eleni who pretended she was a great lady.

"This house, I gave it as a present to your father," she would say. "I am going to give him another. I'll write him a check for a thousand lire."

"It is not enough," we would shout.

"True, and I would not bother to take a pen in my hand to write such a small sum."

Eleni did not know how to read or to write. Sometimes she would take a book in her hands, hold it upside down, usually, bury herself in an armchair and pretend that she was reading.

"I have read this story before," she would say, turning the pages delicately with her fingers. "This man has gone to visit the house and all the people are making fun of him."

When she was a child her parents had sent her to school but she had run away. She did not want to study and most of the time she was deep in mischief. Finally she entered as a maid in a house; she was then about twelve years old. She slept in the same room as her mistress because she was afraid to remain alone. Early in the morning her mistress

woke her up but Eleni used to pretend she had a stomach-ache and sleep some more.

"My mistress had the disease of cleanliness, like your mother," she told us, lowering her voice, "and every day I had to help her sweep and scrub. One day I was so tired of working that I ran into the garden shouting that I would kill myself. I rushed to the well and pretended to throw myself in, but my mistress ran to me and pulled me back. Her face was white, and after that she did not make me work so hard."

She loved sleep and many times her eyes would close while she sat with us.

"I was not sleeping, I heard every word you said," she would answer our teasing. And then she would sigh and say, "Let night come and let us go to sleep."

Eleni worked hard and her special duty was to train the young girl we had for a maid.

"Her head is of wood," she would complain. "I tell her one thing but it goes in one ear and out of the other. Soon feathers will grow on my tongue. Christ and the Virgin Mary help me."

Eleni was a devout Orthodox and she went to church every Sunday and fasted regularly. She was a Greek, born and bred in Constantinople, but she had lived so long in Turkish houses that she spoke Turkish like a Turk.

Whenever my mother was cross and scolded the maids Eleni would come to us and whisper:

"Politics are bad again, the wind blows from the north." And then would follow a long account of domestic troubles at the end of which Eleni would rise to go, saying, "If you love your eyes, on the head of your youth, don't tell anything to your mother."

She would go out laughing and murmuring to herself, "Politics are bad again, very bad."

Some months after our arrival at Rhodes we celebrated one of our great religious festivals, the Courban Bairam, the festival of sacrifice. Every Moslem child is told how Abraham took his little son Isaac to sacrifice before God and how an angel stopped his raised arm and gave Abraham a white sheep instead. Every good Moslem sacrifices one or many sheep in token of thanks. These have to be killed by the master of the house or someone he appoints to perform this duty for him. These sheep will carry us later across the bridge as thin as a hair that leads to Paradise. Three-fourths of the meat is distributed to the poor and the rest eaten at home.

My father had to celebrate this festival, as he was governor, but he refused to slaughter the animals himself. Hussein, our manservant, was willing to shoulder this duty. To him it was sacred as he was very religious. A hole was dug in the garden and with many prayers the sheep were killed. The blood gushed into the hole and at the sight of it I ran away and hid myself. For days I could not go into that part of the garden and I could not look at Hussein's hands.

In Constantinople this festival is a great event. For days the sheep pour into the city, their heads painted red with henna, their wool washed and combed and often they are decorated with flowing ribbons. The sheep are sold in open markets.

But in Rhodes it was done on a smaller scale. From morning until night the poor people came to our door and to each we gave meat. My mother then sent some by Hussein to our native Greek washerwoman as she had not come. He came back, his black eyebrows bushy with anger.

"That daughter of a slave refused to take any," he exploded. "She said the devil was in the meat because a Moslem had prayed over it."

This must have hurt his religious enthusiasm. He could not understand how anyone could refuse the meat of sacrifice. Hussein was strict with his religion and often I saw him give mother a dark look when she drank the honeyed wine of Rhodes which we children too loved to sip.

"Wine is not good for Moslems," he grumbled under his breath. "It is a sin to drink. The prophet has promised us another wine in Paradise which one cannot even dream of."

The incident of the washerwoman was not forgotten by my mother or Hussein, and they had their revenge when another festival drew round. Then all the Moslems cook ashoura, a sweet dessert made of wheat and dry fruits. Ashoura means ten in Arabic and the dessert has to contain ten ingredients. When Noah landed safely after the deluge there was hardly any food left in the ark. He put all the remnants together, there happened to be ten, and cooked them into a dish, and this was ashoura, so at least said the old women.

It was also a great event. My old nurse knew the mysteries of ashoura better than anybody else and it was she who undertook its cooking. We gladly volunteered to shell the nuts, take the seeds out of the raisins. The pounding filled the house, our mouths moved regularly with our hands. Nurse took a big cauldron and set it on fire. The delicious odor filled the house. She then took a big wooden spoon, stirred the ashoura, tasted the dessert, burning her lips, and smacked her tongue.

The Greek washerwoman watched the proceedings with great interest. She would be given a big bowl of that delicious dessert and her mouth watered in anticipation. But my mother thought otherwise. Soon Hussein came in with a white towel wrapped like a turban over his fez. He stood over the cauldron and began to mumble words as if he

were praying and blowing over the fire. The dessert was cooked and poured out on big platters where the dry fruits were arranged in patterns. The washerwoman refused the bowl given to her because she thought that Hussein had really prayed over the ashoura.

We had gone all over Rhodes, taken long trips into the interior of the island, and now my father wanted to go to a small island near by which was reputed for its beauty and interest. We were going by yacht on a real Turkish picnic and we were to return by moonlight. Varbet was busy cooking and scolding his scullery boy, poor slow Selim. Big eggplants, peppers and tomatoes were stuffed with rice and cooked in olive oil and put on the window sill to cool. Then there were different kinds of bureks, crisp ones with cheese, and others with hashed meat, chicken and pastry desserts. Eleni was filling baskets with plates, knives, forks and even our napkins.

The principal thing was the weather. Would it be good or would the rain fall down on us suddenly? My father fingered his barometer and announced a clear day, one of those enigmatic blue days so peculiar to Rhodes. Mother was anxious. She did not like the sea, one could never count on the fickle stretch of blue waters. My father laughed at her.

"But, Ekrem, a storm breaks suddenly in spite of all your predictions. I trust neither sun nor anything on this island."

The next day we woke up to a brilliant sun and it was so clear that one could see almost to the end of the world.

"What did I tell you?" laughed my father. "That little barometer is never wrong."

"We will see yet," answered my mother. "Let us go in peace and return and then you can rejoice."

The slim white yacht was waiting for us, throwing to the air bluish feathers of smoke, poised on the waters like a sea gull. We spread all over the boat. There was a big crowd whom my father had asked along. The women clustered together apart from the men and when my father chanced to come near them they quickly lowered their veils. We children ran all over the yacht, followed by nurse and a policeman whom mother's anxious care had sent behind us. Soon Rhodes became a green pin point in a setting of blue.

The sea made us ravenous. Eleni was unpacking the baskets and setting tables. We children ran to her offering to help.

"I don't want a crowd round my head," Eleni exclaimed. "Ah, child of a stubborn father, is your head empty of a brain?" Eleni burst out and turned in anger to the maid who helped her. "How many times did I tell you to be careful, you have broken a plate again. I am digging a well with a needle trying to train you."

We ate filled with the joy of sunshine and sea air. Ripples of laughter drifted over the sea that splashed in delicate foam. The sun was tender, the breezes turned to languid fans. The ship held itself erect and proudly cut the blue waters. The island where we were going was dimly seen in the distance.

Suddenly like a nightmare the weather changed. Fierce winds tore at us, the sky sank down on us brooding and shivers of anger ran through the smooth cheeks of the sea. A gale was upon us, increasing in power alarmingly. The white yacht rose like a feather and shivered down into an abyss of darkened water. The captain sent word to my father that he could not go any farther. Ahead of us lay danger, so we turned back towards Rhodes.

The fight had started in grim earnest. The sea was swell-

ing and the waves dashed over the boat, the spray eagerly running all over the deck. Held in the arms of a policeman I stood facing the anger of the sea. Laughter had ceased, the guests huddled in their chairs. Pale faces looked at each other in awe. The mad wind was upon us, roaring through the boat, hurling it at terrific speed over mountainous waves.

Then Rhodes loomed before us, a threatening mass of rocks. We were headed straight for that treacherous point where the fangs of the rocks were covered by the spray. The wind rose to its full height and dragged us behind at a terrific speed. We raced on, the wind growing madder, the rocks looming before us with all their evil.

"The rocks, the rocks," shouted everyone, and their voices were strangled in their throats.

But still we kept up our death race. On the shore people had gathered watching us in fear. The policeman who held me was praying aloud and his eyes were big with fright. One moment we looked death in the face and felt its breath upon our souls as the rocks loomed in our eyes, jagged and wild. Then the yacht turned, struggling wildly to pull away, the wind lost its hold over us and the rocks were pulled away from us slowly, torturingly. The ship stopped, quivering with the struggle. Rowboats tossed to us and we landed on the beach. Some kissed the ground with joy, others prayed and others were pale with silence.

That night we were subdued, my mother only murmured, "Never again will I go on a pleasure trip by boat, it came through my nose." My father said nothing, only he glanced at his barometer and shook his head.

Some weeks after our expedition we were struck by a hot clammy day that seemed to sharpen its dull edge on our nerves. We were listless and miserable. That night in bed I had tossed for sleep, throwing off covers and fighting

for breath. Finally I had slid into a troubled sleep that brought nightmares. I was falling down interminable space and suddenly a wild crashing pulled me out of my dreams. My eyes flared wide open as if someone had touched me on the shoulder. Another louder crash exploded in the night close to my ears. And then I felt the house rocking. The maddened tumult of a fierce wind was followed by another crash. This time our roof had been carried away and the tiles fell to the ground in a thousand pieces. Then the rain poured in torrents into the room as if the bottom of the sky had fallen.

The room was filling rapidly and I cried out in terror. My cries woke up Beraet who, wild-eyed, called for my mother. In the distance we could hear the crashing of many roofs and of trees that fell down with thunderous groans.

By the faint candlelight I saw odd shapes moving towards us making gurgling sounds. The water had risen ankle-deep and nurse and Eleni were wading towards us.

"Nurse, nurse, save us," we cried, "the sea is coming over us."

We were lifted from our beds and hurried out. The rain poured over us steadily and the wind shook our bones. All the rooms were filled with water. Down the stairs we ran to the big hall where forms in nightgowns were moving. Mattresses and clothes were thrown all over it. Candlelight flickered in the gloom.

Beraet was crying with fear and with cold. Mother ran to us with towels and dried our shivering bodies. Abla was with her and I whispered to her:

"Has the sea come to the island and will we be drowned?"

"It is not the sea," she whispered. "It is a cyclone that has fallen on our heads."

Then I closed my eyes and waited for death. But the lashing of the rain and the roar of the wind forced my eyes

open. I saw my father hurrying out, with a coat thrown over his scanty attire and slippered feet. He ran to the garden and out to the selamlick to rescue his important documents. The minutes dragged, I could hear my mother praying, and Eleni kept repeating to herself, "Christ and the Virgin Mary save us."

Then father came back pale-faced and soaked to the skin but hugging his wet papers. All night long we sat huddled on our mattresses shivering and listening for the end of the world. And all night long the rain came in thick columns and the wind shook the island. Out in the terrifying dark night houses came down, trees toppled over and fear was beating a steady drum in our ears.

In the morning a sickly sun shone over us, the rain pelted gently and the island rose out of the sea like a dolphin breathless with the struggle. There was not one roof on the island! People had been killed and wounded and houses had come down.

This anger of earth and sky was worse than that of a sultan and the hatred that boiled secretly in Jerusalem. Sultan Hamid was now a harmless prisoner, Jerusalem we had left far behind and had uncoiled its passions from our necks. But the fear of the cyclone rose like a ghost back of the wild, untamed island of Rhodes.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BARBER-DENTIST

Nurse was putting on her black silk kerchief. It had been decided. I was going to the dentist and I felt suddenly an inch taller. My teeth had started to act in a queer way. I had felt them all wobbling in my mouth for a long time. Nurse had told me a game which worked very well. I had tied a string to the most rebellious tooth and had pulled it gently back and forth. And thus I had walked in the house and the garden pulling at my string and waving my head from left to right. I had brought smiles to my elders' faces and Beraet had watched me with admiration. And one day the tooth had come out. More followed in the same fashion for I was ready to pull all of them out, so much did I love to pull at my string and see a little white tooth pop out of my mouth. But one day I realized I looked like a little old lady—not one tooth in front, and when I smiled a big ugly cavity came to life suddenly. I schooled my face to serious lines and now I looked at the string with murderous vengeance.

One night I was kept awake with a terrible pain in one throbbing tooth and I thought devils were plunging red-hot rods in my brain. I moaned and cried and imagined this was a punishment for the game I had played so long and lovingly. This tooth could not be pacified by a string. It was one of the big ones I could not reach and the pain was really too much to play with. Father looked serious and said that I should go to a dentist.

There was only one in Rhodes and nurse was going to take me to him. We walked in silence, I holding the white handkerchief that was tied round my face, fearing the tooth would burst out suddenly. We came to a small dark shop where a man with a razor in his hands was bending over somebody's soapy face. The man looked up and nurse fumbled with her words.

"We must have come to the wrong place," she said. "We are looking for the dentist and they said it was this shop."

"It is," replied the man proudly. "Please wait for a second."

Nurse and I looked puzzled. We could not see anyone that answered to the description of a dentist. Before us was a barber and this was a dirty small barber shop with soaps and razors thrown together. Click, click the razor ran over the bristles on the soapy face. The customer was shaved, he dropped a coin, and left. The barber laid down his razor and looked at me.

"You have a bad tooth," he said. "I will arrange that for you in a minute."

"But you are not a dentist, are you?" asked nurse.

"I am." The man drew himself up. "But what can you do? Work is scarce here, these peasants have teeth like rocks and they'd rather see them all fall out than come to a dentist. So I have put this other profession also into my bag."

The barber-dentist had laid down his razor while he was talking and was looking through a drawer littered with strange instruments. He took a big one in his hands and told me to sit down.

I sat on his barber chair. He asked me which tooth troubled me and I showed him one way back with my tongue. Then I felt cold steel filling my whole mouth and a sharp wrenching pain as if my head were being twisted

off. I jumped up in my seat and grabbed the barber-dentist. The instrument came out with a fragment of a tooth covered with blood.

"Bad luck," my torturer mumbled, "the tooth has broken."

I was crying with pain but nurse coaxed me to open my mouth again.

"Nurse, couldn't I do it with a string?" I pleaded.

But it seemed I could not. Bit by bit the tooth was pulled out. With the last horrible jerk I jumped out of the chair and felt for my head. It still was on my shoulders. But my mouth was not mine. It belonged to a stranger and I did not want it. The perspiring dentist laid down his instrument, cast a loving look at his razor and heaved a sigh of relief as he pocketed the money nurse handed him.

When I returned home with one hand on my cheek, I was hurt that no one paid any attention to my tooth. The family had gathered in the sitting room and were examining a long narrow object that had just arrived, judging from the crate and the wrapping papers. The story of my barber-dentist glided over their faces without taking root. Their eyes were elsewhere, only my mother kissed me gently and pitied me, for she too had a fear of dentists. Then my father pushed the object near our piano. I was interested in spite of my aches and whispered to mother:

"What is it, mother?"

"It is a pianola that your father ordered from Paris," she answered. Now father was seated before it, working his legs tremendously, his broad shoulders heaving. The room was filled with music, my father was radiating happiness, and even on my mother's delicate sad face there was a glow of joy.

Both my father and mother loved music, not the thin wailing monotony of Turkish music which they detested,

but the music of Europe. My mother's father had insisted on her learning to play the piano and through long years of practice she had become an excellent pianist. For hours she would practice while I stood beside her watching her long lovely white fingers flying over the ivory keys. Some nights we had regular concerts, father playing the flute and mother accompanying him on the piano.

When my father was a little boy living with his grandparents, he decided that he would learn to play the flute. His grandmother had a friend who was from the palace, a beautiful tall woman. One day my father heard sweet and delicate tones emerging from a room. He tiptoed in and beheld his grandmother's friend playing a flute. He watched her fascinated until she let him hold the instrument and blow in it. From that day he made up his mind to play the flute himself.

The lovely lady whose sweet fluting had enchanted him belonged to the famous women's orchestra which Sultan Abdul-Aziz had organized and which he supervised himself. She was full of stories of the palace. In the palace there was also a big band composed only of men, and the rivalry between the men's band and the women's orchestra was intense. One day a hot discussion was carried on in the presence of the sultan as to which played better. The sultan was lounging on a silk divan and listening tolerantly to the fiery tones of men and women.

"Our orchestra is better," cried the women.

"How can it be?" boomed the sultan. "The men's band can drown your puny notes."

"Let your majesty order a competition," one of the women put in.

"Let it be so," the sultan ordered, and a day was fixed then and there. On the day of the competition the sultan and his officials gathered in a great hall of the palace.

First the women played and they were vastly applauded. Then it was the turn of the men's band. The bandmaster lifted his arms and the musicians raised their heavy instruments. A wave of the baton, the musicians blew in their instruments, they blew until their faces were purple, but not a sound came forth. The women had stuffed cotton in each instrument. Sultan Abdul-Aziz laughed greatly, the men were furious, but the women won their argument and were triumphant.

With the arrival of the pianola music and more music lightened our lives, but over us always was the shadow of my father's difficult position as governor-general of the Archipelago Islands. These islands were inhabited chiefly by Greeks and with the new constitutional government they had begun to create trouble with their dreams of independence from Turkish rule and their hopes of becoming a part of Greece. They did not want to pay taxes, they wanted one official and objected to another. They had a thousand different wishes and a thousand different ways of expressing them. My father listened to them all and was just in dealing with them. But seeing that the Greeks would not fit into their skins, he wrote to Constantinople and requested that the Turkish fleet be sent to the islands as a manifestation, and that thus they might be quieted. The government agreed and sent the fleet on a long maneuver.

This gave us the chance for a new adventure on the sea, for my father was not sure of how the fleet would be received at the island of Chios and had decided that we should go to that island for a few days while the Turkish warships were there, and prepare for them a suitable reception.

On a sunny day we set sail. The boat was small but for once the wind had slunk away and the sea had smoothed all

its wrinkles. We children ran all over the boat to choose a place for ourselves and finally decided to settle in the stern with nurse on the watch. The throbbing of the engines drew us to the rails and we watched Rhodes slinking away, the curve of the beach running away from us, and the rocks and the Tower of the Knights dipping us a good-bye.

It was Abla who discovered the basket of fruit, a big basket with a piece of cloth put over it. We children gathered round it, poking fingers into the contents.

"It is juicy with fruit!" I cried out.

"Don't do that, children, my lambs," nurse scolded mildly. "The basket belongs to the Neighbor Lady."

Neighbor Lady was an old woman who lived in a big house next to our own in Rhodes. There she lived all alone with her little maid. She had a big garden filled with fruit trees where we had often gone to play with the little servant girl who had taught us to eat raw carrots and beans—but this we did not tell mother. Over the garden we had played game after game. The little maid had taught us how to count off:

"It is either here,
It is either there,
It is at the helvadji's daughter's."

We had played hide and seek and blindman's buff and other games by the hour.

The Neighbor Lady wanted to go to Chios and she had begged mother to take her along. Now she was on the boat talking to mother. This basket of fruit was hers.

We turned our backs on it and started to amuse ourselves by singing:

"I put fish in a frying pan,
I started to dance.
And when I saw the fish was gone,
I started to cry."

Would the Neighbor Lady cry if her fruit was gone? The thought of fruit was with us again, taking the songs out of our mouths. Nurse had her back to us. Neighbor Lady was kind, and she loved us, surely she'd give us the fruit if she knew how we longed for it. Busy fingers were upon the basket. It was only to feel the insides and see what they were, of course. But the cloth ripped of itself and yellow peaches and pears came to the sunlight, dazzling our eyes. Nurse caught us hot-handed but the sight of so much fruit was too much for her too. She forgot to scold us and her eyes were interested in spite of herself.

Swinging our legs, we bit into the mellow fruit. A peach taken here, from the side where it bulged, and then a purple plum from a crack. Nurse had her knife in her hand and the sight of the familiar yellow ivory handle gave us courage and we sang once more, mouths full of plum and peach:

"It was a little ship,
It was a little ship,
That had never,
Never, never sailed,
That had never,
Never sailed the sea."

When we were gorged and happy, nurse rearranged the fruit in the basket and sewed the cloth with the needle and thread she always carried in her deep pocket. And suddenly we felt guilty. We decided that nurse should go and tell the whole story to mother. She went, and came back

looking happier. Mother, of course, had scolded angrily, but Neighbor Lady was pleased and had laughed. Soon she came to us with a broad smile over her wrinkled face, and ripped the cloth.

"This basket is for you, my children," she said. "Only don't eat too much and be sick. Your mother will scold me."

Chios drew in sight early in the morning and we could sniff from afar the lingering smell of chewing-gum trees and of fruit trees. A beautiful green island it was, with white houses surrounded by gardens famous for the almonds that grew big and sweet, and for tangerines and for olives and for all the loveliest fruits beneath the sun.

A crowd had assembled to welcome us and the faces peered curiously into ours. The people looked gay, smiling faces that were quick in words and wit. We were taken to a lovely house amid a huge garden, the most famous garden in Chios because its fruit was the sweetest, and the jams made therefrom the finest of all the fine jams made in the island.

The garden had an immense pond, the water of which was pumped by a blindfolded horse, the ice-cold water tumbling from little buckets down a pipe. Perched on an incline surrounded by trees, the pond was our delight. But the blindfolded horse worried me as he turned round and round with his eyes steeped in darkness. A bell hung round his neck tinkled merrily, and whenever the horse stopped of a sudden and the bell ceased tinkling, the voice of the gardener working near by would urge him on and once more the poor horse began his painful journey of circles.

My father told us a story about these well horses. Once a man went to see his friend who was a farmer and noticed that the farmer's well horse had a bell round his neck.

"This horse is tied and blindfolded. It cannot run away

or trample on people, so why does it need a bell?" the visitor asked the farmer.

"I do not always work near him and when I am far I listen for the bell," the farmer explained. "Sometimes the horse stops and so does the tinkling of the bell, and I yell 'Deh' and the horse starts working again."

"But," answered the friend, "what if the horse stopped walking and merely shook his head from left to right to make the bell ring and thus fooled you?"

"Where could I find such an intelligent animal as yourself to tie to my well?" the farmer retorted.

My father was not often free to take from his bag the stories which we children hung round him glowing to hear. The Turkish fleet was due to arrive at Chios soon and my father was busy. How would he manage the unruly Greek inhabitants of the island?

It happened that the island people were brawling in two divided camps. The rich were supporting the bishop appointed by Constantinople, a bishop whom the poorer people did not want. Meetings of protest against the bishop were being held and tempers were on edge. In this quarrel my father saw his chance. He called the representatives of the common people to him and said:

"The Turkish fleet is coming to Chios soon. The rich of the island will not receive it well. But if you all turn out to welcome it, I will get rid of the bishop."

"But will your excellency be able to do this?" they asked.

"Either that bishop will go or I will," promised my father.

When the Turkish fleet sailed into the harbor of Chios, the island was in an uproar. Dense masses of people were running to the seashore, men, women, and children in holi-

day clothes. The streets were covered with rich carpets, flower and blossom strewn. The fleet drew near and anchored, gray clouds of steel. A long cry of "Yasha—long life!" shook the island. The admiral and his staff landed amid the shouting and waving of handkerchiefs. Children presented baskets of luscious fruit to the officers. Women leaning from the windows of white houses threw down flowers.

The celebration lasted for a whole day, shops were closed and men crowded the coffeehouses drinking and making merry. Children ran in the streets with firecrackers. At night there was music, guitars were strummed and songs rose high.

Forty-eight hours later the bishop of Chios was divested of his power. My father had cabled to Constantinople that the majority of the people in Chios did not want this bishop who they claimed was unworthy to occupy this position. He explained how royally the people had greeted the fleet and asked that the bishop should be removed. And he was, to the great joy of the people who celebrated that day too with music and dancing.

At Chios we stayed a number of days while father was busy with affairs of state and mother was supervising the cooking of jam. Our hostess, a Greek lady, was renowned for her making of jam. Pots and pots of jam were being cooked for us, pistachio jam, pale green and languid, jam made of jasmine leaves and chewing gum that filled the house with lingering aroma. Meanwhile we children were free to roam all over the island on foot or on donkeys. We climbed and reclimbed steep rocky paths, wandering up hills where we saw almond trees and chewing-gum trees hotly fragrant. Thick liquid oozed and dripped slowly from these trees. We gathered the gummy liquid on green

leaves but our donkey boy told us that it had to be prepared and ripened for many weeks before we could chew it.

From Chios we went to Mytilene to spend the rest of the summer, enticing Mytilene that seemed, when first beheld from the sea, to have more trees than it could carry, while atop the highest peak stood a giant cypress that looked like an immense cork fitting tightly in the island. Mytilene was gay with sunshine and flowers, not like Rhodes that was aloof and bare. I loved Rhodes with fear and respect as I loved my elders, but Mytilene with warmth and laughter as I loved my little sister Beraet. My brother came to join us there during his vacation, and that summer of laughter on the lovely island, all of us together as so rarely we were, was the one smiling time of my life when all terrors hid away.

But when we went back to Rhodes in the fall, trouble was at our door again. My father looked worried. He and the government did not agree on many points. Constantinople was urging him to use more pressure on the Greeks but my father believed in a policy of kindness and justice. These people on the islands had known his father and himself as a boy, for my grandfather had once been governor-general of the islands too. These people loved and trusted my father, and he could not oppress them. The Turkish government could not see father's point, that if the governor of the islands were just and kind the people in return would cease to create trouble. My father refused to execute the government's oppressive orders, and the end of the tug of war was his dismissal from his post.

We were to go, my father bitterly weary, my mother happy to leave Rhodes, but we children were sad. No more wind and rain and the thud of the waves on the wild and lone beach. I clung to the few remaining pebbles and

stones of my collection which I still kept thrust down in the pockets of my white sailor suit.

The boat that was carrying us away loomed dark and big before my eyes and a lump rose to my throat. The sea breeze gave a tang to my cheeks and I drew in the crisp salty air. The throbbing of the engines started in me a strange excitement. Rhodes was fading away amid the blue of the sea and the brilliance of the sun, but before us still lay the lure of adventure. We might be tossed again to some strange and fascinating place just like this ship that must anchor in port after port but can find joy only in the tossing of the open waves.

CHAPTER XIV

THE BLACK TCHARSHAF

THE thick guttural tones of the hodja brought sleep to my eyes. He was cracking his words like so many nuts while he gently rocked himself forward and backward over the Koran. I tried to repeat the words after him but they refused to explode in my mouth as in his. The Koran lesson was dragging indefinitely and my spirits rebelled within me. Why should I read the Koran when I could neither understand nor pronounce these terrible Arabic words? Then I longed for my carefree life in Rhodes. The words of the priest woke echoes of the waves thundering on the beach, but Rhodes we had left far behind.

It looked as if we had settled in Constantinople for good or for evil. My father had been appointed professor of literature at the University of Stamboul and we were living in a big rambling wooden house which belonged to Cousin Kerime. The house was in the old Turkish quarter of Stamboul and from its many big windows we could see a narrow cobbled street beyond our high garden walls and other big wooden houses that turned to us their honeycombs of lattices. People moved mysteriously behind these lattices like shadows gliding back and forth. Not a face could we see.

As the days grew into months, my mother decided that I should be educated—Turkish lessons with a private man teacher, French with the French governess who lived with us, and the Koran with this dark-robed hodja. He was a

tall man with a fierce black beard and each time I saw him I was chilled with fear and dislike. I did not like my Koran lessons, I did not want to decipher those mysterious words. I did not want to know anything about religion. The venerable hodja closed the Koran and told me that when I grew a little older he would teach me how to pray but this did not entice me. I did not want to mumble prayers and do exercises five times a day as Little Aunt did.

"Mister Teacher, the Koran is very difficult, I can't read it at all," I told him meekly.

"My daughter, the Koran is the most beautiful book in the world." The hodja had dreamy eyes. "When I was your age I had read it all through and knew it by heart."

"But I am not going to be a hodja as you are, Mister Teacher," I answered.

"Everyone must read it. Are you not a Moslem?" he answered severely.

He rose to go and I stood up respectfully and kissed his snow-white hand.

"Long life to you, my daughter," the hodja said, "and next time may you know your lesson. May Allah give you an open brain to ease your load of studies."

He left the room and I followed him to the door of the house. Then I went back and tied the Koran respectfully in its silk handkerchief. This I then took to my bedroom and hung it over my bed. Beraet too had a Koran tied over hers, and this was to preserve us and guard us through the nights.

From my room I heard peals of laughter and familiar voices and leaving the Koran hanging over my bed I dashed out to the big hall that ran all the length of the house. In the middle of it I saw Abla and round her a group of gesticulating people. Abla was wrapped in her first tcharshaf with a black veil floating back of her head. The tcharshaf

was of black heavy silk with a skirt that fell to her ankles, a pelerine that covered her head and her arms, and a heavy veil that she was throwing over her face to see how it looked. The other people faded before my eyes and in the hall before me stood a transformed elder sister. A stranger to me now, a slim black bundle whose dark veilings cast over me a shadow, a shadow that seemed to grow mammoth and extend its clutches over my life. I felt cold with fear and anger. I did not want to see Abla in this black prison of a tcharshaf. But she looked happy, once her veil was thrown back, and her lips were smiling. How could she smile from this black prison that cut the air and sunshine from her and the glint of her beautiful golden hair from us?

Then I noticed my mother and saw furtive tears in her eyes. I ran to her and cried out:

"Mother, why is Abla dressed in a tcharshaf? I don't like it at all!"

"Your Abla has grown up now," mother answered, "and she can't show her face to everybody any longer."

Mother's tears, I discovered, were not for the black tcharshaf, and not for anything that I could understand. No one else felt the gloom that squeezed me at the throat. Beautiful Abla who had longed to be "grown up" was demurely radiant in her tcharshaf, her blue eyes sparkling in her face that was lovelier than any lovely pale rose.

"You too will wear one soon," Little Aunt was saying to me. "And I myself will make you your first tcharshaf."

I became aware of her existence then and turned to see Little Aunt and Big Aunt and Cousin Kerime all there in the hall clustered round Abla.

"I don't want to wear a tcharshaf, I will not cover my face," I cried out in fear, drawing a step backward. But the black-robed relatives were over me, crowding me with

the dark wings of their tcharshafs that seemed to float over my head and stifle me.

"What is this?" cried Big Aunt. "What a wild little monkey! See how pretty your Abla looks."

"And every Turkish girl must wear the tcharshaf, it is a sin to show one's face and hair to man," Little Aunt was saying.

For the first time I found myself fighting alone a battle of dread and grief. Up to now we had all clustered together to stand against all our fears and sorrows. Apparently this covering of one's face was not a vital question to mother or to Abla. But I knew it would be different for me. I felt my rising horror of veils that covered faces and long skirts that entangled legs. How could I run and play with the tight cords of this misery binding me from hand to foot?

I ran away with my tears. Nurse was reading her Bible in our room, and I threw myself on her, sobbing.

"Little nurse, I don't want to wear a tcharshaf, I will not wear a tcharshaf!"

"Why don't you want to wear one?" Nurse looked over her glasses at me with surprise.

"I hate it, I hate it," I howled. "Abla has put one on and she looks like the Oumadji Baba, the giant of all fears."

"What can you do?" Nurse was impassive. "Every Turkish girl must wear one. Look at your mother and all your relatives, don't they all wear it?"

"But why?" I insisted.

"It is the law, can one fight against that?" Nurse dismissed the whole matter. "Anyhow you are young and you don't have to think about it for some years yet."

Nurse, also, had failed me. The tcharshaf had entered my life brutally and from now on would hang over my

childhood. I could not wrench the idea from my head and the dread of it was worse than any fear I had known. One escaped sultans and cyclones but not the tcharshaf. Millions of women had worn it before me. And to my eyes came these women in thick clusters, wrapped in blackness, their faces covered. These millions of black bundles of resignation smothered me. The storm closed over my head but I rose above it, lifting my face wildly. I would fight, I would tear these shadows from me, the million bundles could sneer at me and revile me, but I would not be a bundle. I wanted to feel the wind and the air on my face forever, I wanted to dip like a sea gull in the freedom of life. Those voluminous folds of depression could not cling to me. What was the law or the will of my elders to me? I would stand against them with the recklessness of youth.

I was wrenched from this fever of revolt by my mother. We were going to see my great-grandmother and I must dress hurriedly. Abla was to show off her first tcharshaf and we were late. Nurse dressed me while I kept up a stubborn silence, ruminating plans in my head. I put on my hat defiantly and looked up at nurse with triumph but my gesture did not even pierce her wandering gaze. But I was defying the world with my hat and her absent-mindedness did not deprive me of the warmth of satisfaction.

We left the house, mother and Abla in their tcharshafs and Beraet and I walking behind in our hats. Abla had thrown back her veil and her face was proud and self-conscious. We walked from our ill-paved street to a steep hill lined with little shops where the pounding of hammers filled our ears and the windows were cluttered with shining copper kettles and bowls. The copper drew me to it when suddenly I heard angry voices in my ears.

"To what days are we left? Women going about open to

the world! Hey, hanim, do you want your daughter to go to hell? Cover her face!"

I looked into the angry eyes of a turbaned hodja who was waving a finger at Abla. We quickened our pace but the hodja was following us threateningly.

"It is the like of you who bring ruin to this nation! Imitating the Christians, showing your face!" the hodja screamed out.

A crowd was about us, mother was almost running and Abla threw down her black veil over her face. We children were hurrying along but I felt my heart turn blazing hot with fury. Why should that old priest interfere? By what right should he chase us and heap maledictions on our heads?

"What is it to you, you narrow-headed priest!" I screamed back, but mother dragged me away so fast that my words fell on the dumb stones. But my anger could not be pacified with my broken words. I wished I had been big and strong and had crashed my mother's umbrella over that hodja's head. But the crowd would then have closed over me and crushed me as the sea crunches pebbles into sand. And so as I could not beat the donkey, I beat the saddle by letting out my anger in half-choked words.

We found a carriage at last and mother piled us in. Beraet and I sat on the hard narrow seat facing our elders who cowered in the back of the carriage, veiled and silent. We rattled over the streets, over the bridge of Galata and over more streets till we came to the little village up the Bosphorus where great-grandmother lived.

This was also the village where we had once lived in dread. We came before a steep hill that led to Yildiz palace. Once that hill was the beginning of terror but now that Sultan Hamid was gone people went up and down it casually. We left the carriage and walked up a little street

close to the Yildiz road. This too was steep and narrow with little houses crowding on top of each other. A little way up we came upon a woman sitting cross-legged in the road with a handkerchief before her. She turned to us an empty face with two eyes closed forever to the light of the sun and moon and stars. Mother fumbled in her bag and dropped a silver coin into the handkerchief. The blind woman said not a word. I remembered well her figure and how every day she sat in that same place begging with her two eyes that were blind. Further up the road an old man with tangled beard emerged from the shadows.

"May Allah preserve you from accident and trouble. May Allah give you a long sweet life," he chanted in a deep voice the while he extended his hand.

Mother gave him a silver coin and with his rich thanks in our ears we moved on and came before a little wooden house dark with age. The door had a ponderous iron knocker and Beraet and I ran ahead and reached for it on our tiptoes. The knocker fell solemnly and a deep sound came to us. The house seemed deserted, no sign of life was there behind the wooden lattices. Then the door swung open slowly and mysteriously. We entered and closed the door. No one stood before us, for the door had been opened from upstairs by a cord.

We were in a dark hall whose floor was of dark trodden earth that gave a peculiar lingering smell to the place. It was an uneven floor, but clean and with a charm all its own. Nowhere else had I seen such a hall and the instant I was in it I knew I had come to a world different from my own. A world that was like an old Turkish embroidery hiding away in a deep trunk that dazzles one with its bright play of colors when it is brought to the light so that one looks at it long with love and admiration.

Deep in a dark corner a door opened and a woman put

through her head. She wore a loose tunic with a belt and a Turkish headdress, for the house, from which hung dainty embroidery. She looked at us from the crack in the door and said:

"You come with a welcome. You are well, please Allah?"

She was a neighbor who lived in the other half of my great-grandmother's house.

"Praise to Allah we are all well, and I hope you too enjoy the good breeze of health," mother answered.

Then the door was closed slowly and once more the hall became dark. But it was not gloomy, it had such an air of life as that of an old woman bent double whose eyes yet sparkle with an age that is gone by. There was an odd staircase at one end of the hall and this was covered with straw matting immaculate in its soft yellow tones. The stairs creaked beneath us and at the top we were welcomed by a maid in flowing robes who bent down and kissed the hem of my mother's dress, then Abla's and then ours. But Beraet and I had no hems to speak of and this gesture always confused me and made me shy.

Once on top we were in a world of sunshine and snow-white rooms. The sun poured into a small hall where white curtains hung trembling from their recent washing. Not a speck of dust anywhere, not one object out of place. The hall led into a narrow corridor down which the maid conducted us. Then we came to a big room where more sunshine played on more white curtains. We were in it, crowding at the door. The room and the sunshine took a step back and I had eyes only for a bent figure sitting on a low white divan.

She sat like something old and beautiful from a fairy tale, like an old illumination which age has not dimmed, has not touched the splendor and the fire of its colors. A beautiful heavy silk gown, that had followed her through

the years of adventure, fell in folds covering her feet that were crossed underneath her. The loose sleeves ended in delicate embroideries worked by deft fingrs that were no more. A headdress of printed stuff edged with embroidery rested on her head. No one could wear that headdress as great-grandmother did, not even Big Aunt. Each time I saw her anew sitting like this in her corner I felt my eyes moist with love. I loved her face where the wrinkles had given up their long struggle, her eyes that had such wells of love for us, her delicate smooth hands that I loved to kiss.

"Come, let me see you," she said in a soft voice that was as comforting as a lullaby.

One by one we kissed her hand, pressing it reverently to our foreheads. And then grandmother noticed Abla in her first tcharshaf.

"She looks as beautiful as a bud opening to the sun. Come nearer, my dear child, and let my eyes touch you."

Abla went before her and grandmother looked at her lingeringly with a smile on her lips and her bright eyes dimmed with tears.

"To think that I saw your father this old," she said, measuring a boy's height from the floor with her hand, "and now Allah has deemed me worthy to see his children growing up."

We sat round grandmother and I looked at the room which always fascinated me. It had rows of windows hung with white curtains. Low divans in white coverings ran under the windows. On the floor were soft little mattresses where we children loved to sit. Then there were a few arm-chairs which seemed to hang their heads for seldom were they sat upon. Grandmother had put them there "for the stiff-backed people who are becoming European and who look down on the mattresses of old."

While we were sitting, grandmother had taken a bowl from the window, a peculiar bowl that was oblong and cut into lacy edges, a bowl whose colors were old and soft. She took it in her lap and from it she picked delicately a little book of cigarette papers. Blowing amidst its leaves she tore one sheet and smoothed it out. Then she drew from the bowl golden-leaved tobacco that hung in rich tassels. How beautifully she rolled her exquisitely thin cigarette. Then she dusted the stray bits of tobacco carefully from her lap and lighted her cigarette. The blue smoke curled in feathers all over the room while grandmother sat looking at us and talking to mother.

A little time passed and then she called to her maid: "The children must have empty stomachs, prepare a tray for them. Haidi, my children, run and play. Sitting with an old woman is not good for you."

We rose reluctantly for we loved to sit with our beloved great-grandmother, but because she wished it we followed the maid out in the hall. She stopped before a huge cupboard and we too stopped, fascinated. Who wanted to play when such a mysterious cupboard as this would yawn open? It opened and we stood spellbound before it. Neat rows of jam pots there were, and such jam as one could only dream of as the wine promised in Paradise. Then there were all kinds of cheese, olives and spicy meats, and Turkish sausages. A big red tray was brought before us in which were placed little plates of undulating forms and bright colors. Grandmother's maid put various kinds of jam and cheese in these little plates and round pieces of the spicy sausage. She piled bread high on a big plate in the center of the tray and then added another little saucer containing a little cloth that was wet with clean water and soap. We sat on the floor round the tray and ate to our hearts' content. No bread ever tasted so sweet as that taken

from grandmother's old red tray and dipped into her little plates of jam. After we had eaten, we wiped our sticky fingers on the little wet cloth.

As we rose to go away and once more I kissed great-grandmother's hand, a faint fragrance of lavender floated from her clothes to me and before me stretched a vision of drawers filled with white linen and bags of lavender tucked between. I pictured my great-grandmother when she was young and beautiful, when she lived in a big house surrounded by carefully trained slaves trailing in and out of great rooms. Mangals are heaped high with charcoal, coffee cups come steaming in, the slaves stand with arms crossed over breasts, while out in the selamlick there is a crowd of men with my great-grandfather.

Grandmother nodded gently toward us, smiling a good-bye, one hand resting gently on her knees, the sun playing on her headdress. We left her to her memories that must have been sweet and lingering as the lavender tied in her bag. She looked at us from her world that now lies in heaped-up memories, a world that is never to come back, the fragrance of which lingers only among a few chosen people. Great-grandmother was to me the old Turkey that was more enchanting than any fairy tale. The old days that now slumber in their graves—those were the days of beauty and enchantment, the days of power and fabulous wealth. One sighed after them and loved them tenderly like a fragile china bowl that might fall to pieces in one's hands. And we children of Stamboul, born into days of sorrow and struggle, could only feel them stretching behind us as a lost paradise forever unattainable.

Stories of great-grandmother had been told us by my father and mother and even Eleni had added her share. My great-grandfather had married a second time, late in life, after the death of his first wife, the mother of Namick

Kemal. My father was then a little boy but he still remembers the day he was taken to see his new grandmother.

He was shy and frightened and was looking all round for his grandmother when a beautiful lady came to him and back of her his grandfather. My father cried out and drew back but the lady went to him and said:

"Come, my yellow peach, come, let me kiss you."

And the yellow-haired boy of seven was won immediately by her gentle face and her rich voice that comforted all his hurt feelings. He loved his new grandmother all through his boyhood and now that love was still strong within him. Father passed most of his boyhood with his grandparents and he remembers every detail of that life. In the house grandmother was everything and everywhere. As soon as she woke up in the morning she turned her attention to the house. The maids with white kerchiefs tied over their heads would sweep the rooms, the windows would be cleaned with wet cloths, the covers of the divans unpinned and shaken outdoors. Grandmother would go from one room to the other, encouraging the workers, dusting the little things with her own hands. Every bedroom had its separate glasses and water jugs and these had to be washed daily and placed by the different beds.

After meals, grandmother went to the big sitting room which was always filled with visitors, old retainers and slaves whom she had married off. Grandmother had a special place of her own in the middle of the room where she sat on a small fat mattress with a snow-white cover. The visitors and retainers sat on other mattresses and the kalfas, maids of high rank, sat near the door. When grandmother sat down on her mattress everybody else sat down too, quietly, respectfully. Some evenings they would sew together and often grandmother would take a ponderous old volume with worn pages and read aloud from it. It

was an old history book written in ancient difficult Turkish and she would stop and explain the passages to her listeners. How often my father sat on a mattress beside her, drinking in every word she said, his imagination on fire. Then she would close the book and say, "Haidi Presto!" and the oldest kalfa would bring in a low table and put it in the middle of the room. On this table was placed a big tray filled with fresh and dried fruits. Then grandmother and the visitors and the kalfas gathered round the tray. There was no ceremony, ladies and kalfas ate together, only the latter sat a little to one side and ate sparingly though grandmother always urged them to take more.

Mother often told us about great-grandmother's secret room where no one but herself and a few chosen kalfas ever entered. At some time during each day, grandmother would be lost and then everyone knew that she was in her secret room. There with the help of a few kalfas she sewed dresses, coats lined with cotton, and warm underclothing, which afterwards she distributed among the poor people of the quarter. But no one ever saw her hidden sewing or saw her when she went out secretly to distribute the clothes.

During the bairams, the big religious festivals, her house was crowded with people. From all over Stamboul women came to see her, not only friends but old retainers, nurses and maids that she had once had. She received them all with kindness and as each one bent before her to kiss the hem of her dress, she slipped into the hand of each a colored handkerchief in which was tied a silver or a gold coin, according to the person's needs.

Grandmother's bedroom was simple with its bed of mattresses, its beautiful old mangal, and its coffee tray resting on a small wooden box. Grandmother had the art of cooking coffee. First she would run her fingers over the

rims of the coffee pot and the cups to see if they were dusty. Then she would cook the coffee over the embers of the mangal, and pour into the little cups the steaming, frothy liquid that burst into a hundred bubbles. But she cooked coffee only for people she loved specially and always for great-grandfather whom she loved very much.

They would sit matching their wits, teasing one another and telling stories. For great-grandmother was a clever and cultured woman and her husband often said of her, "If she were only a man she would make the best minister of foreign affairs in the world." She knew history and discussed it by the hour with her husband, and with my father she would discuss literature and recite hundreds of verses which she knew by heart.

But although she was a scholar, she knew all about housework and cooking. She would often cook special dishes for great-grandfather with her own hands. She had a special dish for every change in the weather, when it snowed it was one dish, and when it thawed it was another.

"Children, shall we have sheep's ear soup?" she would always ask when the snow fell as big as birds' heads. Then she would hurry to the small kitchen in the harem and cook her dainty dishes. The big kitchen of the house was in the selamlick where a man cook presided, but there are some Turkish dishes which only a woman can make, and so there was always a little kitchen in each harem.

Great-grandfather was an astrologer and the quarter loved and respected him. At my father's birth he had consulted the stars and declared that if the boy went to school when he was exactly four years, four months, and four days old, he would grow up to be a great scholar. So when my father was a little boy of exactly that age, even though the hour fell at dawn, he was trundled out of bed and sent to his first day of school.

As an astrologer great-grandfather was famed in court and many of the princesses sent their head eunuchs to consult him. They would come, the huge black men, with bags filled with gold and would take back the promises of the stars to the princesses who waited behind latticed windows.

It was great-grandfather who had given to his son, Namick Kemal, love of liberty and of his country, filling the boy's ears with the tyranny of sultans and the suffering of the people. Once the boy Kemal had asked:

"My honored father, Shehzade Bayezid was such a brave and loyal prince, how was it that when he came to the throne as sultan he could murder his brother?"

"My son," his father answered, "sultans are born on the day they come to the throne."

As we left great-grandmother's house all these stories came to my head. She whom I loved and admired was a different person from a world different from the world I knew. With all her greatness and her wit, she too had bowed to all restrictions and had worn and was still wearing her black tcharshaf. The old days were beautiful, my grandmother I loved, but I could not be like her. Not even to be a great lady like her would I submit to the veil. And now once more the dark dread flooded over me and Stamboul seemed black, not with the descending night but with the millions of tcharshafs which the women of Turkey had wrapped round their patient resignation.

CHAPTER XV

THE ONE WHO LOOKS AT FATE

THE face that peered from the dark corner of the street was black and wrinkled. Eyes full of mystery that seemed unaware of the sigh that drifted from closed lips. The narrow street was deserted, for the summer sun was hot in the sky.

"Nurse," I whispered, "there is someone beneath that latticed window of the old house."

"Perhaps it is a beggar," nurse answered, still dreaming of the cool shadowy room she was forced to abandon.

We moved nearer to the dusky form, and I saw she was an old negro woman; her hands idly reposing on cross-legged finery, she seemed to be listening. A gentle breeze was lifting the corner of her white kerchief, whispering words of wisdom from far-off lands. The negro woman sighed again, for her thoughts were disturbed. Before her I saw a white handkerchief.

"It is only the one who looks at fate," nurse told me but fear was darting from my eyes, reflecting the unknown mystery of the crouched figure.

Out of nowhere, following the shadows, appeared two women heavily veiled. Poor women workers as the red hands holding their tscharshafs indicated. Bright gleams of color were their tcharshafs covering them from head to foot. Noiselessly they squatted near the negro woman. A few low words were exchanged and then the negro woman drew out different objects from a bowl, forty dry beans, a

blue bead, a silver coin and a dried up old garlic, which she spread before her.

"Dadidjim, let's go nearer and look," I whispered to my nurse and slowly we joined the absorbed group.

The negro woman picked up the largest bean, peeled at one end, and held it towards the women. Then all the articles were piled in the brass bowl which the negro woman shook three times wishing luck to her customer. Then the bowl was turned over, the prisoners scattered all over the white handkerchief. The three faces came together scanning the display.

The negro woman gathered her belongings while the veiled figures reached down in their stockings, carefully turning their backs to the street. Little knots in clean handkerchiefs were untied and the silver coins fell in cupped palms. Back in the secret place went the handkerchiefs, but the coins were given over reverently to the seer who dumped them in her lap reluctantly. The veiled forms rose a little shakily and went back among the shadows. The negro woman folded her handkerchief and leaned back on the wall. Once more she was lost to the world.

But I wanted my fortune to be told and let out this desire timidly. Nurse, at first, was hesitant; what would hanoum effendi say? But I was insisting. We came nearer to the negro woman and she opened wide her eyes and looked at us. Once more I felt fear twitching at my heart but I held firm and heard nurse saying:

"We have come for our fortunes."

"You come with a welcome," answered the negro woman. "Will the little hanoum effendi have her fortune told first?"

I answered that I would, fastened my eyes on the large peeled bean that would decide my fate, leaning over the white handkerchief, nurse's face close to mine. The bean

was rolling from object to object adventurously. The old negro woman meditated, gently rocking to and fro. Then she glanced up at the blue sky and breathed in the fresh air.

"Fate is smiling at you, my little bit of a lady," the negro woman said. "Life is ahead of you gently opening the book of your fate. Look how the bean lies close to the blue bead—this is good luck."

Once more the scattered objects were revealed to my eyes.

"Money thou hast, surely thou art a pasha's daughter," she was murmuring and then she stopped of a sudden. The bean had rolled near the old garlic.

"What does it mean, nurse?" I asked, jumping up excitedly.

The negro woman shook her head, "Garlic is the breath of bad luck. I see a dark shadow moving towards you, now it moves slowly and then comes fast, faster like the wind of the north."

Nurse had risen with a cry, "For Allah's sake, stop it. The child is shaking with fear."

"It is Fate, Fate, you cannot tear it from your neck," the negro woman shouted.

I stood wordless. Nurse dropped a silver coin to the woman and dragged me along murmuring:

"What shall I do? Fear gives one jaundice, I have heard. Allah preserve us from the Evil Eye."

But the words of the negro woman ran in my ears drowning all other voices:

"A dark shadow that comes fast, faster, like the wind of the north."

This evil that she had predicted, was it not the black folds of the tcharshaf that now hung like lead over my life? The danger was coming near, so I too would have to be

covered and bound. The oracle of fate was motionless, but she had spoken and her words had echoed in my heart with dread. Then of a sudden she was lost with the breeze, the source of her wisdom. Had the one who looked at fate vanished from this earth? Only the latticed window craning forward knew the truth, but who could force its secret?

The days came and the days went but the negro woman had marked them with the red-hot rod of her words. The refrain of that fear I had felt one summer's day came to me in my games and my sleep. Then one day that fear took shape.

Big Aunt had come to fetch Beraet and me and she was going to take us to visit one of her numerous Egyptian Princess friends. We were going, and Beraet and I were wearing our best dresses and hats while Big Aunt was wrapped in her long silk tcharshaf. We were to take one of the ferry boats that ply up and down the Bosphorus.

We came to the wharf of one of the villages along the Bosphorus. A narrow street flanked with coffeehouses led to it. The coffeehouses were crowded with old men and hodjas smoking bubbling nargiles and drinking coffee, the customers even spreading into the tiny gardens where tables were set. We were among them, talking and hurrying to the boat. Then the faces seemed to bar us the way and rose before us menacingly. One old man rose to his full height and shook the slender neck of his nargile at us:

"It is a sin, hanoum, a sin," he shouted. "Your children are wearing hats as the Christians do. Are you not a Moslem?"

The voice of the man filled the street and the other people turned to us in wrath. Truly we would burn in hell, what was the world coming to! Moslem children wearing the hated hat! Then a crowd of old women, faces hidden in

thick veils, were round us gesticulating and heaping maledictions on our heads.

"May you not see the light of another day. Hanoum, hanoum, cover the faces of your children."

Big Aunt had stopped amidst this torrent of words and anger. She looked menacing and she let out:

"Look out after your own business, impolite bears, sons of dogs—"

But she did not finish her sentence, the women came upon us, the men had risen. We fled back from the narrow street, the voices pursuing us and the street urchins throwing stones at us and shouting lustily:

"Down with them, they who have neither religion nor faith."

Big Aunt stopped a carriage and piled us in and told the coachman to hurry his horses. The carriage tore along the street. Big Aunt was red in the face and we children were silent.

"What is your mother thinking of, letting you wear hats?" Big Aunt grumbled. "Is it adding an inch to your dignity? Look, we were almost stoned. Wear white rags like other Turkish girls, don't they have life too?"

She rumbled along furiously and punctuated her remarks by letting out her resentment against the crowd:

"Donkeys, bears, sons of dogs!"

Beraet and I said not a word for one must not answer back one's elders. Besides the scene had impressed us deeply. Our hats had raised a storm for the first time. The dark shadow had started to move and the face of the negro woman rose before me as she had shouted:

"It is Fate, Fate, you cannot tear it from your neck."

The day was spoiled. My hat seemed to have grown enormous and to be striking everybody in the eye. I felt that the words of hatred had branded us and the people in

the streets would all turn against us. We returned home by carriage and Big Aunt, waving one foot, told the story to my mother.

"You will have trouble, listen to me," she was saying. "What do other girls wear?"

"What shall I do?" Mother was cornered. "They are too young for the tcharshaf and I cannot make them wear the bash-urti, that white rag which others tie over their children's heads."

"Why not?" Big Aunt shrugged her shoulders. "Let them wear it."

But my mother did not like the idea of seeing us wearing a white kerchief tied under our chins. The mere thought of it revolted me. A white rag indeed! And why should I wear one? Why should my hat throw these people into a fury? It looked much better than a white rag. And in my anger I mumbled like Big Aunt.

"Donkeys, bears."

Winter was coming on, surely and certainly, and more important matters drove the hat question out of my mother's head. It was ridiculous to object to little girls wearing them. Surely everybody could not be as stupid and fanatical as those people Big Aunt had told about.

The first snow covered the ground, a snow that was to linger for forty days, blocking houses, stopping the life of the city. In spite of the first severe cold my mother was going out and coming back late at night with a mysterious face. She would go straight to her room and always came in when we children were not about. These goings and comings that breathed of secrecy had awakened our suspicion. Maybe mother was preparing white kerchiefs or even tcharshafs for us. The thought kept me awake at night.

One day, as she had gone away and we children were in

Abla's room, listening to a story which our new governess was reading, we heard the banging of doors and shouts from below.

"Close the garden gate, close the doors."

I turned white and saw before our gate a vision of leering faces. What if the people had come to attack us for wearing hats? We came out to the big hall and heard hurried footsteps.

"He has gone up," shouted brother.

There was a scrambling of feet and soon we heard a small pitter-patter on the stairs. Before us stood a small black dog, tail between his hind legs, eyes big and scared. Brother was running after him.

"Give him water, somebody," he ordered.

Father came after him and asked. "Is he in? Did you give him water?"

How had the dog come in, whose was it? The questions poured while the dog drank his water avidly. Brother ran down to fetch him some bread. Father explained the arrival of the dog. He had entered the garden and my father had seem him looking hungry and abandoned. Father had taken him in.

What if the dog had a master? He did not look like a street dog though he was thin and had a dirty coat. We were filled with dismay, for the dog was cunning and had clever brown eyes.

He ate the bread ravenously with a side dart of the eyes, and we stood watching him. What would we call him? We thought of suitable names and looked at my father.

"Let us call him Shep," father said, "it means night in Arabic."

The name appealed to us and we let out cries of "Shep, Shep" but the dog did not pay any attention. He gulped down his last piece of bread and sat down on his hind legs

putting his head on one side. Suddenly he tore through the big hall, running madly, and we children pursued him with cries of joy. He would crouch with his head on his front paws and wait for us and when we dashed on him he would start to bark playfully and run again round the hall.

We loved him, the first dog that had come begging to our door. We had always yearned for one. Soon we heard mother's voice and another fear took hold of us. What if mother would object to the dog and send him away? Father ran away like a guilty child and we hid Shep in a room. When she came to the big hall we let Shep out and he started to run again, showing his many tricks. He knew that he had to win his way into the house. Mother let out her astonishment. The arrival of Shep was told again. Mother hesitated but the dog was rolling on the carpet and looked so cunning. She consented to keep him, finally. Shep knew he would stay and he barked joyfully round us and stood on his hind legs begging.

"Is he not a dear, mother, look how he begs!" we shouted. And henceforth Shep became a member of the house and a playmate. We kept him in the house for a few weeks and when we went somewhere Abla hid him under her tcharshaf for fear his old master would recognize him. But Shep got used to us and did not even dream of his old master.

Beraet and I caught mother, one day, coming home with packages. It was really Shep who helped us. He let out a joyous bark and then ran out in the hall. We followed him and saw mother with her parcels. She said they were to be put in her room and that they were things for the house. But her face reflected an air of uneasiness as if she had been caught just when she did not want to. And although we lingered in her room she did not open the packages.

A few days later I woke up and felt that the house smiled at me in a different way, with just a suspicion of superiority. My elders looked too indifferent, which indicated that something was brewing. Their casual smiles made me suspicious. I shared this thought with Beraet and we ferreted together in corners. A faint rustling of papers came occasionally from mother's room but when we dashed in mother was dusting and looked busy with the housework. Every room seemed to hide in its corners a gleam of joy and mystery.

Towards evening Beraet and I found ourselves alone in the upper story of the house, and we could hear laughter from below. We tiptoed down the stairs but these creaked beneath us and I heard Abla whisper:

"They are coming, they are coming."

We ran down but Eleni came before us and told us to go up again.

"You are doing something, we want to see also," we shouted.

"Allah, Allah, what can we be doing?" Eleni smiled. "Let night come and let us go to bed."

We were forced up to the big hall where Shep sat, his head on one side, listening to the noise below. Shep, too, was suspicious.

Beraet and I pretended an utter indifference to hide our burning curiosity and our hurt feelings. Dinner was announced and we asked calmly whether we would be allowed to come down. It seemed we were. We came down. At the foot of the stairs Eleni had spread her bulk and seemed to be dozing as usual. But when she opened her eyes we knew that she had only been pretending. Bright gleams of interest were those eyes that seemed to have beheld something beautiful the memory of which lingered in the dilated pupils. Our elders, too, were pretending to be

sleepy but this did not fool us. Shep had run down with us and now he was trying to nose his way into a room with closed doors where whispers and snatches of laughter mingled together. We knew then that this room hid all the mystery that seemed to enliven the house.

Dinner dragged, my impatience took away my appetite. During the meal I heard a conglomeration of noises and steps that seemed to hesitate, as if the dragging of some heavy weight had taken the firmness out of them.

The meal was over and we rose to go. Our elders were lingering downstairs instead of going up as usual. And thinking that we were not wanted, Beraet and I climbed up to the big hall. From the stairs we could see that it was dark and that the petroleum lamp had been extinguished. We dashed up and stood still before the door of the hall. At the far end, in front of the many big windows, stood a glimmer of hesitant lights. The wonder of it held us and then this collection of faint gleams drew us onward. We knew that this was the mystery we had felt palpitating through the house, these gleams of light that seemed to have fallen from a sky crowded with stars. We ran with our wonder and suddenly we saw that these clusters of stars were candles on a big fir tree.

"It is a tree, a tree," we shouted, "a Christmas tree."

And then we turned to see a crowd behind us, many of our relatives and friends who had crept in stealthily. But we had eyes only for this first Christmas tree in our lives, that stood so straight and proud, carrying among its dark branches the joy and warmth of the candles. There were also colored balls, streamers of tinsel, dolls and candy hanging on the tree. And below it we saw a heap of packages. We seemed to be glued to one spot, looking on as if this wonder would soon vanish from our eyes. We did not dare to move or touch the objects with our hands.

But our elders were more impatient; they broke into talk and laughter, and the spell of wonder in the dark was broken by the glare of the lamps. It was only then that we turned to mother and father and kissed their hands and looked into the faces of our relatives.

Mother had prepared this surprise for us. The Christmas tree was really for our French governess for we Moslems did not celebrate that event at all. But mother had thought that a tree would look pretty and that it would bring joy not only to us but to the stranger among us. Our governess had looked sad a few days ago thinking of crackling logs and shoes put before chimneys. Mother had to take her into the secret the last minute for no one knew how to decorate the tree. And now she stood with happiness lighting her face, gazing at the tree with the joy and wonder that we had felt.

Then my mother distributed the presents. We all sat on the floor, our eyes on the presents wrapped in folds of tissue paper. Everyone had gifts but we children seemed to have endless ones. Beraet and I had cunning tea sets, a little kitchen with pots and pans, picture blocks, books, dolls for Beraet and for me a toy revolver which made a real live noise, and a toy violin with a bow and strings, that brought forth wailing, rasping noises. This was to satisfy a craving I had for musical instruments, a craving that had led me to use two sticks as a violin, and pretend to play on them as brother did on his real one. The violin and the revolver I liked best.

The presents were heaped on the floor and the tissue paper rose in hills of crushed daintiness. Our eyes were falling out, with so much gazing. From the presents we dashed to the tree and back again to our priceless belongings. Our elders were just as childish as we were. Laughter rose high in the big hall that seemed to watch us with such

a paternal air. And with the glow of the lights and the warmth of laughter the dark menacing faces faded from my eyes. The torture of the tcharshaf and the dark evil of anger had thawed before this joy of my first and last Christmas tree that carried its tiny candles bright as the hope in a child's heart.

My father sat before his pianola and played for us gay waltzes. We all started to dance, our governess had taught us how. Round and round the big hall we went growing dizzy with the swift turning of bodies. The Christmas tree went round with us and all the little candles seemed to dance. My father attacked a quadrille and a friend of his led this intricate dance. Red in the face, a handkerchief tied round his neck, he shouted lustily.

"Change partners, ladies to the right, gentlemen to the left. Curtsey. Gentlemen, bow to the ladies. March onward."

Cries and laughter drowned the pianola's efforts. Father was holding the instrument with his two hands and working his legs tremendously. We danced on, we children making mistakes, getting out of the lines, laughing and screaming and above all that din we could still hear the shouts of

"Change partners, curtsey and march onward."

The dancing made us hot and hungry and when mother announced we could all go down for refreshments we ran downstairs pushing each other. What I liked best was a cold and fiery liquid that made me full of life again. Everybody seemed to have the same liking and the glasses were filled and emptied. Our dear governess was drinking glass after glass of this delicious punch. Eyes sparkling, she laughed and before her faded that craving for a little French village among the hills.

When we came up again there were many people who

were much gayer than others. The music started again and dancing and laughter joined hands. Our governess was filled with the desire to laugh and never stop. The hilarity sparkled like the logs in the stoves. The twelve steady chimes of the big grandfather clock came to our ears with a calm steadiness. That night we children were allowed to see the end of the party. When we finally went to our room, Beraet and I carried all our presents and piled them by our beds. Nurse had a hard time with us for we ran out of her hands to touch our presents and gloat over them. Then the threat that she would call in mother subdued us and we slipped between our sheets. Rocked with dreams of Christmas trees and presents, we closed our eyes, and in this world of laughter and joy the thoughts of fear could not enter.

Winter followed Christmas and a winter that was hard and severe. Our garden gate was blocked with the snow, the garden lay under heaps of whiteness. Every morning we had to dig a tunnel to the door. Water froze in pipes and some burst with the cold. We had to heat and melt snow for our daily use. The breadman, who always went from house to house carrying bread in big baskets slung on a donkey, could not make his rounds. My father had to go to his classes in blizzards; he had to walk all the way as the carriages could not move. But we children loved the snow, we ran in it with Shep, throwing him into big piles where he sank and emerged with snow in his eyes and nose. This would send him tearing through the garden and we would run after him. We played snowball and even built a big snowman by the garden gate. He had fierce black eyes and an old fez of father's on his head.

The winter days were followed by blustering winds and rain so that the streets became rivers and treacherous mud holes. There was specially a place which became a sea and

often my father had to be carried over it on the back of a hamal. Then once more the hat question rose before us through the slush and the rain. Mother could not go anywhere with us and be at peace. Our hats were being noticed more and more and the people were grumbling. We could hear their comments thrown in our ears. Mother became uneasy and Big Aunt's words rang in her ears. Surely there was no peace and all this storm over a hat was getting on her nerves.

I could not get used to the people interfering in my affairs. I had a father to look out for me, one who knew what was good for me. He did not think that my wearing a hat deprived me of the right to be a Moslem. Why then did these people think otherwise?

Nurse said, "Why are you tearing your heart? It is written on your forehead that you should wear a tcharshaf. It is your Fate, and what Allah wills we humans must obey."

Did Allah have no other work that he should bother to see if I covered my face? And what right had fate to bind me hand and foot and write on my forehead my destiny?

One day mother came home and called us to her. Before her were spread two big silk covers with tassels at the edge and two colored cords. She held these before our eyes and told us that these were kufies, Arab headdresses which we had seen often in Jerusalem. The kufies lay in delicate crumples but I felt them winding tenaciously over my head. The dreaded ordeal had risen before me.

"What can I do?" mother was saying. "You will wear these kufies. Only thus the evil tongues may be silenced."

But her words drifted in one ear and out of the other, for I had ears and eyes only for the kufie. The tears stood trembling in the folds of my eyes but I drew them in. Beraet was eager to try her kufie and mother was arrang-

ing it on her head. The white kerchief fell in folds on her shoulders. But I turned away fiercely and fled from the room. The kufie was the first shackle that the mob was wrapping round my life.

I had to wear it, neither tears nor anger helped me. Mother was firm with the memory of the insults fresh in her mind. Out in the streets, I thought that all the eyes of the world were boring a hole through me. Then I heard the clear mocking ripples of a laugh and the kufie became a hated instrument of ridicule. How I wanted to tear it from my head, throw it on the ground and trample the laughter out of these faces! Each time we went out the mocking laughter followed us. Once in a crowd I felt some street urchins pulling my floating tassels and hissing in my ears:

"Arab girl, Arab girl with the kufie."

After weeks of these humiliating scenes we laid aside the kufies. That day I felt that the world was mine and that I could look people in the eyes again. But this triumph did not last long. Cousin Kerime had an ingenious idea. She manufactured for us headdresses to replace the kufie. She brought them over with her one day and Beraet and I were called in to try them on.

I hated them at first sight with a hatred that seemed to tear me into shreds. This new invention was a large blue ribbon with two bows over the ears and narrow ribbons that tied below the chin. It was something like a child's bonnet. Mother looked relieved as she gazed on them. But when Cousin Kerime tied the ribbons under my chin, I felt as if a heavy load had been put on my head. This was even worse than the kufie.

And out in the streets my hatred increased. People still stared at us, laughter still pursued us and the mob scowled, for these ribbons resembled hats.

Nothing could please that mob with its head narrowed with fanaticism. We were open to the anger of their ignorance or to their savage ridicule. And now that vast net of prejudice and ignorance was over my life and each day the cords were drawn tighter. These people, whom I had seen with snarling faces, they could not be appeased with kufies or ribbons. I too must become one of them, a bundle of resignation to add to the millions that had come and gone. I too must be stamped with the same seal, and shut from my life the sunshine of freedom. The mob had neither pity nor reasoning. It would rise against anything that was not in its own world. But I would fight. Not the tcharshaf for me, not the bowing before the stupendous force of fanaticism. I would rise above these waves that came crashing over the boat of my life.

CHAPTER XVI

WAR

THE slender caique lifts her head defiantly as the Devil's Current rushes upon her, hissing the deadly battle song. Pulling on the oars with bronzed arms, the boatman leans back, his peaceful face red with the struggle. The current is boiling again and the spray leaps up and scatters over the caique that seems to be going backwards, pulled by an irresistible force. Ahead are heavy barges towed by bent human forms walking along the quay, poor yedekdjis who earn their living by adding the burden of others to their own. A big ferry boat blows her whistle as she is rushed onward to her destiny.

The waves come rolling to the caique that rises upward and loses its head among the swelling waters. Beraet and I laugh with the waves but nurse holds to the side of the caique and whispers:

"If you love Allah, don't move. You are wriggling like fishes in a net, the caique will upset."

"Have no fear, hanoum," the boatman reassures her. "This is not a leaf to curl over by waves. The little hanoum effendis are enjoying themselves." And he laughs at us with kindly eyes.

Now the Devil's Current is left behind waiting for another prey. The blue Bosphorus, once more calmed, laps the sides of the caique whose noiseless oars leave a trickling trail behind them. From far one can hear the rhythmic plodding of a big merchant ship headed towards the Black Sea.

A day of sunshine and of light that flits here and there. Beraet and I are dipping fingers in the blue waters while the caique shoots onward. The storm raised by the kufie and the hated ribbon is far behind us. The ribbons we discarded and I tore mine to shreds, satisfying the inner craving for violent action. My mother had scolded me, but her words had not taken away one gleam of that savage joy in my heart. We were rid of these humiliating emblems and though the faces scowled once more at our hats, I did not care. What could they do to us? Mother had given in and now she had bought us blue sailor hats. These lay near us on the wooden bench. The boatman had been indifferent to our headgear.

We had come to visit grandfather and then had begged to go on the Bosphorus. My mother had consented, though she was afraid of the water. The Bosphorus could not be trusted. She had been almost drowned once, crossing from one shore to another, caught in one of the grasping twirling currents. The oar had snapped like a twig and the boat had almost overturned. The memory of that struggle still burned fresh in her mind.

But to us children the boat ride was one long delight. We could hear now the voices of the people walking on the shore and soon we were passing by big houses built right on the water, each with its big boathouse where once slender caiques were hauled in. Then our eyes were caught by the towers of Mohammed the Conqueror that loom on green hills. The faithful guardians of the Bosphorus still stand unbroken with age. Even the sun has shrunk back beneath the mighty frown of war.

"Nurse, let us visit the towers," we cry out eagerly and we persuade her finally.

"Don't get up, all of you," she warns, her eyes on the

The Bosphorus from the Arnaoutkeny garden

The house of Selma Ekrem's grandfather where she spent much of her childhood

water. "You will upset the boat. My white hair is turning whiter with worry."

One by one we rise carefully and climb out, helping nurse over the difficult passages. Tower after tower stands before us with dizzy steps and mighty walls. Muffled footsteps one can hear still pacing at their posts, and white turbaned forms appear at turrets only to crouch away and be lost among the shadows. Is the army of the Conqueror still among these blocks of stone guarding the city of Stamboul? A heavy silence is all about us.

Father had told us often about Fatih Sultan Mohammed, the conqueror of Constantinople, how he had crossed from Asia and built these towers in sixty days five hundred years ago.

The heavy gates, the only entrance to the fortress, are open. A little grass path welcomes us. Nestling among the old stones are little houses, a little village has grown among these mighty towers of old. There are children running among the ruins and the tinkling of goat bells comes to our ears. The path becomes steeper, ahead the main tower is casting a shadow over the houses.

The bekdji's house has been reached and he comes out with a bunch of keys and a lantern with shining white candles. We climb behind him and reach the mighty iron gates. The bekdji has stopped to light his lantern and the old key squeaks in the lock. The iron gate moves noiselessly as of old. Darkness and clammy air rush upon us, running out to the light of day. All is mystery and fear and we children stand still. Nurse is grumbling.

"These children, they will be the cause of my death. Allah, Allah, to what place have we come?"

"Follow me," the bekdji whispers, and his face looks pale in the ghostly light. Silence all about, I can hear my

own heart pounding in my ears. Not another sound save footsteps climbing up. For who dares disturb the tomb of old memories?

The bekdji holds up his lantern and discloses large pitch dark rooms, where the soldiers used to live. The darkness can be cut with a knife but the lantern light falls on broken boards and big holes in the floor. Up we go, winding, passing room after room, old cannons still protruding from their holes. Now the lantern lingers over the prison, a darker and dingier place. Finally we reach the top. A neat little room with a prayer rug in the middle is seen by the light of the sun, peeping from the turrets above.

"Here the Conqueror prayed," the bekdji whispered.

How gently we stepped over these old stones. The small white room is bare but it still keeps the dignity of a sultan who now slumbers under a big shawl-covered tomb. At last the turret is reached and we are blinded with the brilliance of the sun. Below us gleams the Bosphorus, winding lazily in and out. Across, one can see little villages of Asia stretching to the shore while behind them green hills lean forward for a glimpse of the water.

Once more darkness swallowed us. Down the winding stairs the lantern gleamed until the gate was reached. Sunlight and joy were before us and back of us stood the gloom of these old towers. Silently we walked to our caique, which shot forward again. The air was cooler now and shadows crept over hills that were turning purple with the night. Sailing boats and sandals were all over the Bosphorus. The boatmen shouted their warning cry, "Sandal," as they passed swiftly down the current.

We were to take the ferry boat home from one of the near-by villages. The boat came towards us blowing lustily and Beraet and I tried to guess its number, for all these boats had numbers written on their smokestacks. We

entered finally and went to the big cabin reserved for women, because Turkish women could not sit with men but only in special cabins reserved for them. The cabin was crowded with women in tcharshafs. It was filled with cigarette smoke and chatter, and nutshells were strewn on the floor. Beraet and I looked from the big windows at the villages that we were leaving behind. Then a voice drifted in our silence!

"Taze simit, kitir simit," and a man entered the cabin with a tray heaped with these simits.

"Little nurse, buy us some simits, our stomachs are so empty," we begged.

"Hanoum effendi does not want you to eat simits, they sit on your stomachs and then you are sick," nurse answered.

The man wavered near us and then seeing that my nurse had an adamantine stare, he left disappointed. A woman in a black tcharshaf fixed her two eyes on us. Beraet and I were talking, dwelling on the wonder we had seen.

"Madam, are these your children?" The woman in black leaned over to my nurse.

"No, they are not," nurse answered and we turned and looked at the woman and I could see that she was staring at our sailor hats. Near her was a little girl with her head wrapped in a white kerchief tied under her chin.

"Are they Turkish?" the woman asked curiously.

Nurse divulged the fact that we were and over the woman's face a flame of anger burned and vanished. She leaned to her neighbor and whispered:

"Hanoum, they are Turkish and wearing hats. The world is turning upside down."

The group of women round us all turned to stare and there was a commotion that shook their black folds. Slowly I was pulled from the towers of the Conqueror to face this

hatred that always dogged our footsteps. Nurse seemed nervous and she was wishing she had not told the truth. But I was angry and turned an eye red with anger to the women, challenging them to speak out. But only whispers were audible until an old woman broke out:

"Our hodja effendi was right, he said this was the end of the world, that women would go naked in the streets. What days are my old eyes seeing? Let me go to my grave before darker days fall on our heads."

"You have taken the words out of my mouth, hanoum," another woman answered. "These are dark evil days, decency has left the world."

"I don't blame *them*," another one put in. "It is their mother's fault. Ah, these newly sprung people, their heads filled with European ideas, they will be the ruin of us yet. Let their eyes go out."

Red-faced, we rose to go. The words followed us, the black tcharshafs rustled in anger. Nurse was dragging us away, fear closing over her head.

It was turning black, luckily, and we hid in shadows and ran for home. The words of the women rang in our ears and the towers lingered in our eyes. Home at last, after a steep climb. Up the stairs we ran crying, "Mother, mother," eager to explain to her about the towers, the fear of the women fading away now that we were home again.

We found our elders in a room where the last rays of the sun were lingering. Uncle was there in his shiny uniform. The grave faces stopped the laughter in our eyes and awoke in us the fear that we had cast away. How pale were the faces before us. My uncle was leaving, his long sword and clanking spurs echoing through the house.

"Allah, Allah, and must we see war again?" my mother broke out.

Over the house a shadow seemed to fall. The rooms were

gloomy as the towers of the Conqueror. The sun had left old Stamboul, but would it rise bright again in the morning?

My uncle had brought home rumors of war. The Balkan States seemed unsettled and the air was tense. Uncle did not know anything definite but he was afraid that war would come. And this just when we were preparing to leave Stamboul again.

Some time ago my father had been offered the post of governor in a far-off province of Turkey. The thought had sent us wild with joy. We were to go into the interior of Turkey but my mother had warned us that our hats there would cause more trouble. The thought of the journey had made us bold. We would overcome that obstacle to our joy.

One night my father came home and announced that the government had changed its mind. They would not send him to the interior but back again to the Archipelago Islands. He did not know why the government had changed so suddenly. Maybe it was because he knew the islands and might be useful in case of war. And then my mother's word came to our ears. If war broke out, that was the worst disaster that could happen. My father had to leave immediately and we were to follow him later. But his face did not express joy; my uncle's rumors had taken root.

"What will we do if war is declared?" he was saying.

"Allah will spare us," mother answered. "Everything is in His hands."

My father was packed and ready to leave and we were to follow him in a week. Abla had been put in a French school, so we would have to part from her. Brother also could not come because of his school. Beraet and I were going, nurse was coming too, and our little dog Shep.

"Think of it, Shep, we are going on a big boat and there

you will run all over the island if you are a good dog," we told him, and he wagged his tail and sniffed the air, his nostrils quivering.

The thought of war we had put away from our minds. We were going to Mytilene, we were going on a big boat again. Nothing could take that joy from our hands. A week after my father's departure we were starting for Mytilene. When we came to the boat we found it crowded with people who were talking and reading newspapers. We had not looked at one the whole morning. Our relatives had come to see us off and they, too, were brandishing papers.

"War has been declared, the Balkan States will march against us," someone said.

"It is only a rumor, I tell you," another one added. "One can't believe all that the newspapers say."

"It is war, I know it," another one added. "It has been brewing for a long time."

Our relatives crowded about us. How would we go to Mytilene? Why not give up the journey? The word war boomed and echoed. On the boat were many Greeks who were going back to their country. Their loud talking filled the air. My mother seemed lost and kept wringing her hands. Beraet and I looked at one another and wished that father had been with us.

Someone else came dashing to us waving a paper, he was full of news. War had been declared. The Balkan States wanted war, did they? Let them come, we would fight too.

"Did I not tell you? I knew it was the truth," a voice broke his clamor.

Of course it was war, who had doubted it? But my mother was apart, scanning the quay looking for my uncle. Could he manage to come to the boat for a few minutes? If war had been declared he would be marching soon. The thought made my mother white. Uncle came in a hurry and

mother broke down and cried. He had to join his regiment soon, he could only stay a few minutes. He was besieged with questions. He was sure that war had been declared. This silenced everyone.

Uncle went and after him our relatives. We were left on the boat, mother crying now without stopping. And we children, too, were in tears. Abla in her black school uniform was waving at us. The boat was pulling slowly from the quay. The handkerchiefs became white dots in the distance, faces were blurred. Stamboul stretched before us pensive with the night. Dark shadows were creeping over the city. And beneath the darkness of the night, thousands of soldiers were preparing for war and women sat in the houses crying, their two eyes like two fountains.

Mother went below to her cabin and we followed her. Before the cabin was a noisy group of Greek passengers, our enemies now, who were shouting and singing. The noise jarred on our nerves and my mother called the steward and asked him to silence these people. They left for the deck but their voices drifted to the cabin and all night long we heard them rejoicing.

My father came to meet the boat, we saw him in the sandal rowing towards us. He came on board and looking at his face we felt happier for the first time. The trip had been a torment. Mother had persisted with her sorrow and this had cast a shadow over us. We did not roam all over the boat as we had done on our other trips but stayed in the cabin with mother. We only went to look at poor Shep, shut in the hold, and when we saw him looking sad we were too unhappy to linger by him.

Then the passengers had added to our unhappiness. For the first time I had felt a dislike for a group of people that I did not even know. Their rejoicing had cut me. War to me was worse than any catastrophe. My father had told

us repeatedly that Turkey had been ruined with too much fighting. And then there was uncle, our gay uncle whose feet we had kissed to go to the theater so long ago, to think of him among the bullets sent shudders down my back. So many never came back, Turkey was one big graveyard. And he, too, might sleep under a mound. And to think that these people on the boat were gay, as they went to join the armies that would fight my country.

But looking at my father we felt reassured. He was by us. Had he not saved us from many troubles? Even war was not so terrible now that he was there. We left the boat with him. Mytilene welcomed us like guests. We felt it in the brilliance of the sun and the beauty of the island. She was showing her best face as if we were hurried tourists bound to leave soon.

We tried to overcome that feeling, to win the island back with utter confidence in her. We settled in the big house amid gardens, our furniture was unpacked and the rooms made habitable. Beraet and I chose the best corner of the garden and thought of a series of games. As for Shep, he was delighted with the island. He did not care whether he was treated as a tourist or not. He would find the garden door open and slide out to run among the hills. He would come back victoriously, his head up, but when he saw us he would slink down, his tail between his hind legs. We scolded him but he still ran away like street dogs and tasted that freedom he had longed for.

We knew that there was trouble, we knew it again by my father's face. How preoccupied he was these days, always among his papers and his officials. The private telephone in the house rang constantly, and even at night he had no peace. And when he was among us he told us of his worry. The war had upset him. Let those whose lungs were

not worth five cents shout that we would march into Sofia in a week. He knew better. Here was an island with a few hundred soldiers to defend it. The big guns that once protected Mytilene had been removed. And if Greece sent a few battleships, what could the soldiers do? The guns would be pointed at us, the whole island could be reduced to ashes in a day. The government in Constantinople could not help him. He had stated the case definitely. Mytilene was at the mercy of any gunboat.

"How can I hold the island with six hundred soldiers?" my father cried out. "The government refuses to send out the fleet to protect us. They must be scared. It was my duty to ask for it. They can't even send us more soldiers and a few guns. And the Greek fleet might come any day."

The telephone bell would startle all of us. Father would answer it and run out. And we would be left to our thoughts. I could see the battleships moving through the night, their guns pouring forth flames and smoke.

Day and night that fear was with us now. My father was faced with another difficult situation. It was his fate. But still there was no sign of the enemy fleet. Maybe the Greeks would not come after all. The island was beautiful and gay, one could always hope with the sunshine welcoming one every morning.

Mother told us to get ready one day. She was going to take us to the French nun school. The Greeks might come but our education could not be neglected waiting for their probable arrival. The school was small. A dark-robed nun came to welcome us, she was glad to think that the governor wanted to send his children to the school. My mother talked with her for a few minutes. The little girls in gray aprons looked at Beraet and me curiously. The thought of going to school had made us happy. It must mean, we argued, that the Greeks would not come.

We came home and Beraet and I went to our favorite corner of the garden where big wooden crates had been piled. We climbed on them and looked at one another thoughtfully.

"Just think of it, we will have books and pencils and a bag," I told Beraet.

"But the nuns look so black, they will take the life out of us," she answered, shaking her curls. She was very proud of them. And every night mother rolled them on a smooth stick and sometimes tied them in curling paper. Just to look at mother working on her head made me nervous. And I wondered how she could sleep on little knobs of hair. My hair was the secret trouble of my life. It was long, thick and straight as a poplar tree. I wore it in a long braid down my back. Mother or nurse combed my hair every morning and it was more full of tangles than a beach is of pebbles. How I hated that long tiresome process of combing when every tangle had to be smoothed out.

"But we shall learn French and, ooh, so many other things," I answered after a few minutes of silence.

And yet I felt my heart squeezed. I wanted to go to school but I did not want to be shut up. And the nuns had looked very black and severe. No more could we wander in the garden with the morning sun, no more would we be free. I tried to put these thoughts away from me. But the picture of dark-robed nuns came before my eyes. And what if there was a sewing class, I could not bear that.

The sun was sinking slowly and the garden had turned hazy. We went leisurely to the house. Mother was in the sitting room looking before her thoughtfully. We came and sat near her and looked out on the vast stretch of water before us. The sea lay like a smooth sheet before our eyes, not a sailboat on its surface, not even one ripple.

Then from far I saw a whiff of smoke which grew bigger and a boat came before our eyes. A gray steel boat that passed slowly over the calm surface of the water.

"Mother, look, there is a boat," we shouted.

She was snatched from her thoughts and looked out at the sea. The gray boat hove in sight. It was a warship. Were the Greeks coming to attack us or was this a Turkish ship come to defend us? The warship moved cautiously, not coming nearer. We followed its course with anxious eyes. The room had grown dark as an oven and the silence of the night lay heavily on our tongues. The warship became a gray point and its smoke was swallowed up. Before our eyes stretched once more the vast extent of waters. We did not dare to look at one another or to ask questions. The boat had come mysteriously and glided away like a vision. Maybe it had been one.

The maid came and lighted the lamps and my mother's face was white and contorted, and this made us afraid. Beraet and I slunk to our room where nurse was dozing.

"Little nurse, rub the sleep from your eyes, we saw a boat far away at sea." we said.

"What can I do if you saw a boat," she answered.

"But, nurse, it was a steel ship," I replied.

"And I saw its long guns," Beraet added.

"Haide sende, you have a loose tongue," I answered, "as if one can see the guns of a steel ship from that distance."

"How do you know it was one?" Nurse was wide awake now.

"Don't we have two eyes to see?" I answered indignantly. "It was a steel ship and, little nurse, it may be a Greek one."

The thought silenced us. Nurse was no longer calm and impassive. But who could read her thoughts? Beraet and I were filled with the torment to know. Would the Greeks

come and was this the first of many ships that would burn us to ashes?

"Nurse, will the battleships burn us?" Beraet asked. "Can they kill us from a distance?"

"Allah knows, yavroum, my child," she said. " We are all in His hands, may He show us the light of His mercy."

And then I wished I had not neglected my Koran lessons. If I prayed now as my teacher had done we might be saved from the Greeks. But the Arabic words refused to come to my lips. I could only murmur in Turkish:

"Allah save us, Allah save us, please don't let us be burned. Let the Greeks not come, we beg you Allahim, my Allah."

My father's voice interrupted my prayers and I ran out in the sitting room.

"It was a Greek warship," he was saying. "The Greek fleet cannot be far behind."

"Do you think they will dare to come here?" mother asked.

"Dare?" My father was laughing. "Don't they know that the island is not protected? Of course they will come but I cannot tell when."

The words Greek warship had nailed us on the doorstep. Our last hope was gone. Allah had stuffed His ears with cotton to my prayers. Had not the hodjas and old women cursed us for wearing hats? And now the Evil Eye was upon us and there was no cure that we knew against this evil magic.

"What will we do?" mother was crying.

"We will wait for the Greeks with patience." Father curled his lips. "There is no hope from the government. Mytilene will go from us soon."

The smoke of the warship curled before our eyes and seemed to cast a spell of terror in the room. The telephone

bell stepped on our nerves and I wanted to tear it down and silence its heralding voice of danger. That night the mosquitoes ate us to their greed's content. Every night we had waged a battle against them with our slippers, squeezing them to death on the walls. Even my father had joined us and we would count how many mosquitoes we had killed. They were big and with a sting that threw one out of a chair.

The warship came again, gliding on the sea in the same mysterious fashion. The island was in a secret turmoil. The Greek inhabitants saw and rejoiced. Their long cherished dream was within the horizon of their eyes. Soon they would be joined to Greece. Their joy we could feel, it ran all over the island, though it was veiled by quiet subdued airs. Mother had given up all idea of sending us to school. Who thought of it even, when the warship hovered like a vulture among us?

For a week we did not see the steel ship and we children began to think that the Greeks were afraid to come. The danger was over, surely, and we started again on our games in the garden. But one night, a hot night of mosquitoes, we were startled by loud rings of the telephone. My father went away and did not come back. We left off our chase of mosquitoes and sat silently by mother. We peered out of the windows but only the night was before us, shrouding all vision from our eyes. It grew late, my father had not come back, and mother sent us to bed.

But I could not sleep. I felt the house awake with tenseness. Mother was waiting in the sitting room with her dark thoughts and these came through the keyhole and crowded over my head. I felt stifled. Then I heard footsteps and my father's voice. The talk was long, doors opened and closed, the house was full of creaking sounds. Gradually there was silence and sleep brushed my eyelids.

A wild ringing on the telephone snatched me from this deep slumber. I sat upright in my bed and listened to its incessant clamor. Nurse was gently snoring. A door opened and my father's voice cut the ringing. A few words, then I heard him moving about, dressing, and hurrying out into the night. Once more the house was quiet and dark but the wild ringing echoed in my ears. It had been like an evil thing that bursts out suddenly, and I felt it still crouching in the house.

"Dadi, dadi," I called out in a trembling voice to my nurse, but only her measured breathing came to my ears. Not another sound save that frightened ring of the telephone that seemed to buzz in my ears and fill the whole house. Shivering with terror, I waited for daylight. Then sleep fell in my eyes again and drew me along to a savage dream where bells sounded like guns and battleships crowded in my eyes.

CHAPTER XVII

PRISONERS

The sun was flitting over my eyelids, teasing me with its warm rays. Sleep had gone back to its nightly prison. I opened my eyes and became conscious that I was in my room on the island of Mytilene. It seemed strange that I was in bed, my mind was still tearing itself from the dreams I had dreamed. They had been dreams, those wild nightmares, those guns that had whistled in my ears like bells. And then of a sudden I remembered the telephone that had pierced the air with its clamor. The house lay with its spirit broken, as if resting after a struggle with a storm. Nurse was not in the room, Beraet was still sleeping. I felt wide awake, drawn irresistibly to the window. And yet I sat in my bed not daring to move. An awful evil must lie before the window-pane, I felt it creep in my bones. Then I could not bear any longer the suspense in the house and ran to the window.

Before me stretched the harbor and in it were lined huge steel ships, their big guns almost protruding over the city. I could see the sailors moving about and the sun shone on rows of blue and white flags. Where was the crescent on a field of red? The crescent had gone with the night, pale white in its field of red-hot blood. One by one my eyes counted the enemy ships, the Greek fleet whose arrival we had dreaded. One, two, three, another small one behind. But the ships were endless. Masses of hard gray steel, masses of dread. And once more I was torn with that

fierce hatred that burnt in me. If only I could wipe these ships from my eyes, tear their merciless guns from the city.

"What is it, what are you looking at?" Beraet was awake.

"The steel ships have come with the night," I cried out. "The Greeks have come."

In a moment she was beside me, crouching by the window looking out towards the harbor. Before our eyes drifted the vision of Shep on his early morning tour of the garden. He saw us and wagged his tail, but we had no eyes for him, but only for the horror that lay so quietly before the door of our lives.

We could not stay alone in the room, we were afraid. The guns seemed to point right at our hearts. We ran out in our white nightgowns, barefooted. In the sitting room we found nurse and the maids moving here and there. Mother was walking in her room, picking up a bag, looking at it as if she had seen it for the first time. On her dresser were spread her jewels. We ran to her in tears. Then she became aware of us and our scanty attire and her mind drifted from its prison of terror back to us. She told us to dress. Nurse came in and took us away.

Once in our room we avoided the window and jumped into our clothes. Where was father all this time? Had he been killed or was he preparing to fight against the Greeks? But how could he? He had told us that the island was defenseless.

"Nurse, where is father?" I asked finally, gathering courage.

"He is away, my child, he will come soon," she answered but I knew from her face that she did not know if he would or not.

Finally he came to us and when we saw him unhurt and

alive we were filled with joy. But how white and discouraged he looked.

"Get ready, all of you," he said, "we are going. I have handed the island over to the Greeks."

"Where are we going, Ekrem?" mother cried.

"To the British consulate for safety," he answered. "I cannot think of you alone in this house. The people are crazy with joy and they are shooting wildly. You are at the mercy of any stray bullet and any group of people that might come this way."

Then he told us how the Greeks had taken the island. The fleet had come before the dawn. He had hurried to the government house and gathered all the officials. He had told them that he could not resist and that he could not have the burning of the island on his soul. He would surrender and avoid needless bloodshed. The captain of the six hundred Turkish soldiers refused to be made prisoner. He would take his men up a hill and there they would fight. The hill was fortified, only one small path led to it. With his soldiers he could hold the Greeks at bay. My father agreed and gave him money and ammunition. The soldiers started on their march up the hill with the Greek fleet steaming into the harbor. Then my father opened the safe and distributed the money among the officials. One gold lira fell between the cracks of the floor. Someone was trying to get it out.

"Leave that gold," father said; "what is a gold lira when we are nose to nose with the Greek fleet?"

They left the gold in its hole and gathered the money and documents. The fleet had come now and the admiral sent word that he wanted to see the governor, the mufti —head of the Moslem priests, and the Greek bishop.

"When I came out of the mansion I saw a crowd of people gathered at the quay," father went on. "They

were waving their hats and shouting. The houses were decorated with Greek flags, the women in their best dresses hung out of the windows. There were flowers and music and occasional revolver shots. The crowd was so dense that I had to tear a passage through these people grown mad with joy. I felt that this must be a dream from which I would wake up soon. But the warships now filled the harbor, I saw the Greek flags and knew that this was no dream. The people saw and recognized me and then the cry of 'Long live our governor!' rent the air. I was not prepared for this reception. I was no longer a governor but a prisoner, but these people showed their love even though I had fallen.

"The admiral received us on his ship and he said to me,

" 'My boats are in the harbor; if you try to defend the island I will have to burn you down.'

" 'I cannot defend the island,' I told him, 'I prefer to surrender but I will only beg of you to respect the lives and honor of all Moslem people on Mytilene?'

" 'They shall be respected,' answered the admiral.

" 'And I also want to protest against this invasion of a helpless defenseless island.'

"And then the admiral laughed and I joined him. This was war, who cared for codes and laws? As I left the warship, I saw boatloads of soldiers landing, armed to their teeth. Cannons were being dragged ashore. Some time later the commander of the Greek troops came to me and said:

" 'You have not kept your word. You surrendered the island but your soldiers are fleeing up the hills. We have shown our magnanimity. We could have shot them down from the ships.'

" 'You could not,' I answered. 'If you had tried to kill one of the Turkish soldiers, you knew well that these would

have killed every Greek inhabitant before they marched away.'

"Then the captain of the admiral's ship turned to the commander and said in Greek:

" 'Now you see what you have done? Take your answer and be satisfied.'

"The officers did not know that I understood Greek. I turned away from them. It is all finished, Mytilene is gone."

We had listened to him breathless, following all his words. We could hear shouts and music in the streets and the shooting made us jump. I could then imagine our soldiers trudging up the hill; there they would stay and fight alone, a fight that was hopeless. And yet they were free and we here were prisoners bowing before the enemy, fleeing for our lives to the British consulate.

Just then a policeman came running and asked for father. He stood breathless and saluted, and exclaimed:

"Your excellency, Nicolli is going to fire the ammunition in the old fortress."

"Aman, Allah, save us!" My father jumped up. "Tell him not to fire."

"He won't listen to us. He says the Turkish commander told him to set fire to the ammunition as soon as the Greeks landed. He says he will obey his officer unless you write to him and order him not to do so."

"Quick, a piece of paper," father shouted. We found him a scrap and he wrote on it his order. The policeman dashed away.

"We would all have been blown to pieces," my father was saying. "But do you see that? A Greek in the Turkish army holding a lighted torch in his hands ready to set fire and blow up himself and the whole island because the Turkish commander told him so."

The mayor of Mytilene, who was a Greek but who loved my father, had reserved two carriages for his use. All the others had been gathered and no one could have them even for gold. One of these carriages came to take us. All the way we shut our eyes, the sight of all this rejoicing was too much for us. The crowd, curious, gaped at us and yet not a word was said. My mother sat upright in her tcharshaf and we near her, close to her, white-faced. The crowd gave way before us silently. The British consulate was filled with people, talking eagerly. We were ushered into a room, my father had to leave us.

Some time later a Turkish official came, an old man whom we knew well. His face was even whiter than our own and his hands trembled. He sat near us nervously. Suddenly a deafening noise fell on our ears, thunder seemed to crash close to us. The Greek soldiers had landed and each one had fired his gun in the air. The sounds of firing covered us with silence, we looked at one another in awe.

"Down on the floor, down on your knees," whispered the official, and he threw himself on the floor.

Mother pulled us children and we crouched on the carpets, our heads between our arms. The sounds of firing throbbed in our heads. Finally I stuck my fingers in my ears trying to shut out this deafening roar. Our knees were broken with crouching and finally we rose up as the shooting seemed to lessen.

Then the street below us was filled with clamor, Beraet and I ran to the windows while the official shouted:

"Don't go near the windows, you will be killed."

But we lingered long enough to see a group of urchins marching like soldiers and then a group of shouting people.

"Long live our brothers and Greece."

The Greek soldiers came in rows. The tramping of

their boots seemed to crush us. Rows and rows of uniforms. Then came the guns and the sailors. The crowd increased. From every window the people leaned out, the women smiling and throwing flowers. The people at the consulate, who were Greeks also, ran to our room and to the windows. I looked at their faces filled with joy and turned away. They were talking in Greek and I could understand the snatches of words that drifted to my ears. Only my mother sat on her chair, straight in her tcharshaf. Only she did not glance at the marching soldiers. But I knew that every hobnailed boot crushed the proud spirit that was fighting for supremacy within her.

Beraet and I were at the window again and we watched the lines of the enemy spreading over the island we loved. The cries of the people deafened us. Mytilene was no longer the island of sunshine that we loved. She had become hostile to us.

When the Greek people finally left the room the Turkish official pulled us away from the window, for the firing had started again. It would come to us of a sudden and fill the air, shaking the windows, and then drift far off in echoes. At such times we threw ourselves on our knees and I could hear the official praying.

My mother thought of us, the children must be hungry and she asked the official to get us some biscuits or some bread.

"How can you think of biscuits, when the Greeks have taken the island, hanoum effendi?" he answered, but we knew that he was afraid to leave the room.

"What shall I do if the Greeks are here, I can't let the children starve," mother retorted, exasperated with his fright. "Are you going to fast tonight because the Greeks have come?"

But we told her we were not hungry. The shooting and

the soldiers had cut our desire for food. We would wait for father and eat at home. But he did not come. We sat at the consulate all morning and part of the afternoon. Every time the door opened we would jump up but an indifferent stare made us turn our heads away. Still we sat in that room we had come to loathe. And now we could not bear to hear the tramping of soldiers and the cries of the people any more.

Late that night my father came to fetch us, and at the sight of him our faces relaxed. We rose to go and the thought that we were leaving this room where we had fought with our pride made us feel lighter. My father was thanking the people in the consulate for their kindness. We went home, but this time we could not hide ourselves in a carriage and we had to walk. The island had turned dim with the night but still the houses were decorated with flags and flowers. The coffeehouses were filled with people, and douziko, a native Greek drink, turned milky white and dewy in glasses. The people had red faces and were jovial. The monotonous wails of the barrel organs filled the streets. Often a group of people rushed by shouting;

"Long live our brothers. Long live Venizelos."

We came home. It was dark and gloomy. Not one glimmer from the house of the prisoners. The house was sorrowing with us, turning closed eyes to all the rejoicing on the island. At the door we saw a sailor in his blue uniform and white cap. He had a gun in his hands and a cartridge belt round his waist. The sailor startled us and we let out a cry. He had been given to us for protection but the sight of him made us realize again that we were prisoners with an enemy sentinel at our door. My father was whispering to my mother:

"Courage, take your spirits in your hand, have patience, this will not last long."

But I could hear that mother was crying and the tears came also to me. But mine were mostly from anger. The sentinel at our door revolted me. He let us pass in, standing aside, and we ran away from him and all that horror which he represented. The dark house was a refuge but it looked as gloomy as a prison. It was one, indeed, a prison where we would linger out our days.

When the darkness was broken by light, we saw that the walls of many rooms were covered with bullet holes. There had been shooting and the bullets had crashed in striking the walls. These holes would perpetually remind us of the war and the sorrow that hung over us.

In the morning the first glimpse of the garden brought to my eyes the Greek sentinel pacing before our house. His presence kept us indoors, we could not bear to go to the garden under his watchful eyes. We heard loud voices clashing with one another a little later. We ran to the window and saw that the sentinel held his gun pointed toward a man in a red fez. We recognized him, he was a Greek who lived in Mytilene and belonged to one of the oldest and noblest families. His father had worked for the Ottoman Empire and he himself was a friend of my father's and he had come to see us. But the sentinel would not let him through. In vain did he argue in Greek and explain who he was. The sentinel shrugged his shoulders and held his gun firmly in his hands. We ran to the garden to talk to him.

"This man without a brain will not let me through," he said to us, "but I'll come back."

He left hurriedly and we watched him from the garden. The sentinel gave us a casual look and we looked at him

from far. He was singing to himself and drawing gulps of fresh air. We waited and waited and finally father's friend came back, but this time he was wearing a hat. The sentinel recognized him and barred the door again. He could not get in though he argued and pleaded and finally he went away furious.

Towards evening he came with an officer, the captain of a warship who had charge of the island and who had come to visit my father. This time the sentinel saluted and the two men entered. My father's friend came to talk to my mother. We children loved him, we had gone often to his big house. His friendship for us was above all nationality and all feelings of hatred that war had brought with it. We welcomed him as a friend and not as a Greek and an enemy.

The Greek captain was polite and kind; we watched him through the keyhole. He assured my father that we would be protected and treated with courtesy. When the captain left he turned to the sentinel and said:

"You are responsible that no harm comes to the governor's family, not only to every member but even to their little dog." Then the captain told him to let in the house anyone that we wanted to see.

That day the sheih's daughters came to us in tears. The sheih, an old and holy Moslem, lived in a house across from ours. When the daughters saw my mother they broke into tears. The day of occupation the Greeks had broken into their house and stolen the little they had. They had fled to the streets in terror.

"Our bey effendi, Allah grant him long life, let him save us. The Greeks will murder us all," they cried.

And others came, Turks and Greeks alike, and begged the governor's help.

"While I was at the fountain a Greek soldier tore the

gold coins from my chest, let our beloved pasha protect us," one Greek woman moaned.

"My house has been robbed, even to the last morsel of bread, I am poor," another cried.

The people poured in. The market place was filled with rumors. The Greeks would murder us all in secret. The talk had started in coffeehouses where the people had brandished knives. My father tried to appease the people and told them that now he was powerless, but the Greeks would not kill them.

There was a small police station near our house and one day we heard loud shouts coming from it. Beraet and I ran to the windows and saw a crowd of Greek soldiers and people trampling on something and shouting. We called to mother and tried to find out what was happening. Then on the ground we saw a red fez covered with dust and dirt. The soldiers picked it up with their guns and then the people dashed on it, spitting on it with venom, trampling the red fez to the ground and shouting:

"Down with the Turcos!"

A cry of anger broke from us at the sight of this insult, mother ran away from the window but we children watched the fez getting torn to pieces by the fury of the people.

A piercing shout rent the air and this brought my mother back to the window. The people and soldiers were dragging a man to the courtyard. The fez was kicked on a pile of rubbish and the man stood at the center of the group. He was a Moslem Albanian, judging from his clothes. We watched the man, unable to move or tear ourselves from the window. Why had the Greeks brought him here? They fell upon him, beating him, and the victim's shouts raised our hair. Then someone came with a heavy cord, the Albanian was tied to a branch of a tree and there the people and soldiers tortured him, spat upon his face, tore

his clothes. The cries of the man seemed to penetrate to our lungs. We shut our eyes and ran away but the sight of the man twisting in the air haunted us all day long. The cries of the man ceased suddenly. Had he been killed or freed? We did not know and never found out.

The scene had loosened our nerves and that day we sat in fear in the house. Our manservant, who stood over six feet high, brought evil rumors to us. His long thin body bent with shivers, he would come to my mother and pour out the gossip of the market place. He had heard that at night the people and soldiers would attack every house, burn them down and kill the people. He had seen the people in the coffeehouses, they were planning murder. All this talk crept into our beings and fear held us by the throat in spite of my father's calmness.

One night our manservant raised the alarm. The soldiers were marching, they were coming to kill us. We children ran to my mother, my father was away and we felt alone. We heard the bugles blowing and the firing of the soldiers. The soldiers tramped before our house, it was pitch dark, we could not see them. But we heard them moving in the island, and fear guarded the mountains.

When my father returned he calmed our wide eyes. This was only a demonstration. The Greek soldiers were trying to find our soldiers who were in hiding among the hills. Their hiding place was impregnable but the Greeks wanted to paint our eyes with their efforts. In spite of his words we cast sly glances at the door and all night long we sat and listened to the marching.

What if they came to shoot us? We could not leave the house, we could not leave the island. The boats did not stop here, our mail had been taken over by the Greeks. We were cut off from all news from home. We would be murdered like rats in a trap.

It was too much for us. Every morning the enemy bugles woke us and the dread of the soldiers floated over us. Mother had also the fear for uncle. Had he been shot or killed, who could tell? We heard nothing save the tramping of the soldiers, the piercing bugles and the shouts of the people.

One night I heard a heated discussion in the sitting room, my father's voice came to my ears. I rose to go in and Beraet followed me.

"I am a prisoner," my father was saying, "I will have to go to Greece with all the other prisoners."

"And leave us here on the island alone? I will not stay without you," mother retorted.

"The Greek captain told me you could go back to Constantinople, he was very nice and obliging."

"I cannot go back," mother answered. "Do you think I can go and leave you? Every minute of my life I will be wondering what you are doing. Do you want me to go crazy with worry?" My mother's voice rose in the air.

"But what can I do?" Father was patient with her. "I cannot order here any more. I must do what they tell me. Can't you see the Greek sentinel at our door?"

"I can, I hate the sight of him," mother burst out. "But if you go to Greece, we will come with you, we will not leave you alone."

"It is impossible." Father turned to her. "You cannot face that hardship and besides the Greek authorities will not allow it."

"They will, I will beg them." Mother rose with an energy and determination I had never before seen in her face. "I can face all hardships with you, better that than the constant fear for your life. I will go and beg the captain myself."

My father was silenced. And we children stared from one

face to the other. We were ready to go with father, even as prisoners we would follow him. That night when the Greek captain came home to see my father, my mother turned to him and said:

"Remember all that I told you. I will come soon and speak with the captain."

Father went to the captain and my mother smoked a cigarette impatiently. She was ruminating words and thoughts in her mind. We stood by her silently. Then she rose to go, she had conquered her dislike of begging a favor from an enemy. She went down calmly and we tiptoed behind her. The door of the parlor opened and closed after her.

Beraet and I did not dare follow; we stood by the door tuning our ears to every faint rustle of words. Behind that door a battle was being fought, and remembering my mother's face we knew she would come out victorious. But the discussion lasted long and no matter how quiet we were we could not hear a word.

Then the door opened, we threw ourselves back, but we saw the captain standing near the door and bowing to my mother. I could see his face, it was kind and grave. My mother's was expressionless. She looked tired and her eyes were drawn. She did not even see us, as she swept by and climbed the stairs slowly. We watched her, hardly breathing; we knew we would go to Greece as prisoners. The thought froze us in place. What would the Greeks do to us?

When nurse and the servants heard that we were going with father, they came to my mother and begged her to take them along.

"For Allah's sake, hanoumdjim, don't leave us here to be killed." They fell on their knees and kissed mother's hem and implored her.

Mother tried to reason with them but they would not listen. They wanted to come with us as prisoners rather than be left on the island. Mother finally agreed to beg this favor of the Greek captain. She did and he consented after much difficulty.

The daughters of the sheih came to see us almost every day. The thought that mother was going away brought sad lines to their faces. They wanted to leave Mytilene but the sheih effendi was old and they had no money. Mother had been a consolation to them. Harm could not fall on them while the governor was still on the island. They shook their heads and the elder daughter held a handkerchief to her eyes.

We were leaving Mytilene soon. The prisoners were to be carried to Greece on a small Greek cargo boat that lay in the harbor. We could not take with us anything, except a few suitcases. What would we do with all our furniture and our clothes? Mother was packing night and day. Trunks were filled and locked, the furniture put in wooden crates, but there was no one to protect them after we had gone.

The Greek captain promised that they would remain safely in the house. One day someone came and sealed our trunks and they were locked in a room. But we did not hope to see them again and we never did.

"Ah, this terrible war, when will it end, Allah on high?" mother said as she went from trunk to trunk.

The last night in Mytilene I could not sleep. I heard the hurried footsteps of mother and the maids moving in and out of rooms. The thought of the coming trip would not leave my mind. Once more we were moving, but this time it was with heavy hearts. This was not another adventure, another city would not welcome us with its alluring strangeness. Surely prison awaited us. And then I tossed

restlessly in my bed. Prisons were cold and clammy and there were no beds. This thought made me hug my pillow and my clean white sheets. And then I fell asleep at last.

Nurse woke me early. The last night on the island had vanished, we were going. The bare house hurt us, and the sun shining on Mytilene and the island gay with flowers and trees.

We drove to the quay, the house glided out of our vision reluctantly. Nurse was with us, the maids, the manservant and our dog Shep. We were a forlorn little group. At the quay we went to the office of the Greek company where we waited to go on board. Father went to buy food, the boat would not supply us with anything. The minutes dragged, the chairs became of stone and still we sat and waited.

My father came in finally and we were leaving Mytilene. The other officials and policemen had been put on the boat. Now it was our turn. From the door I peered out and saw the quay alive with curious people and some who looked like ruffians and meant mischief. I drew back, it would be a torture to walk out. Mother and we children went ahead, the leering faces were close to ours. But the shouts of derision faded on these faces, the outstretched arms dropped down. Amidst the silence of these people we walked out escorted by the Greek soldiers. Every stone was hot under our feet, and yet we moved on. We entered the rowboats, the faces came close to one another, words rippled and rumbled. The rowboat was pulling towards the little cargo boat. Mytilene lay in sunshine, the scent of flowers was wafted to us, but the black mass of people held my eyes. And now the dark hull of the boat loomed before us and back of her stood Greece, a menacing evil that had drawn us in her net at last.

CHAPTER XVIII

IN THE ENEMY'S LAND

THERE was only one cabin on the boat and this was given to us. It was a big one with six berths and a table in the middle. In that cabin we stayed for hours waiting for the boat to pull out. We did not want to go on deck and have the island full in our faces. Finally we felt a slow vibration and the boat steamed away. It was dark and we went on deck for some fresh air. Near the hold we saw a sailor on guard with a gun in his hands. Mother had asked us to see if the Greek carpenter Vassil, who had come with us from Constantinople, was among the prisoners.

Just then Vassil stuck his head out of the hold and seeing us he was filled with joy. He tried to climb out. The sentinel forced him down with the butt of his gun.

"I am a Greek, my name is Vassil," he shouted, but the sentinel did not heed his words. The poor man took his sorrowful face down in the hold.

The sentinel glared at us and we moved away. In that dark breathless hole were massed human beings one on top of the other. We went back to our cabin and told mother about the carpenter. Mother sighed and she started to get busy with our food basket. Nurse was helping her. We cooked in that small cabin and later we ate, gathered round the cabin's small table. The air carried in it the smell of cooking and the cabin was stuffy in spite of the open port-holes.

That night a storm rose and the boat started to toss and

pitch. We took refuge in our berths. Suddenly the door opened and a man entered. He flung a couple of basins in the middle of the room and banged the door behind him. Then there was silence except for the groaning of the little boat. Mother was terrified and she kept saying:

"They will drown us and get rid of us. Who cares in the time of war?"

But my father laughed at her fears. The thought of going down in the cold dark waves kept me awake. I must keep from sleeping and try to save myself, but I did not know how to swim. All night long we were tossed in our berths and the waves came splashing over our portholes.

The next day the storm continued. The captain of the boat asked us to come up to his quarters where we could be more comfortable. He was a very kind man and we felt grateful to him. Four days we were tossed and pitched, four days we cooked and lived in that stuffy cabin until we could have shouted with misery.

And one morning we woke up to find ourselves in Piræus. It was still early, the harbor lay quiet. Beraet and I climbed on the deck with nurse. We looked over at the city just beginning to wake. The signs in Greek struck us in the eyes. We turned from them and saw a few ships in the harbor. Their names were in Greek. We heard the rattling of engines and of carriages over cobblestones. Piræus looked dingy and bare.

The captain had told us to be ready at dawn. We had to wait for an order to leave the boat. He did not know when the order would come. We had to be ready to leave any minute. We waited on deck, looking at this enemy city which would swallow us soon. Mother had refused to come on deck. Finally we went to join her while she packed in the cabin. The food basket was being packed, we might need it in Piræus. All morning we waited for the order that

did not come. We did not dare to cook anything for fear the officers would come and order us out of the boat immediately. We sat and munched some dry bread and unraveled our skein of patience.

Late in the afternoon my father came to tell us to get ready. We rose up slowly. Once more I felt my knees trembling beneath me. On the deck we saw Greek officers and at the quay a crowd had gathered, swelling before our eyes with more curious faces. The prisoners were being hauled out of the hold. We stood before the Greek officers trying not to look at the people below. After papers had been signed we were told we could leave the boat. Mother and we children went first over the gangplank and back of us came father with the Greek officers and the soldiers.

The gangplank was unsteady. I hesitated at every step, trying to avoid the stare of curiosity that waited for us below. We were like animals pushed in a snare. The soldiers below were holding back the people who pressed forward. The butts of their guns were lifted high. Someone shouted:

"Down with the Turcos," but it was a feeble cry quickly smothered.

These people were filled with curiosity rather than venom. I could also see wonder and pride painted on their faces. It was not often that Turkish prisoners came to Greece.

We touched earth and felt ourselves squeezed in the crowd. A carriage had drawn near and soldiers stood round it. We entered the carriage, the crowd let out words and laughs. And then I felt a great desire to look at the people. My eyes were caught by a hundred eyes glued on our faces. Close to the carriage was a group of street urchins, a tall ragged boy passed his hand slowly over his throat and made a gurgling sound, intimating that our throats would be cut. I followed his dirty hand moving over his throat

and then I saw Beraet, she leaned forward, almost came face to face with him, and then stuck out her tongue. A quick mocking thrust and then she pulled back and the carriage pulled us away. Mother was oblivious to the scene.

The carriage rattled over the cobblestones. The armed soldiers followed us on horseback. People stopped and stared at us, the children ran after us shaking their fists but the soldiers dispersed them. We sat and wondered where we were going. Maybe we were headed for prison.

The carriage stopped before a small house and my father whispered:

"It is a hotel, we must go and look for rooms."

His words brought a gleam of sunshine to the dark world of our thoughts. We would not be thrust into prison after all. We left the carriage and found ourselves in a crowd. From where had these people come? The streets had looked deserted and of a sudden the people pressed against one another and stared at us. We entered the hotel quickly keeping our eyes to the door.

At the hotel the officer called for the proprietor and told him we were to stay here. The owner looked at us and he and the officer whispered together. I could hear the word Turco walking in and out of muffled sounds. The owner led the way and we climbed dark, dingy stairs and were shown one room.

"We want more rooms," my father said in Greek.

The officer and the proprietor turned quickly to him, they were startled. The Turco knew Greek, one had to be careful.

"I have no more rooms"—the proprietor looked blank—"only this one," and he pointed to the dark musty room.

"But I have servants and a man, can we all sleep in one room?" father turned to him.

He shrugged his shoulders, what was it to him? Prisoners must not be so particular. If they did not like the room they could go to prison, the state would give them plenty of free rooms.

"Let us go away, Ekrem," mother pleaded. "They are doing this on purpose to create trouble."

The officer volunteered to take us to other places. The dingy room was locked again. We went back to our carriage. But it was the same story everywhere. Reluctant hotel proprietors glared at us as the officer whispered that we were prisoners. Difficulties were piled at each place, no one wanted us. We were tired and discouraged. We might have to go to prison after all. Then we wandered to a dirty district where we stopped before another house. The dirt and filth of it slapped us in the face. This was not even a hotel, it was something like an inn. Only sheep merchants from the mountains stayed there when they came to Piræus.

This time we were taken in. The smell of musty air and onions filled our nostrils. Mother was holding a handkerchief to her face. The place was besieged with dust, the curtains had faded beyond any recognition of color. The rooms that were shown to us were repulsive, but we were relieved to think that we had found a place to put our heads.

When the officer left us at last, mother and nurse turned to the rooms. We children and nurse were to sleep in one room with Shep on the doorstep. We opened quickly the windows and let in the fresh air. Mother marched to the beds and turned them over. I saw her drawing back and ran to her. It was the sheets, they were almost black with filth. How could we sleep in these beds? Mother had one sheet with her and this she spread over her bed. She would use her bathrobe as a cover and go to bed with a dress on.

Father came in, filth did not affect him, he did not seem to care about the beds.

"We shall have to do our own cooking," he said. "Does the alcohol stove work well?"

"And do we have to cook again?" Mother was discouraged. "Aman, Allah, let these days of misery end."

Father was inspecting the stove, mother was busy with the beds, and we found ourselves with air between our hands. It was already dark, an old petroleum lamp threw a sickly glare in the room. Mother started to cook with nurse and the odor of food filled the room. The kitchen had proved impossible. And over us descended a vast hopelessness that crushed us wordless in our corners.

The days had more hours in Piræus, and we could do nothing with these hours that dragged their feet lamely. Beraet and I wandered to the upper story where the maids and our manservant slept. Out in the hall we lingered and played cards. Nurse had smuggled in a pack, and with an eye on the stairs we played "iskambil" and "the girl vanished." My father did not want us to play cards, once when we were very little he had caught us playing and had torn our cards. In spite of that we played secretly, there was nothing else to do. But they were lifeless games, no longer did I jump out of my skin with joy.

When nurse went to help mother with the cooking our games would be interrupted. Beraet and I went down too and watched nurse with her pots and pans. The cooking was done on the one table in mother's room. This made mother nervous, and often she would scold nurse and us if we were in the way. We ate in the same room, on the same table, where the smell of food lingered and the alcohol lamp spluttered.

Once Beraet went out with our manservant, but I refused to go with them. Beraet begged me to come but I was

firm. I could not bear to wander through this city that I had come to dislike and have the loafers gape at me. I watched Beraet from the window and being left alone I was sorry I had been stubborn. I might have gone for a breath of fresh air and escaped this horrid place for a few seconds. But I had not been able to overcome my dislike and the memory of our landing.

Beraet came back holding packages, her cheeks were red and she did not look angry or downcast. Had it been an awful ordeal? Beraet looked at me surprised. She had ignored the people and their stares, it was so good to be in the fresh air. Why had I not come with her? I could not explain and all day long I felt restless and my legs twitched for the open road again.

People came to the inn, some sheep merchants from Monastir. They were coarse and loud-voiced people and strutted in their heavy boots. They knew Turkish, since they had lived in Turkey, and came to talk to us, they had heard that we were prisoners. They talked of war and misery.

"Hundreds of sheep have I left, my house and property," one merchant was telling my mother. "Ah, this war, when will it end? The Serbians came in, the city was a well of terror and I fled."

The man shook his head and sighed. There were others who came to talk to us and unfold their yards of sorrow. Mother in return told our plight. We came to like these rough sheep merchants who talked our language and came from our country, and we forgot that they were Greeks.

The inn was filled for a time. A peasant from a small village came one day. He was wearing an odd costume, we children peered at him from mother's room. His looks and manner frightened us. The morning following his arrival mother went out in the hall to talk to the servant about the

food question. The servant was kind to us and helped us with our supplies. The hall was deserted and Beraet and I were playing there with Shep. After a while we heard a door opening and the peasant came out to the hall. He saw mother and the servant deep in talk and his face changed. He went straight on them, his eyes blazing.

"Why do you talk to these Turcos?" he yelled, marching on the girl. "Are they not our hated enemies?"

Beraet and I had risen and we were holding Shep who was barking furiously. The dog incensed the peasant who flung his arms and shouted in Greek:

"What kind of a place is this? Are you not ashamed to take in Turkish prisoners? Fling them out of the house, the street is too good for them."

My mother had not moved nor drawn back and now she faced the man and she broke out into Greek:

"What do you care, mind your own business. This is not your place and I am not talking to you."

With a quick dart of the hand the peasant had bared a big cutlass and he marched on my mother. Beraet and I shrieked with terror, Shep barked and wriggled in my arms and the servant girl yelled:

"Help, help, for Christ's sake, there is a madman in the house."

The only person who was calm was my mother. She stood facing the peasant with his knife. The man had come eye to eye with her and his arm was stretched over her head. But still mother stared deep into him and did not move. Luckily the sheep merchants heard our cries and they came running up and dragged away the peasant.

"He is mad, mad, the Holy Virgin spare us," the servant mumbled.

Then I looked over at my mother and saw that she was weak now and white. We ran to her and helped her to her

room. Nurse came running to the room. Then she ran out and came with three pieces of burning charcoal, these she dropped in a glass filled with water and then made us all drink a few drops. My father came in some time later.

"Why do you talk to these people?" he asked in anger, having heard about the incident.

"But I was talking to the servant about food," mother answered. "I did not know that the peasant would come."

She sounded nervous and my father realized the fright that had struck her and he tried to calm her. The peasant would not harm her again. But the morning's scene loomed big in our eyes and we did not want to leave our rooms again. We saw the peasant that night, he only glared at us and mumbled under his breath. The next day he left the inn and the air seemed freer after he had gone.

The sheets were not changed once in all the days that we stayed in the inn. The servant looked surprised when mother asked if there were no other sheets in the place. Of course there were but these were reserved for newcomers. Mother did not insist, the incident of the peasant had taught her silence. There was not even a bathtub in the place; one had to wash in a basin and water was scarce. We sank deep in this atmosphere of filth and smell of cooking that never left our rooms.

"If only I could throw myself to Constantinople," my mother said often.

"Have patience," father would answer, "the end of patience is salvation."

My father said he would go to Venizelos and ask him to liberate the civil officials. We were not soldiers and he should not keep us any longer. But he had to secure an audience and he was trying for it with all his might. He went to the German consulate, the Germans were taking care of the Turkish subjects, and asked the consul to help

him. The consul promised to secure the interview but told father he had to wait for some time. Finally word was brought that Venizelos would receive my father. He left us in the inn and went up to Athens.

A glint of hope pierced our world of onions and dirt. If father was successful we would go to Constantinople, we would be rid of this inn and this city which we hated. When my father came back we ran to the door to welcome him, and we saw that he was laughing for the first time in many days. We kissed his hand and followed him to the room. Once the door was closed, father turned to us and said:

"I have seen Venizelos, we are free."

"Ekrem, are you sure?" Mother could not believe her ears.

"Yes, I am, anyhow the authorities will give us the order for our freedom soon. We can go to Constantinople."

"By the first boat,"—mother got up—"even if it is a dirty cargo boat, or a boat big as a tub. I cannot stay a minute more in this place."

Beraet and I were clapping our hands and laughing. We were going, we were free at last. This was the greatest joy of our lives.

"Venizelos received me very well," my father was saying. "We talked politics. He told me he was born in Crete and that he had tried to draw Greece and Turkey together. But the Unionists had spoiled his hopes."

Towards night two Greek officers came and asked to see my father. They were out in the hall and father went to see them. Mother and we children peeped from the door. The officers had come to inform us that we were henceforth free. They saluted and turned on their heels and father came to us radiant.

"Did I not tell you?" he asked. "Now you can rejoice."

"Ekrem, find out about boats, quickly. Let us not miss our chance," mother insisted.

"Tomorrow morning I will," father promised.

"Why not now?" Mother turned to him surprised.

"These women, they have no patience," he grumbled. "What shall I do now, it is night. What information can I find?"

Mother had to give in but she was not soothed. She went here and there in the room unable to sit in any place. She started packing; from that she went to cooking and all with a fever of restlessness that burned in her face. That night we did not mind our canned food, the smell of cooking nor the dingy sheets. We were happy, we smiled at one another and were impatient for the morning. Once in our room, Beraet and I turned to nurse:

"Little nurse, think of it, we are going to Stamboul, are you not happy?"

"Yes, yavroularim, my children, my heart throbs with happiness," she said.

"Then tell us a little fairy tale, nurse, just one, you have not told us one for so long."

"But now you are grown up," nurse said, but she did not seem unwilling.

"Please, nurse, the inside-of-my-heart, nurse, tell us one. We are not too old yet," we begged.

Nurse settled on the dirty sofa and we sat cross-legged near her. She swallowed hard and smacked her lips. The oft-repeated tale drifted in the darkened room. The outside world faded from our vision. We forgot that we were in Piræus and that we were prisoners. The world of enchantment opened before us, palaces of gold and jewels

shone before our eyes and beautiful fairies waved their magic.

In the morning I woke up laughing. Why was I so happy? Then the events of last night smiled into my memory. We were going to Stamboul. I threw off the bedcovers and ran to Beraet.

"Wake up, sleep lover," I shouted, "we are going to Stamboul, we are going home."

Beraet straightened in her bed and opened her eyes. I pulled her out of bed and together we executed a wild, noisy dance. Nurse came in then and pulled us apart and helped us to dress.

"Is the boat ready, nurse?" we asked.

"How can I know?" nurse said. "But breakfast is ready and getting cold."

We ran into mother's room and kissed her hand. My father had gone out already. Mouths full of bread, we asked questions. My mother told us to finish eating and not to talk when we were. But this did not break our spirits that were rising every minute.

We were leaving Greece, father had bought the tickets. The boat was in the harbor. Beraet and I ran to nurse to tell her the good news. Nurse was not in the room.

"Girl where are you
Where are you?"

"I am on the ceiling
On the ceiling."

"If I find you on the ceiling
I will beat you on the ceiling."

We sang at the top of our voices. Nurse came in and we threw ourselves on her. We were going today, where had

she put our blue sailor suits? We dressed in a hurry and then turned to Shep. Where was his leash? Nurse found it for us. At the sight of it Shep jumped to our heads and began to bark with joy.

"We are going, Shep, we are going to Stamboul," we sang to him.

The Russian boat was anchored in the harbor. We left the inn with our eyes on the ship. The dirty district and the people faded from our eyes. People still stared at us because father had insisted on wearing his fez and mother had her tcharshaf on. But this time we saw nothing, not one face could come between us and the ship that lay so beautifully in the harbor. We were rowed to her, turning our backs on Piræus, shutting out all the misery and the suffering.

The decks were so clean that we could have kissed them. Our laughter rang in the boat. Shep sniffed corners and ran out of our hands.

"Look out for the dog," mother warned us.

But it was too late. Shep had succumbed to the temptation of corners and clean decks. We grabbed him in our arms under the severe eyes of the officers. He was taken from us and put in the hold and his piercing cries followed us to the cabin.

What a clean cabin! We threw ourselves on the sheets and hugged them. There was a smell of soap and sea in them that made us want to cry and laugh. The boat pulled away at last and we watched Piræus fade to a dim point.

As we were entering the harbor of Smyrna father told us about the mines, deathly engines of war, that could blow our ship to pieces. We were sailing cautiously and Beraet and I looked at the water with fear trembling on our lips. What if we struck a mine and were blown to pieces with home smoking before our eyes? Allah would preserve us,

had we not suffered enough to deserve the peace and love of Stamboul?

The danger of mines was over and once more we could breathe freely. We loved this Russian boat, and our stewardess who told us stories of Siberia and suffering in her broken French. We understood only snatches of what she said. We begged her to take care of Shep and after every meal she took food to him.

They served us excellent Russian caramels after every meal and Beraet and I saved ours for Abla. We had nothing else to give her from our journey. The caramels were guarded jealously. They had attractive colored papers and odd writings on them. To think that we were going to see Abla and brother and maybe live with grandfather again! The thought of it flung us out of our skins. If only the boat would hurry and reach Stamboul.

We came one early afternoon. From afar we saw Stamboul shrouded in a mist. It was pouring rain and the city lay veiled to our eyes. We lingered on the deck and watched Stamboul bowing her head under this deluge. It was a gray sad world, not the Stamboul of sunshine and flowers. This war of misery had crushed her spirits. It was war and defeat, and now that our misery had ended we thought of it. Stamboul also was marred by war, it was not the haven of rest we had dreamed of in our dirty inn in Piræus. Disaster lay heavily on the city.

We landed cold and miserable with the rain. Our relatives kissed us under dripping umbrellas. They were sad and broken-spirited. We were piled in carriages, our clothes were soaked and we felt shivers in our legs. The horses were lean, the coachman old and bowed with age. In the carriage Beraet and I drew out our treasure. But alas, the rain had dripped into our pockets and the caramels lay

sticky in our fingers with their finery dulled with the rain.

Grandfather's house welcomed us, the house we had dreamed of in our exile and had longed to see. Delli Ibrahim came to us and he sang out:

"You are here again, prisoners with holes in your pockets," but his voice lacked its old cheer and we only smiled half-heartedly.

The house was cold and damp, the garden lay withered before our eyes, and our relatives were sad. Our spirits lay broken and we looked at the rain that came in twisted columns of agony. War and misery lay on Stamboul and on this house that we loved. And we who had come from the horror of exile could not bring cheer to it. We had neither home nor money, my father had lost his position again, the war had sucked away everything. The rain pelted down and echoed our misery with its silent splashing and its heartbreaking sadness.

CHAPTER XIX

BLACK BREAD AND PAPER DRESSES

Captain Kagerah, an officer in the Germany navy, came to see us one day, and presented a little package to my mother, saying:

"Please accept my humble gift, madam."

Mother opened the little package and four long, white lumps of sugar were revealed. We shouted with joy. We were then in the midst of the Great War.

Out of the Balkan War into the Great War. We had come from Piræus to a Turkey that was like a toy with its springs of gayety broken. We who had longed for her, as one longs after a soothing balm, found out that her trouble was even greater than ours. The Balkan War had struck deeply into the roots of a wavering empire. It was not the Turkish soldiers who marched into Sofia in a week, but the Bulgarians who came to the very gates of Constantinople. We suffered ignominious defeat, the loss of men and provinces and of our pride. We emerged from the war shorn, tired and suffering.

It was a year of trouble, a year that had stepped with the wrong foot out of the cradle. No sooner did we open our eyes to better days than illness fell upon us. Beraet and I came down with scarlet fever, caught in the dirty cargo boat. Then Abla and brother had the measles and gave it to my father. This did not surprise us, for that year the puppet Sultan Rechad, the "cotton father," a man of seventy, also caught the measles and tossed in his royal

bed. And then came to us months of agony, brother developed typhoid fever and was dangerously ill. Our house was silence and tiptoes. It was a long-tailed trouble that had descended upon us.

That year I was put in the American Preparatory School and the days of my freedom were over. This led to tears and struggles, for I did not want to go to school, and the English language was a wall that I could not scale.

For a long time the government kept my father dangling. It was said that the Archipelago Islands would be given back to Turkey and then father would go back there as governor. Then the governorship bubble burst at last and father went back to his professorship. Everything that we had left in Mytilene we never saw again. The house was plundered after we left. We had to set up house again and we found ourselves in pinched days.

One day I returned from school, my bag heavy on my arms, and I found my elders gathered in the sitting room. Uncle was there and some other relatives.

"This will lead to war," father was saying.

I froze motionless on the doorstep, the word war reopened pages of suffering that I had thought closed forever. The Greek fleet in the harbor of Mytilene and the soldiers marching under our eyes flashed before me. And the inn at Piræus, that dirty horror of a place, all these had come because of war.

I gathered with my silence that an Austrian archduke had been shot and killed in Serbia. How could this event lead to war? Princes and kings had been shot before, it was their fate to be killed nowadays.

The newspapers rustled like evil winds and shrieked their headlines in big black letters. The faces before me were torn with wildness except my father's. He looked sad and thoughtful.

"Europe has long been preparing for war, this will serve as an excuse," he said.

Talk rose in the air, the strength of the European countries was discussed. France had not forgotten the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, but Germany was strong, my uncle could tell us about that. He had been in the German army long enough to realize its power. If war broke out in Europe, could Turkey remain neutral? How could she with the Dardanelles?

"We will be pushed into it, and the Unionists do not see the end of their noses," mother said, and father agreed with her.

Our lives were changed of a sudden. It was no longer a series of mellow humdrum days. The evil that had burst in Europe took hold of us. Every morning our elders threw themselves on the newspapers and these kept up their evil rustlings. Breakfast was torn with discussions. We talked war from morning until night, and even we children were dragged into it. We could not remain children with our very lives threatened again. The successive events in Europe took our breaths away. And often when I was in school, deep in my books, I could hear again the heated words that had pounded on my head for weeks.

One early morning uncle came to our house and he was so excited that we all ran to him with fear.

"There are two warships in the harbor carrying Turkish flags. They are German ships," he said out of breath.

Later we went down to the bridge and saw the two warships in the harbor. They were so beautiful and new, and the Turkish flag fluttered proudly from their masts. One of them was the famous *Goeben* and the other the *Breslau*. Crowds of people had gathered on the bridge and the shores to look at these two boats, and they rubbed their

eyes in wonder. How had these two ships come to Constantinople with the English fleet guarding the Mediterranean?

That night we gathered once more to our wonder. Rumors came flying to us. Everyone asked the same question, had we seen the German warships? They were not phantom ships but real ones and the *Goeben* carried a German admiral on board. We were told that the German emperor had sent a personal wireless to these two streaks of lightning and had ordered them to go to Constantinople. The German men-of-war had started on their amazing journey flying the Turkish flag. Their tremendous speed had saved them. Another said the English admiral who had chased them nearly had a stroke when the German ships slipped through his fingers and sailed through the Dardanelles.

The next morning the newspapers announced that the Turkish government had bought these two warships from Germany. We shook our heads over the news. Would Germany sell two of her fastest boats to Turkey when she was in the midst of war if she did not hope to gain Turkey's support?

"Germany is forcing us to join her side and the Unionists are more than willing," my father declared.

He did not want war, his friends did not want it for the most part. Every sensible and clear-thinking person wanted Turkey to remain neutral as long as she could, even Sultan Rechad was against it. But who heeded him? He was weak and old and the destiny of the country was in the hands of three men—Enver and Co.

Every day enormous motor cars tore through the narrow crooked streets of Stamboul. They passed with terrific speed and the people scattered away in fright. Enver and Co. sprawled in their cars. Enver and Co. were in the full

glory of their power. No one could raise a voice against them. The newspapers were theirs and the people were afraid as in the days of Hamid's reign.

One day we woke up to the horror of war. The two warships, carrying Turkish flags, sailed to the Black Sea and bombarded the Russian port of Sebastopol. The Russians had been taken unawares and the town had been ruined. The German admiral had given the order but it was said that Enver and Co. knew of the plan. The *Goeben* and the *Breslau* sailed back to Constantinople, Turkish flags high. The people crowded on the shores of the village welcoming the two ships. Cries of "long live" rent the air, handkerchiefs were waved, the crowd had lost its head with excitement over the shooting and the sight of these boats. That day people poured into the streets and one could not pass because of the crowds. Turkey had joined the Germans, Turkey had been dragged into the Great War headlong, reckless. The big cars tooted proudly up and down the streets and the Unionist leaders were filled with pride. The newspapers shrieked and rustled once more.

My uncle came to see us and I could see his face was in the clutches of that excitement that shook the city of Stamboul. We would win the war, Turkey would rise a powerful nation again. He was going soon, he did not know where. And with death staring him in the face he could joke and laugh. And we who had to stay home, we who did not have to fight, we had neither the desire nor the heart to laugh.

Some of father's influential friends in the government were optimistic. The war would end soon, Germany would wipe out France. But mother was not easily convinced.

"Let us buy some supplies," she said, "one never knows when war will end."

The little ready money that father had was sunk in buying flour, sugar and other essentials. Some people laughed at us and said that the war would end before our supplies. We hoped that it would. That feeling of excitement, that craze for war did not exist in our hearts. The mob had been carried away, lured with victory and conquest, the Unionists were sure of themselves and Germany. But to us war was a deadly menace. We had not yet forgotten the Balkan War and the Greeks in Mytilene.

The war did not end. From morning until night there was only one topic of conversation—war. We followed the march of armies and the first victories of the Germans and yet our hearts were not happy.

One by one the young of Stamboul were gathered and sent off to fight. Money became scarce and Stamboul was no longer the paradise of the poor. Prices went up in leaps and bounds and poverty stalked the streets of the old city.

The war touched the vital spot of the Turk, his bread. Bread is life to us in Turkey and many families lived on bread. Now our good bread turned black, it was said that bread was made of chestnut shells. It was impossible to eat it, we said, and looking at these black and unbaked loaves we cursed the war and the Unionists.

One day, at the beginning of the war, the breadman came loaded with snow-white bread. The cries of the maids brought us down from our rooms. We kissed the white loaves. That day we bought as much as we could. Mother cut the dry bread in slices and put them in the oven, for the next day once more the ungainly loaves of black bread were brought to us and the sight of them made us shudder.

A few days later a friend of ours came with her tale

of woe. She, too, had brought loaves of white bread but some days later these had molded.

"To think that we have piles of snow-white bread and we can't eat them," she mourned.

Mother told her we had baked our white bread and she beat her breast with sorrow. The children could not eat this unwholesome bread, one of them had fallen sick.

We came to miss these early editions of bread, as the war dragged we were given "bobota," a yellow flat loaf that peace-time dogs would not eat. This substitute for bread was made out of corn husks mixed with broom seeds. We took to eating potatoes instead of bread and these were very expensive.

A policeman came to our house and counted all the people and looked at our birth certificates. Then we were given a piece of paper and told that henceforth bread and supplies would be measured out by the government. One had to go to a small building in our village and get the measured supplies and these were so reduced that we were faced with the possibility of starving in slow measures. Everything was cut down even to petroleum and we found ourselves learning economy. Our tea, which was no tea at all, we began to drink with one lump of sugar. Mother adopted the Tartar habit of putting a lump in her mouth and stretching it for one cup. Finally we children took to pouring Turkish molasses into our tea and this gave it a peculiar taste that we did not enjoy.

The crowd before the government building was dense, and people waited hours and fought to get in for their miserable pittances. We would watch the crowd from the window, mostly women and old men. Their faces were pinched and yellow and in winter they would shiver in their thin clothing.

The war dragged and we were surpised. The loud-voiced optimists ceased their bragging. The Germans had not gone into Paris in a few days. The war dragged and we were discouraged, food was scarce, the people of Stamboul were breaking with starvation, the days were somber and sad. The war dragged and we were exasperated and thought that it would never finish.

Stamboul grew old. The streets were deserted, only old men shambled along and women with faces heavy as lead. The young were going, streams of them left and never came back. Stamboul was lifeless, starved and miserable. Every day the papers published long lists of names and thousands melted away with the war. How the women cried these days, and even the men! It was a torture to meet someone, the tale of death and sorrow would be unfolded. And still the young left and the women sorrowed and children grew up old and sad and still the war dragged.

The Allies came to the Dardanelles and Stamboul was threatened. The straits were not well fortified and we had no fleet. And worse still the minister of war, Enver, was a worthless madman who admired only himself. Uncle had to go to the Dardanelles and the fear for his life hung over us. Our Allies were to send us the big caliber cannons that we needed; meanwhile the enemy fleets were threatening us. Some days, when the wind blew from the south, we could dimly hear a roaring sound that froze the blood in our bodies. The enemy guns boomed relentlessly.

More young men were gathered, almost boys, these, without hair on their faces. The death lists grew enormous. The enemy landed, protected by its own fire. Once Enver sent a whole detachment against the enemy. In a day

it melted away, thousands of men were killed and maledictions were poured upon that one man who was their murderer.

Father's brother-in-law held an important position in the government. He called father to him one day. When father came back his face was white.

"The enemy may force the Dardanelles and come to Stamboul any day," he told us.

We looked at him too petrified to utter a word. If the enemy came in, what would we do? Father's brother-in-law was ready to flee to Broussa and he had told my father to come along. The conquest of Stamboul was a matter of days.

In school I could not put my mind on my books but only on these steel ships pounding death. At home mother was trying to pack. To go to Broussa was not easy, we did not have money. Our parents deliberated and they looked older than their years. We finally decided to remain in Stamboul. If the enemy came we, too, would suffer the fate of the thousands in the city.

The brother-in-law left with his family and we sat and waited for the enemy to sail through the Dardanelles. But they did not come through, by a miracle. One day the enemy fleets sailed away and the immediate danger of the Dardanelles was removed. Uncle came on leave and told us about the war there. Our hair stood on end. Fields covered with bodies, burial had been impossible. The soldiers fighting while they were half starving. Fighting against fleets and guns undaunted, they had fought for a whole country. He told us about a commander, Moustapha Kemal.

"He is a great man," uncle said, "it is he who saved the Dardanelles. That Enver, let his head be broken."

Uncle was bitter and looked older. The central govern-

The author's father and mother on a balcony of the Arnaoutkeny house

ment had issued fool orders and if today we were sitting at home safely, we owed it to Moustapha Kemal. And we thanked this officer in our hearts and wished him long life.

The food question was becoming impossible, the ration granted by the government was a drop of water to the thirst of our needs. A pound of sugar, could it be enough for a large family? And yet we had to stretch it for a month. The official who gave out the rations was strict, he would be particular even about one lump. Someone found us an officer who sold out supplies secretly. We bought from him at times with great trouble.

Isaac, who came to us again every day, wanted to make money. The officer gave him the idea. He would sell Isaac many pounds of sugar at a cheap price and Isaac would keep the sugar and sell it later at any price he wanted. Isaac had some gold coins he was saving carefully and these he gave to the officer. The days came and the days went and still Isaac did not have his sugar. The officer ceased to come to our house and Isaac could not find him anywhere. Isaac's gold coins were gone forever. He was heart-broken with grief. He nicknamed the officer, "Take-and-run," and this with the maledictions he piled on the officer's head was the only revenge that Isaac had.

The food question we could not solve. We lived as best we could. We did not complain, for thousands were starving in Stamboul. Then there was the question of clothing. Prices had become prohibitive for our budget. Mother opened the big trunks that were always stored at grandfather's when we traveled. The old brocaded robes with long trains were taken out of their moth balls and deft fingers fashioned them into dresses for us children. One by one these relics of an old and happier age were sacrificed. Mother was reduced to her wedding gown, we did

not want to touch it, but this, too, fell in the clutches of the scissors.

One day I came upon some beautiful Irish linen sheets and tablecloths. One could make summer dresses out of them. Mother agreed with a sigh, they were her prize possessions. But the merciless war took them too. Anyhow we were not using tablecloths any longer, soap was too expensive. Mother had installed an oilcloth on the dining-room table. The first day that we had to eat on it, mother could not touch her food and we all had no appetite. But we got used to the oilcloth as we had got used to so many other things.

All afternoon mother sat and darned our stockings. How she ranted against the war then! There were no stockings in Stamboul. These that she had bought became full of holes in one wearing. She sat for hours trying to close holes as big as eggs. Our stockings were so full of darns that they hurt our feet.

"How do you manage to tear your stockings so quickly?" mother would ask, despaired at every new hole. "In a day you eat them."

Beraet and I tried to spare them. We tried not to wiggle our toes in them. But it was no use. The holes came whatever we did. Often Beraet and I would try to do our own darning. We did not know how. We took the hole and sewed it up, but this method was hard on our toes. It was hard on the stockings, too, and mother scolded us.

One of the shops advertised a new lot of German stockings to be sold at cheap rates. Mother ran over with a sigh of relief. They were black cotton stockings and looked durable. Mother bought as many pairs as the budget could afford. That night she said with a sigh of relief:

"I will not have to darn for some time. Aman, Allah, what joy."

Beraet and I were happy too as we wore these new treasures. What joy not to have one's toes fighting with the world's darning thread. But alas, our joy was not for long. That night there was little left of the proud stockings we had worn. They were old rotten stuff, the shop had fooled us. Mother went back with the remaining lot but the shop would not take them back. How could they know their stockings were bad? And if the war lasted longer we would not even find these. We were aghast and turned home thoughtfully.

Mother had bought me a pair of solid English shoes at the beginning of the war. I was thankful for that pair. But after years of hard wear the front part wore off. Isaac said he would take them to his shoemaker and have them arranged so that they would look brand new. When the shoes came back I remained open-mouthed. What had the shoemaker done to them? The round toes had become pointed and were of a deeper hue than the back. I was furious but I had to wear these odd-looking shoes to school because mother could not afford to buy me a new pair. These shoes I hated with venom but I wore them long.

Mother found in her trunk a pair of high laced boots that were new but had been too small for her. She had bought them in the old days and had thrown them in a corner. And now she came upon them. It was a pity no one could use them. The leather was excellent. Isaac came to the rescue. The boots could be cut off and arranged. His shoemaker could do a good job on them. They would become a nice pair of shoes for Beraet hanoum, who was in need of them. Isaac took away the boots and when he brought them back we all burst into laughter. The shoes were horrible, with toes turning up. They were neither boots nor low shoes. Beraet burst into tears, she would not

wear such atrocities. Isaac then turned his glib tongue to her.

"Look at these shoes, sultanim, they fit you like gloves. Hey, life-of-my-life shoemaker, you are an artist."

But Beraet could not be convinced and Isaac's shoes lingered under her bed. And yet we should not be particular. Women now had begun to wear slippers with soles made out of strings. These were poor women but we also might come to this. In fact mother bought some for all of us, to wear in the house so as to save our shoes.

One day mother gave me a pair of low patent leather shoes. They belonged to grandfather but he had given them away as they were too small for him. I turned the shoes in my hands, they had the broad toes that I wanted but they were too big for me. I wore them and swam in them, but I was desperately in need of shoes. I wore them even to school and someone had laughed and asked if I was wearing my father's shoes. I told her they were grandfather's and walked away. They were better than the slippers with which mother threatened us.

We were astonished to read that the Germans were manufacturing paper dresses. These came to Constantinople and the shops exhibited them. Even these were expensive and people crowded to the shop windows and looked at them from far.

"Will we be driven to wear paper dresses?" mother said. "Allah, do you not see our misery?"

The paper dresses did not take well because of their prices. We were told that the Germans wore them. We clung to our old clothes and prayed to see the end of the war.

In the midst of this misery the hat question came again to the surface. Father received a letter from the police of

our village ordering that we should be covered. Beraet and I were growing up and it was long past the time of the tcharshaf. My father read us the letter. I was furious. How could people think of our hats when the war was killing us by inches? Mother shook her head. Where was the money to buy materials for two tcharshafs?

"Let the government give us the money to buy material," I burst out, "since they want us to be covered. We have no money for food even."

I had long fights over the tcharshaf question. Not that my parents were narrow-minded, they did not care whether I wore a hat or not. But one could not play with the Unionists. One day my father might be thrust into prison for our hats. This filled me with terror. It was not fair that father should suffer for my stubborn hatred of the tcharshaf and yet I could not accept. Some of my distant relatives criticized my family for allowing us to wear hats and with these I fought and told them that I could be a Moslem and a Turk and still wear the hat. They told me to explain that to the police and laughed at me.

Now I had grown older and the restrictions piled on the Turkish women irritated me. Women could not go anywhere. They had to sit in their houses and not be able to shake off the gloom of the war with some distraction. An Austrian company had come to town and gave musical comedies. But the Turkish women were barred from the representations. Two Turkish girls had gone wearing hats. The police dragged them away. And later we heard that they had been exiled to the interior. We did not know if that was true, but the police had arrested them for wearing hats and appearing in a public place. That question was discussed loudly at home, side by side with the war.

"The Turkish women should rise," I shouted. "Why do

they accept this tyranny? The government cannot send us all to prison. We should take our rights if no one will give them to us."

To think that in the trolley cars an ugly red curtain separated the Turkish women from the men. That small place was jammed with women and they could not step out of it even if they suffocated. Women could not work, if they belonged to the higher classes, women could not enjoy themselves, women could not live. Their fate was to sit behind lattices and curtains and peer at life with a sigh. It was time someone should stand up for their rights. And with this spirit of defiance I wore my hat.

But the shadow of the prison hung over me. Whenever I went out with my mother I talked French with her and English with Beraet, who long ago had followed me to school. No one took me for a Turk, for I wore a hat and had short hair.

The short hair helped me a great deal. One day Cousin Kerime came home and bobbed Beraet's hair for hers was short and in ladders. I begged so hard that finally mother consented. I sat with joy on a chair and Cousin Kerime clipped off my hair. I felt lighter and freer with that heavy load off my head. Mother had consented chiefly because it was too hard to keep my long hair as clean as I wanted. Soap was getting rare.

Beraet and I had long bobs that fell to our necks. Cousin Kerime was not an experienced hairdresser. But when we went to school all the girls stared at us. Girls did not cut their hair in those days. Everyone exclaimed over my head. How could I sacrifice such long hair? I laughed at them, the sacrifice had been the long hair. But my father could not get used to that and each day he shook his head and said:

"How could you cut that hair as beautiful as life."

A friend of my mother's helped me still further. One day she came to visit us and exclaimed that I looked like a priest with my long hair.

"I will trim it a little for you," she said.

She took a big bowl and put it on my head and cut all round it. When the bowl was removed everyone burst into laughter. My hair went up and down in ladders and it was so short and funny. Mother exclaimed that my hair was ruined. I joined the laughter, but on one condition. The village barber would come and cut my hair like a boy's, there was no other way out of it. The barber came and when he understood he had to cut a girl's hair he was shocked. But he gave me a close crop and tried to repair the damage. When I got up it felt as if I had no hair on my head.

With that hair and a hat I could not be Turkish. Surely I must be an eccentric American left in Stamboul by mistake. And thus with pretense and fear I wore my hat.

The enemy airplanes took to flying over us at night. The first raid froze us into terror. We were then living at grandfather's big house on top of a hill. He was dead now and all the aunts had scattered. We were alone in that big house that was so empty and deserted. That night we had gone to bed when we heard the guns booming violently and the house shaking. Our minds flew out of our heads. We ran to turn on the light but the electricity had been cut off. The guns kept booming and we could not hear ourselves. Mother came running to us with fat Eleni, our maid. Mother was so scared that she forgot Eleni's name and kept saying:

"What is your name, what is your name, I have forgotten."

We children had run out of bed. The shooting made speech impossible. Eleni lighted a candle and we threw

coats over us and ran down to the dark and cold cellar. We knew by then that it was an airplane raid. We huddled together and prayed. The house was high and one bomb could blow us off. The big guns of the *Goeben* crashed in the night, answered by the airplanes. Then the noise became dimmer and we breathed a little and came out of our cellar. The house still stood on top of the hill and we were unhurt.

We fled again and again to that cellar. The airplanes would come suddenly over the city and the guns fired away. Lights were turned off. But we got used even to these nightly raids and many times we laughed at Eleni in her grotesque nightly attire. The war had made us reckless and eager for that laughter which we had come to forget. The enemy tried to blow up the arsenal and the ministry of war. A bomb fell near the latter and killed many people.

One morning school was torn from its roots, the police had come, the government was going to close the school and college. Girls cried and almost fainted. There were no classes that day. Our principal and teachers were distracted. We gathered in knots and whispered. If school closed, what would happen to us?

I loved school now, in its four walls I put everything else out of my mind. There the horror of war and death had to be forgotten with books. There I did not hear the rustle of newspapers, the moans of poverty, the talk of food and clothing and the criticisms that my hat roused. In school I shook these thoughts from me, and only then did I become a child and only there did I not forget that I was young and that life stretched before me. Also I became bolder. Now I had read and heard about the American women and admired them for their courage. They seemed as free as the wind to me who was shackled

and bound. The war could not remove the only consolation I had and which was my American school.

School was not closed, my prayers were heard. We only had a fright and the excitement of fear. But still we dreaded that change of attitude so common in the powers that ruled the country then.

And still the war dragged. We did not care any more which side won. We had given up all hopes of power and conquest. Let one side win and let this war end. Turkey had broken under the strain and we, the children of war, had grown hard and bitter. But still the war dragged.

CHAPTER XX

THE DEATH OF OLD STAMBOUL

The war had ended. The long corridors of the American college were alive with girls, girls that ran and, running, laughed and shouted:

"They are coming, they are coming."

The buildings were emptied of girls and teachers. Now the noisy group invaded the gardens and ran headlong to the plateau that overlooked the Bosphorus. I watched them go and soon they were lost amidst trees and turns. I met a friend, a Turkish girl, and she said, "I am going home."

We stood staring at each other. Her home, too, was close to the college and she was not a boarder. Words did not come easily to us and she turned and went away. Her face had looked old and sad and there had been a hurt feeling in her eyes. I, too, thought of home. But going home meant running away. I heard the shouts of the girls drifting from the gardens, and then I knew that the Allied fleets were sailing up the Bosphorus.

The war had ended. When the news came to our home we rejoiced, our happiness flared violently. The war had ended, our ears could not believe it. We were defeated, it is true, but the thought that this horror would not drag any longer made us forget everything else. We were tired of fighting, of misery and death, and above all we wanted peace. How we had laughed these first days and how we had planned to change our lives. Henceforth no talk of

misery, we wanted joy and laughter. Mother said she would cook a big turkey. It was an extravagance but the war had ended, we would not need to pinch and starve any longer.

We had not expected the invasion of Constantinople by our enemies, we had not expected to see the victorious armies marching on our soil and the big warships sailing up our Bosphorus, the pride of our hearts. The occupation of Stamboul by the victorious Allies was a horror that took the joy of the armistice from us.

With the armistice Stamboul had been in turmoil. The Germans were leaving and we expected to bid good-bye to Captain Kagerah who had been a good friend to us all through the war. We waited for him all of one day, his last at Stamboul, but he did not come and we sorrowed. Later we heard that it was he who commanded the ship that helped Enver and Co. to escape from Constantinople. One day we woke to find that the Unionist leaders had fled and left a defeated Turkey to shift for herself.

When the Allied fleets came to Stamboul the city was decorated with enemy flags. The non-Turkish element in the city received the Allies as their savior. Our little village, composed mostly of non-Turks, turned out in holiday attire and crowded to the shores. The flags fluttered in the air, even on the churches. The noise of rejoicing came to us up at the big white house where we sat in sorrow. The Allied fleets passed up the Bosphorus, big ships following one another in an endless line. The shores were thick with people shouting, "Long live, viva."

The fleet went up to the Black Sea, and returning, anchored before Stamboul stretching from the Seraglio Point and filling the harbor. The tale of that day's happenings came to our ears and filled us with anger and sorrow. That day we sat at home and with us all the Turks in Stamboul.

It was a day of misfortune for us and the rejoicing of the different elements had cut us deeply. They who had shared the hardships and sufferings of war with us could not share our sorrow now that the Allies had come to Stamboul.

The enemy armies were not to land in Stamboul; this we had been told, and we believed in these words. But sometime later Stamboul was occupied by the Allies. Who heeded our cries of protest? We were defeated and we had to swallow any bitterness and humiliation that the Allies saw fit to impress upon us.

When the enemy soldiers touched our soil, once more the city was decked with enormous flags falling to the ground. And once more the non-Turkish people filled the streets and threw themselves on the Allies with their joy. The military posts of the city were occupied and many innocents were killed. At a military post there were a few Turkish soldiers who had been assigned as sentinels. They refused to let the Allied soldiers enter and they were shot down. The shooting of soldiers doing their duty raised the anger of the Turks and with hatred we watched these many soldiers from different lands. That night when my father came home he told us with tears in his eyes:

"I went to school as usual. The students were somber, pale and motionless. One of the students, the best in the class asked my permission to speak. I gave it to him.

" 'Dear professor,' he began, 'we are very anxious. We know well that we are here to study and not mix ourselves in politics. But the situation is grave, we have no longer a fatherland, our enemies occupy the city, they might come any day and take our school. These must be the last days of Turkey. Why do you come here to your classes? Since you come to school, it must mean that the country is not yet lost. Tell us how and who will save Turkey.'

" 'The country is not lost,' I answered immediately, 'and it is you who will save Turkey again, you are our hope of salvation. Then work, my children, for Turkey depends upon you. If Constantinople bows under the enemy heels Asia Minor is free. Turn your eyes there and work with all your hearts.'

"The faces before me changed immediately. Loud cries of joy broke from these young men and they set once more to work. It was the most critical and beautiful moment of my life as professor."

Uncle returned these first days of armistice and occupation. But what a different uncle we had before us. He was no longer our gay uncle, quick to laughter and joking. He looked older and tired and a hopelessness marked his face. The war had broken him. He told us about his escape from Palestine and it sounded like a wild fairy tale to us.

"We were quartered in a small Arab village. The news of our defeat and disaster reached us. One morning I woke up and saw soldiers in the streets. They did not look like our soldiers. I looked once more and realized these were English soldiers. I rubbed my eyes and thought I was dreaming. But soon I realized the enemy had come in. The soldiers advanced cautiously, expecting an army before them. We had a few hundred soldiers in the village. I ran to the telephone and called up headquarters.

" 'The English have come,' I said.

The officer at the other end laughed and would not believe me. But I insisted and watched the street. It was no mistake, the English soldiers were coming to the house where I lived. Once more I ran to the telephone but I received no answer. I heard footsteps and closed the phone and ran to the middle of the room. I was not yet dressed. The English soldiers came in with the owner of the house,

who was Arab. They talked together but I could not understand a word. The Englishman did not realize that I was a Turkish officer and the Arab had not given me away. They left, and a nervous trembling took hold of me. My legs refused to carry me and I sat down, shivers grasping my body.

"The owner of the house came back, he was a good man who had heaped kindness upon me. In broken Turkish he told me that the English did not suspect who I was, he had told them I was a friend. He told me not to worry, that I could stay in his house as long as I wanted. I thanked the man as best I could and he went away. But that nervous trembling did not leave me.

"Then the door opened again and I jumped to my feet. A man came in wearing a uniform. I thought he was English, I looked at his face and recognized my soldier.

" 'How did you come?' I asked, filled with surprise.

" 'I walked through the English, they seemed dazed. I came to fetch you, the officers have left headquarters.'

"If I walked out of the house I might be seized and be made a prisoner. What should I do? The soldier was waiting for me calmly as if the English were miles away. I told him to go and make sure if headquarters had moved and where the officers had gone. He left me with the same calmness, I watched him from the window, never hoping to see him again. The shooting had begun, our few soldiers were holding at bay the English, who thought there was a big detachment in the village.

"The soldier came back and told me my friends were retreating, they were up a hill. I put on my uniform and took my revolvers. I was nervous. The thought of marching through the English soldiers and probably being made prisoner was not pleasant. We left the house cautiously and I realized that the English were not sure of themselves.

They did not notice us; the colors of our uniforms were almost alike. The soldier and I made our way slowly and we used all four of our eyes. There was a meadow which the enemy field guns were combing—we had to cross the field. We crouched on the ground. The death engines combed the field and stopped for a fraction of a second. And in that pause we dashed across and threw ourselves flat on the ground. We were saved and I breathed a little. Then we joined the other officers. The scattered remains of the army were retreating. We walked for a day, meeting other scattered groups. Only the detachment of Moustapha Kemal was not broken up and he was retreating in order with his soldiers. I was ready to drop down. Then we met a truck and the officers piled in. We were like sardines in it. We slept on top of each other. The truck broke down and threw us on the ground but not one of us woke up. We were finished with fatigue. Then we came to Stamboul."

One day my father and I went downtown. We were returning on a small ferry boat back to our little village. My father started to read his newspaper and I was silent by him remembering my hat. There was a peasant from Asia Minor near us with baggy trousers and a yellow cloth wound round his red fez. Then there were a number of Greek passengers all wearing hats. The non-Turkish elements had thrown away their red fezzes with the entry of the first Allied soldiers in Stamboul. The ferry boat left the Galata bridge and soon we were among the big enemy warships. The Greek passengers were excited of a sudden. They ran to the windows and began counting the big gray boats.

"Look at this one, how big she is," one of them said.

They read the names out loud and exulted over the big guns. They were laughing and joking among themselves.

The peasant sat impassive, he did not even glance at the Allied fleets. My father had dropped his newspaper and sat looking ahead dreamily. The ferry boat plodded away, small as a fly amidst these huge warships. We left the array of steel behind us, the Greek passengers sat down and then the peasant leaned over to my father and said out loud:

"It is easy to bring these ships to Stamboul now. Let them come up the hills of Konia and let us see them."

Then he settled once more in his seat and resumed his indifferent air. My father's eyes had sparkled at these words and I felt like kissing the old man's hands.

The *Queen Elizabeth*, the great English battleship, anchored near the Galata bridge one day. The sailors crowded on deck and the big guns were pointed towards the city. These guns were turned all over Stamboul, the engines rattling loudly. The people gathered at the bridge and watched the guns revolving. They were calm and most of them were laughing. If the guns were fired Stamboul would not be hurt, the *Queen Elizabeth* was too near the city. The mob made of this stupid demonstration a spectacle of fun. The crowd increased at Galata bridge and the people let out their laughter.

Those days our hatred for the Allies was mild and tamed with laughter. We made fun of their demonstrations and their big ships lying at anchor. Why had they not forced the Dardanelles during the war? Then they had struggled and had been defeated, it was easy now to sail up the Bosphorus. Our feeling toward the people, who were born and bred in Turkey and were not Turks, was more intense. Their joy over our defeat, their flauntings, their exuberance we hated. Stamboul was occupied and yet the cabarets were full and heavy with flags that were not Turkish, there was music and laughter that hurt every

Turk. The city should have been silent and grave like every Turk living in it. We would not forget easily this demonstration of the different elements who lived in our country and had grown rich on our soil.

Ahead of us lay the future which we could not see. We knew that, being defeated, the Allies would not spare us. But one day we were thunderstruck, a Greek army protected by Allied fleets landed in Smyrna and occupied that unfortunate city. Smyrna was not protected. What could the people and a few hundred Turkish soldiers do against an army and the big ships of the Allies? The news of the occupation of Smyrna struck us full in the face; a shadow was upon Stamboul, the biggest and blackest we had ever seen. A whole nation cried out against this injustice but no one even heard us. Then we realized that we would not be let off by a naval demonstration and by the occupation of Stamboul. Turkey was to be parceled out to the victorious Allies. Turkey was to be wiped out of existence. There were secret treaties between the Allies that we had known nothing of.

Venizelos dreamed of a Hellenistic empire, and a defeated Turkey was handed over to him. The Allies had their eyes on the rich soil of our country, and seeing that Turkey was powerless, they decided to take all they wanted. The Turks should be wiped out of existence; the civilized world could not tolerate them any longer. Not one voice was raised in our behalf.

Turkey, then, had emerged ruined from the Great War. Her scattered army had been disbanded, she had no money and she had fought so long that she was tired of fighting. But for the first time an enemy was occupying the homeland of the Turks. Asia Minor was threatened and the very life of Turkey. Once more the Turks rose and this time they were fighting for their lives. Moustapha Kemal left

for Asia Minor and with him went other leaders and officers. Their hope was to save Turkey, and a whole nation put its trust in the hands of these few men. Moustapha Kemal had saved us at the Dardanelles, Moustapha Kemal had saved us at Palestine, and once more Moustapha Kemal would save us.

At college mournful groups of Turkish girls pored over the newspapers. Every face was bent down, every eye strained, whispered discussions were carried on and there was a hopelessness over us that we could not shake off. The occupation of Smyrna by the Greeks had revolted us and we had let out our anger in loud outbursts to one another. But as the days passed that anger gave place to terror. Turkey would cease to exist—a greater disaster than the Great War had fallen upon us.

We could not bear to look at the other girls, those who were not Turks and who lived their happiest days in our blackest ones. The rustle of non-Turkish newspapers drove us out of rooms, the sight of enemy flags made us shut our eyes. But we held our nerves in check. Let them flaunt their joy in our faces, we in return would keep our sorrow to ourselves. One had to be brave these great days of sorrow. We clung to each other and prayed that better days would come to us. We would hope still in spite of all this disaster and misery. We Turks were patient. We were used to suffering and our spirits were proud within us. A Greek army could occupy Smyrna but it would not be for long. The Turks were ready to give their lives to drive that army away—and then we had Moustapha Kemal.

Once more the young people left Stamboul, once more the villages of Anatolia were deserted and the men went to war. Moustapha Kemal and his followers had roused the country. They had formed a party and their aim was

to check the advance of the Greeks. In Stamboul a meeting was held and forty thousand people attended it and were filled with enthusiasm. There were speeches that day and our courage had begun to revive. Among the hills of Anatolia was rising a new and young power, obscure and weak, struggling night and day, moneyless and friendless, but it had the faith and courage to stand against the world.

Europe had not expected the Turks to rise once more. They had thought that Turkey, being defeated, was an easy prey in their hands. And they had the sultan with them. The Constantinople government and the sultan were traitors to their own country. Instead of joining and helping Moustapha Kemal in Asia Minor, these men became puppets in the hands of the Allies and were the first to denounce the little band of men in Anatolia. Stamboul was really in the hands of the Allies, the Turkish government there did not exist. A reign of misery and ridicule started for us and we dreaded to go out and see the Allied officers and soldiers strutting in the streets.

The newspapers were censored, every day big columns appeared blank. We were cut off from news that we were eager to hear. What were Moustapha Kemal and his followers doing? The days were so strained that we thought they would break.

Every big house in the city was in danger of falling into the hands of the Allies. They came to the houses and ordered the people out. Twenty-four hours was the most the Allies could wait. If the people resisted, the soldiers threw them out and after them their furniture. Many houses were thus occupied and people were left homeless.

One day our maid came to us with eyes dilated and tongue riven to her palate. We looked at her in fear and piled questions upon her.

"It is, it is the English at the door," she finally stuttered.

"They have come for the house," mother cried out. Father and uncle were away. We were all women in the house. Someone had to go and see the English. Beraet and I went.

An English general was in the garden with an officer. He was still out of breath, the hill had daunted him.

"Quite a steep hill," he said, and the words with their British curtness made us realize that Stamboul indeed was not ours.

He wanted to see the house. We took him in, wordless. We showed him the lower floor; the dining room was locked, he asked to see it. We answered that we could not open it. He looked surprised and we determined. Then he wanted to see the upper stories. We told him we could not show him these parts, there were Turkish women living there. He seemed to brush aside that excuse.

"You cannot go up. The city is in your hands, bring your English soldiers and force your way up if you want. But today you cannot go up," Beraet said.

We stood staring at him with a venom that rose in our throats. The general turned away, he did not want the house, the hill was too steep. The Allies could be particular with all of Stamboul to choose from.

The Allied police had taken charge of Stamboul, special policemen had come from the different countries. Most of these did not know Turkish and unfortunately for us they chose as interpreters the people who were not Turkish. This led to a series of misfortunes and the Turks of Stamboul suffered.

The reign of fines invaded the old city. Rumors of them reached us. Someone told us about a fine on hens. Anyone who carried a killed hen head down and legs up was fined

about a dollar. We had burst into laughter and could not understand this discrimination. Then we were told that if one carried a hen with head down the blood might drip and this would go against the cleanliness of a city. Another fine also made us laugh. The one who lighted his cigarette from the cigarette of another person, which is often done in Turkey, was to pay a fine of half a dollar. This was to control the traffic and stop the Turkish habit of lingering in the streets.

These fines had to be given to the Allied police on the spot. At the least resistance they were doubled and tripled. And he who did not want to pay the fine and was bold enough to refuse to do so was dragged away, beaten soundly and thrust into prison.

On the other hand, the city was covered with cheap cabarets where the Allied soldiers could get all the drinks they wanted. Every street was filled with reeling soldiers so that we hated to stay out after dark. Stamboul had never seen such drinking before and the horrors that the Allies brought with them. Side by side with these gaudy cabarets bearing foreign names lay the peaceful coffee-houses where a few wrinkled faces could be seen.

Once Beraet and I had gone downtown. It was some festival for the Allies and the big ships were lighted up, the harbor looked like fairyland. We had remained late watching the lights in the harbor. The streets were crowded and we could see the Allied officers walking proudly as if they had created the small hills. As we were making our way to the trolley line we passed cabarets from which bursts of music and singing reached our ears. Then the door opened and a soldier was flung out, a young Englishman who was so drunk that he sprawled on the ground motionless. This was followed by a revolver shot that froze us into terror. Whistles blew, the Allied police rushed

into the cabaret. There were piercing screams and scuffles; a crowd had gathered round the door. Beraet and I ran away with all our might.

We were waiting for our trolley, which did not come. Then we saw a group of English sailors, arm in arm. Not one leg was straight, not one face was sober. They passed near us and one of them came to us and almost fell upon us.

"Get out of here, you drunk," Beraet shouted, and we pushed him away with all our might. We were scared for a minute. The sailor reeled away; he had not even heard Beraet's words, and that was lucky for us. His friends took his arm and they zigzagged down the street.

These scenes of drunkenness revolted us, and Stamboul turned pale with shame and anger. One could not avoid the drunken Allies. Even our little village had its many cabarets and soldiers who stayed late hours and drank themselves to death.

The French had brought Senegalese soldiers and quartered them in different sections of the city. Their black faces and thick lips frightened us. And then stories grew round these soldiers. We were told that the Senegalese prowled in the streets of Stamboul in the pitch of darkness and that they stole children. These children they cooked and ate up! We had laughed at these stories at first. But we heard them over and over, people had seen these black soldiers at their work, children were missing in Stamboul. These tales of horror increased every day and we were told that when the Senegalese did not find children they even ate up young girls. Mother half believed these stories and she would not let us go out after sunset. Near our village these soldiers had a barrack and when we passed it and saw the fierce-looking faces even I could believe all the stories I had heard.

Meanwhile in Asia Minor, Moustapha Kemal and his followers were working secretly. They had formed a party which the world at large knows as the party of the Kemalists. Faced with the impossible, they struggled and we in Stamboul had only rumors of their work. We heard of their hardships and suffering and we gave them our prayers for success. But that was not all. The Kemalists had secret organizations in Stamboul and thousands of followers. Every day ammunition was smuggled out of Stamboul and people left to join the Kemalists in Asia Minor. This was carried on right under the nose of the Allied fleets and armies.

Then one day the Allies descended upon the Turkish parliament in Stamboul, that was still existing during the occupation. The majority of the deputies were favoring the Kemalists and trying to help them. The Allies could not bear that and they suddenly closed the parliament. Many of the deputies were made prisoners but most of them fled to Asia Minor and joined the Kemalists.

One of my father's friends was arrested. He had been hiding in our house for days, the English were after him. One day he left, he said he could not stay in the house any longer. He would come back at night. That night he did not come nor the following day and we were worried. Later we heard he had been arrested and thrust into prison. All over the city people were arrested for favoring the Kemalists or for other reasons. The English later exiled these people to Malta, and father's friend went there as a prisoner.

This event threw Stamboul into turmoil. The Allies were showing their true colors. Stamboul was no longer in the hands of the Turks, the Allies occupied every institution and had closed the parliament. But the traitor sultan and his cabinet were left as mere puppets. Did the sultan

protest or go over to Asia Minor and help the Kemalists? He did not move from Stamboul and was loud in condemning the Kemalists.

But the deputies who had fled to Asia Minor joined the Kemalists and they formed another parliament, called the Grand National Assembly, with Moustapha Kemal as president. They met at Angora, a little desolate and miserable village. Their parliament was a bare room and they sat on wooden boxes. But these men whom the world called brigands and thieves were the real rulers of Turkey, for they represented the Turkish people. The Kemalists declared that the sultan and the so-called government at Constantinople had ceased to exist since they were under the thumb of the Allies. Then we had two governments: one in Asia Minor, working in secret, gathering forces; the other a dead thing lingering in Constantinople, with no power, slaves to the Allies and servile. Every real Turk was with the Kemalists, and the traitor sultan and his puppets were hated.

The Greeks were not satisfied with Smyrna and they began to march into Asia Minor, occupying defenseless cities and devastating the country. The Allies also occupied what they called their "zones of influence." And still the Kemalists worked and were patient. And we in Constantinople lost hope and lived black miserable days. The Greeks shouted that they would march to Angora and squash the rebels and outlaws gathered there.

The struggle that followed cost Turkey many lives and the laying waste of her rich lands. The Turco-Greek war dragged on. Peasant women carried ammunitions and guns. The Kemalists made secret treaties and gained power. The world, amazed, watched these few men raising an army, finding friends and money. And soon the Kemalists were not a name but a power.

The impossible was accomplished after years of bitterness and fighting. The Greeks were defeated by a Kemalist army and retreated. And one day the Kemalists entered the city of Smyrna, and the Greeks fled from Asia Minor.

Stamboul rose up at the news; the Allies were still in the city but now it was our turn to fill the streets and rejoice. The joy of the Turks was boundless. All night long the streets rang with the footsteps of the Turks.

Events came piling. The Treaty of Lausanne was signed after much deliberation and a new victorious and strong Turkey emerged from the Turco-Greek war. The sultan fled on an English battleship. The Allies evacuated Constantinople, our Turkish troops came to the city and once more Stamboul was in the hands of the Turks and once more Stamboul rejoiced. We could not believe our eyes and ears. But we saw the Allied armies leaving, we saw with our own eyes the Turkish troops marching through the city. Stamboul was shaken from its roots, and every man and woman turned out to see the soldiers marching silently and gravely. Turkey was saved and her savior was Gazi Moustapha Kemal pasha, the first president of the new Turkish republic.

These exciting events followed each other with breathtaking rapidity, so that we felt weak in the knees. It had been more like a dream from which we had feared to awake. But we found it was no dream. I saw with my own eyes the last of the Allied ships and watched them plodding through the Marmora.

During the Allied occupation and our days of sorrow the college had been my haven. Perched on a hill and cut off from the rest of Stamboul, we lived days of our own. I had turned more and more towards my college which I loved. She had given me action which I needed. It was impossible to watch the Allies in Stamboul with folded arms.

All that intensity of feeling I put in my love for sports. The delights of a rough game of basketball, of baseball put out of my mind the sorrow and humiliation which came upon me when I went home. And in these days of oppression, the college was one place where I felt free. There the clutches of the Allies did not reach, and there I could wear my hat in peace and dream of better days.

I wanted freedom now. This load of oppression was stifling me. The country was bound, the Turkish women were shackled, and the more I thirsted for freedom. I heard tales from my American teachers: all that American women had done during the war and since the war had increased my respect for that country. I felt drawn to America irresistibly. In that country I would find a solution for my life that had been one long struggle against tyranny. America was a goal to which I was creeping by inches. The very air of Stamboul crushed and strangled me. I had enough of fighting and struggling, I had enough of running away like a criminal and silencing all the thoughts that sprang into me. Freedom I wished to have at all cost, and America, remote and alluring, seemed to draw me to her.

The brutal fact of the hat was brought home to me one night. Beraet and I were going downtown after dinner in uncle's car. The chauffeur almost ran over a policeman. We stopped in time but a crowd gathered, and our chauffeur was beaten and taken to the police station. I was wearing a hat, but Beraet had given in to the tcharshaf and she was wearing the veil. She went to the police station and I was forced to sit in the car. Then I had been exasperated. To think of Beraet in that police station all alone and because I wore a hat I did not dare accompany her. Baraet had worn the tcharshaf because she had found it impossible to wear a hat and do all she wanted. She did not dislike it

as intensely as I did. The wearing of a hat was a nerve-wrecking proposition.

And now a new government controlled the destiny of Turkey. What would be the attitude of the new republic towards Turkish women? The republic was at present concerned with vital questions, and we Turkish women had to be patient. But I felt that my patience had burst at last. I could not remain in this atmosphere of doubt any longer.

I had finished at college and found myself idle and unhappy. I wanted work, but where would I find it and how would I dare look for work wearing a hat?

I would go to America. The thought came upon me suddenly and would not let me go. I had come to the point where I felt chained by tradition, my country, and even members of my own family. I had no work and no opportunity in Turkey. The heavy hand of fatalism and the dust of centuries were choking me. I wanted a new land where the air was young and people with fiery desires and tongue could breathe. I wanted America. I had longed for her even as a child without knowing it. Once more I wanted to be a grain of sand tossed by new waves of people.

CHAPTER XXI

MY AMERICAN VENTURE

A FEW years ago a Turkish girl came from far-flung Turkey to the vastness of America and everyone asked her:

"But why did you come to the United States?"

It seems everyone comes to America with a definite aim, most to study or make money. But this young Turk had not come to imbibe American culture nor to sell peanuts and popcorn and thereby return home a millionaire. This traveler from the land of incense and beauty had traveled those hazardous miles of storm to be able to wear a hat in peace.

It had been a struggle. I had first to convince myself and to silence the vibrations of fear that went through me. And then I had to persuade my family. They were astonished at the news and my father had shaken his head. What was I going to do in America? That was the question I had put to myself often while I tossed in my bed. And then America had loomed like a city of steel to which I could not find an entrance. I meant to work. Everyone found work in America, I told my parents. The world had turned its eyes to that country and I too would do the same.

Around America I had woven a lacework of romance. She was the land of faultless people and government; she was the land of liberty, at whose every corner opportunity waited to be seized. Surely among the vast stretches of land chance was waiting for me, and I would seize it.

I stood on the deck of the boat and saw my family disappearing one by one. Tears had crowded to their eyes and

mine. It was for the first time that I was being separated from them. And then I had a wild impulse to call them back. Fear gripped me by the throat. I would acknowledge my madness and return to the safety of home. But this feeling left me when I thought of the difficulties I would have to face. Then I was alone on deck with the night closing over me and Stamboul a glitter of lights stretching to the sea.

I was really running away from uncertainty. What lay ahead of Turkish women I could not fathom. And no more could I bear the struggle for liberty, the restrictions imposed on Turkish women. All my life had grown into struggle and sorrow and one more struggle would break my spirit.

I had rather face the uncertainty of America. This trip was a stroke of madness. I had no idea what I would do and what work I could find. I had only one friend in the United States and an implicit faith in the country, and a thirst for liberty which I believed swept through America like the Great Mississippi.

Once again Stamboul drew back and faded from my eyes and once again the lure for adventure was throbbing in my throat. America was before me, a country as legendary as the tales my old nurse had lulled me with. To think that I had in my hands the magic key that would open up the door to the wonders that I had heard and dreamed of! I prayed that it would turn easily in the lock and that years of waiting had not rusted its powers.

I woke up one morning in America. It had been like a fairy tale, this journey. I had closed my eyes and three times whispered the wish of my heart and now I opened them in the land I had longed to see. My heart in my mouth, I ran up to the deck. But America was wearing a

veil for me—when I had fled so many thousands of miles not to see one again. A tenacious cold mist held the city in a tight grip but I felt it jerking at its bands like a trapped animal. When the mist finally cleared the tall skyline rose before me like the walls of a fortress, formidable and foreboding. And back of that physical wall, I sensed another wall, even more stupendous, stretching its arrogant head—wealth. Here was a new world, a new people whose very thoughts were different from mine; how was I to lift that veil, tear down those walls and come in? I had been too confident. My passport was liberty to the land of liberty and I had thought there would be no walls to scale, no veils to tear.

Alone I faced New York City. My one friend had telegraphed that she could not meet me. I had to tackle the city by myself. New York, I had heard, was the city of wild terror and the thought that I would be fighting it with my two hands made my mouth dry with fear.

Forlorn, I walked by the steward carrying my luggage. The wharf was immense and it took my breath away. How I longed then for the cramped and noisy quay of Stamboul, for the loud-voiced squabbling hamals and the red glow of fezzes. I stood before important-looking officials and one of them lifted his head to scan me, and with a smile in his voice said:

"Glad to get back, aren'tchew?"

"Back?" I echoed. "But it is the first time I'm coming to America!"

"The first time?" queried the official. "But aren'tchew an American?"

"Far from it," I laughed, "I am a Turk."

The word was like a bomb. The people round me stared. I saw vague ideas of daggers, veils, ephemeral silks and

The West and the East. Selma Ekrem and her sister, Beraet

The Bosphorus and the hills of Asia Minor seen from the garden of the author's grandfather

heavy incense drifting on their faces. Just then a woman whom I had never seen before touched me on the arm.

"Excuse me, my dear," she said. "Are you really a Turk?"

"Yes," said I, somewhat taken aback.

"And is your father a Turk?" Again I answered, "Yes."

"But," she said triumphantly, "your mother, she's not a Turk, now, is she?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, "my father is a Turk, my mother's a Turk, and so are all my sisters, and my cousins and my aunts."

"But if you have just come from Turkey," she questioned, "where did you get these clothes?"

"Strange as it may seem," I answered, "we do not go round in my country wrapped in Turkish towels."

Nurse had once told me a story which came to my mind as I stood on the wharf. Adam was once in his field plowing and he came upon a skull. He turned it in his hand and could not understand what it was. He called the angel Gabriel and said:

"Angel Gabriel, turn your ear to me. What is this ugly thing in my hands?"

"It is the head of man, dead these many years," answered the angel.

"And am I going to turn into this?" asked Adam.

"Yes, you will," replied the angel.

"I will, did you say?" asked Adam, getting red in the face. "Then why should I work and toil every day? I will spend my days in feasting." He threw down his spade and stretched beneath a shady tree.

The Angel Gabriel looked at Adam for a while, then took the "shirt of gaflet" (the shirt of oblivion), and put it on Adam, who was sound asleep. Adam woke, he saw the

spade flung on the ground, and picking it up, set to work harder than ever.

"These early spring days make me lazy . . ." said Adam, and laughed guiltily to himself.

Leaving the wharf and plunging into the whirling life before me I, too, like Adam wore the "shirt of gaflet." I forgot about the walls that had stretched before me. I forgot the thick veil that had shrouded America from my eyes. Maybe I would strike my head on these walls, maybe I would be caught in the meshes of that tightening veil and fight in vain to find a way out. All these faded from my mind and I turned to New York with an eagerness and joy that left no place for fear.

To me New York was the modern fairy city. There were no marble palaces, no trees laden with emerald leaves and turquoise flowers, no fairies flying in aerial chariots drawn by nightingales, no jinn brooding in underground caverns, and yet there was magic, the magic of modern inventions and the American mind, fairy lore to an Eastern eye.

One by one I turned the leaves of this new fairy book that had been put in my hands. And this is an advantage that every foreigner has over the Americans. You have lived in this fairy land of unexpectedness and cannot realize that it is an American Thousand and One Nights Tales.

I wished, then, that I had a hundred pairs of eyes to look at the thousands of wonders that New York spread before me. Ahead of me was Brooklyn Bridge lying on volumes of air. This, I said to myself, is the magic carpet of old that could transport one from country to country in the days of fairy lore. We in the East dream of such wonders, and you in the West create them.

Then I was thrown in the seething bustling streets that took my breath away. I saw the people running as if their

coat tails were on fire and the perpetual swift strides made my head buzz. Where were these people running to? I craned my neck to see but only vast streams of undulating people came to my eyes. Then I thought of the narrow streets of Stamboul and the crowd that ambles along leisurely. Often, too, we stop in Stamboul, right in the middle of the sidewalk and discuss our private affairs. One can pick up the gossip of Stamboul trying to push a passage through the crowded sidewalks.

"She had been in love with him . . ."

"Let Allah grant you long life and console you."

"I told her she was sweeping the streets too often with her skirts. But these young people . . ."

It was impossible to stop in the streets of New York. One was carried away with the flood. In America one neither stops nor ambles, one rushes headlong onward forever. And when one stops it is for death.

I marveled over the streets, these were so broad that one could pass a lifetime crossing to the other side. My eyes were lost in their breadth. And not the winding, cobblestoned streets of Stamboul; these were smooth as cream and walking on them was paradise to one's feet.

Crossing streets, I had thought, and now that I looked round me, I laughed. A stream of never ending cars purred on both sides. In America one went always forward, I concluded. Then I was in a broad street and I saw iron towers erected in the middle of it. Suddenly from all of them flashed a red light. There was a tremendous shrieking and roaring. I jumped away scared out of my head. Thousands of cars lay motionless while from the numerous side streets poured other thousands, nosing each other, honking. Big trucks rattled by. The noise was deafening. And I thought again of Stamboul, of the slow oxcarts and the donkey wagons plodding their way stubbornly and holding up the

motor cars. Once more the lights changed and the cars that had lain motionless plunged foreward as if delivered from prison. It seemed to me that all the cars in the world had gathered here.

The towers drew my eyes gradually, and my head thrust sidewise, I walked and thought. How I wanted to stop and solve this mystery. What power turned these lights on and off? I could not see a soul in them, and no ladders or stairs. I wondered how the controlling powers climbed up. Perhaps they, like Douglas Fairbanks in the "Thief of Bagdad," used the magic cord; but no, that was out of fashion now. The magic of America was even more startling. These lights, I concluded, had been trained to turn on and off by themselves. Who could bother to climb up their towers?

It was lucky that I finally met some kind person or I would still have been wandering the streets of New York. I could not tear my eyes and feet from them. This perpetual flow and ebb fascinated me. My companion told me we were on Fifth Avenue. The name was familiar to my ears and had an enchanting sound. Still rushing at a terrific speed I had a glimpse of enormous shops and then I decided I would give them a look. It was not easy: each time I tried to stop I was being swept onward. Then I managed to reach a shop window and stood spellbound. The treasures laid before me with such extravagance and taste made me catch my breath. This world of beauty was even greater than the hidden treasures of old. Shop after shop, each bigger and richer than the other. At the doors there was a crowd flowing in and out regularly. A sea of people fighting to get in. Shopping must be difficult in America, I thought to myself. And then my companion told me:

"These are after-Christmas sales and the people rush to buy."

I was tempted to follow this mob of shoppers. I wanted to see with my own eyes the treasures that had lain tantalizing and aloof in the shop windows. But I was swept onward, forward, onward.

We turned into another street. The scene shifted, this was another world. The clanging of a trolley reached my ears and then I saw huge iron pillars and looked up at them. With a roar a flash of lightning passed by. The street shook with it and I expected to see the whole structure crash on my head. The elevated rattled away and I felt it roar in my head. A roar above answered by a roar below. This was New York.

We took the trolley. It stopped submissively before the outstretched finger of my companion. How could we go in? I saw no steps. Probably I just stood and was transported in by magic. My companion walked to the trolley slowing up and I followed. Suddenly steps shot out from the car and I drew back amazed and frightened. My companion pulled me up. I walked up those magical steps with fear. Surely they would crash under the load of people. As we entered I saw a small box and people dropped their coin as they entered. What a relief, I thought. In Turkey we have the nuisance of tickets.

Imagine a trolley packed like a sardine box, where people can neither move nor breathe, and then think of a bulky ticketman walking through and collecting fares. How often I had felt like murdering the poor man, especially if he had the misfortune of stepping on my toes. But in New York, once we had fought our way in we were saved from that nuisance. The ticket man kept pulling a cord and chewing gum. His jaws moved up and down in rhythm to the swing of the trolley.

What amazed me most was the baggage chute. We entered a huge building which I thought at first was a pal-

ace but which proved to be a railroad station. Having bought my ticket I was told I could check my baggage. I looked at my companion's face; the words had meant nothing to me. But I did not want to show my ignorance at every step. I consented and told her boldly I would check my luggage. We went to a cagelike contraption where with the speed of lightning my baggage was taken from my hands and shoved into a yawning abyss. Before I could open my mouth someone had thrust a paper in my hands and had forthwith disappeared.

So this was checking, I said to myself in sorrow. Gone is my luggage. Why had I been so careless? I knew that when one traveled one had to sit on one's suitcases and open four eyes of care. And I had been innocent enough to hand away my suitcase with my own hands.

My companion was explaining something to me.

"It is very practical and a great comfort; why doesn't Europe adopt this American method?"

Very practical indeed to grab suitcases in that way. Imagine my surprise and my delight when I found those suitcases hours later. I had really never hoped to see them again. But they lay peacefully in a waiting room for me.

Another wonder that struck me was the lack of beggars. As we walked in the streets of New York no one ran after me as the gypsy girls do at home crying:

"Ah, my sweet lady, give me a piaster and Allah will grant you a pretty husband."

I was to have my first American meal. We entered a charming restaurant and at first glance I noticed how attractive it was with gay colored tables and decorations. Here, I said to myself, I could sit at my ease and think about New York. Prompt as lightning we were marshaled in. And then the charming restaurant lost its flavor. Back of us came crowds of people and crowds left in a hurry.

In America one did not eat, one played a game to see who could rush in, eat first and come out the fastest. I was not given time to think or to rest. I thought of our Turkish coffeehouses where clients pass dreamy hours over a little eggshell cup of coffee or a nargile that never ends.

I did not eat, I marveled. Everything was strange to me. The soup that was sweet, the vegetables that seemed tasteless, a salad that was made of sweetest fruits spoiled with a dash of mayonnaise. What was I to have next?

"Would you like some ice cream?" asked my companion.

It was the middle of January, the ground was covered with snow and a terrific wind had chilled my bones all day long. I had not felt the cold in the streets because I had been lost in wonders. But soon the cold came upon me in this hot restaurant. Ice cream in the middle of winter! So this was what I would have next! But after one taste of that delicious chilliness I could understand a story that had been told to me about an American tourist. She had not stayed a day in Constantinople because she had not found ice cream in the city in winter.

The first time I took the subway I was alone. I came upon a world built underground where people were so thick that I only saw heads moving. Here, too, was one big rush. I lost my head and kept wandering aimlessly, terrified at every step that I took. The crowds rushed, talked, the noise and motion made me dizzy. I took my courage in hand and began to ask my way. Hurried answers drifted to me and these I could not understand. I had come to the point of tears and concluded I would spend my days in this underground prison.

Then my eyes wandered over to small boxes before which people stopped. I, too, stopped to look, maybe these boxes would solve the mystery and show me the way. A man was fumbling in his pockets and I came close to him. He took

a penny and dropped it in a hole. Then to my great astonishment a package of chewing gum fell out. I forgot the subway and my fears. These boxes delighted me. Timidly I dropped a penny in the slot and almost shouted with joy when the chewing gum package fell into my hands. I tried another and then I was rewarded with chocolates. The game was entrancing, and if my pennies had not given out I would have wandered from box to box.

Laughing to myself I faced the crowd and the laughter died on my lips. How was I to get out of this place? I grew afraid once more. Then I came upon an official and asked my way. He took me to a platform and told me to wait.

I waited: a tremendous roar shook me and I opened wide my eyes. The long train crashed in excitedly. The doors were flung open, crowds rushed out as if escaping from prison. Hundreds of people rushed in. Whistles blew, doors banged, the train pulled out, and I was left on the platform.

I left New York with a sense of sorrow. The city I had barely glimpsed and it had fascinated me. I was to stay with an American family, my friend had asked me to her house and I was happy. The train rushed me onward. Washington, after New York, was like coming down from a dizzy chute-the-chutes to the world again. It was a postcard city, and it was impossible for me to believe that the same race I had seen rushing through life in New York could breathe in this tame atmosphere. It was as if God had said "Let there be a city," and a city rose up, streets running in perfect order, one like another, neat rows of houses, neat expanse of lawns and drab government buildings. Later I came to love the city, for there I found a home. And Washington, though not interesting, was pretty

with its many parks and its cherry blossoms in spring, and its monuments.

I walked the streets of Washington and for the first time I was not conscious of my hat as I had been perpetually in Turkey. New York had put the hat question out of my mind. I walked the streets of Washington and I felt free, freer than I had ever felt before. This new freedom closed over me like a torrent and I felt the urge to laugh and be happy.

The policemen held no more dread over me. Who cared whether I wore a hat or not? No more would the old women run after me, no more would the hodjas rise in storm against my hat. Prying eyes did not watch me from behind lattices and curtains. Gossip did not follow my very steps. Those shackles and bonds I had torn from me. Here I was free, free as the wind, free as the Americans who swarmed round me by day and by night.

I could not believe it at first, and kept darting quick glances round me. But not once was I stopped, not once was I thrown into fright. I who had dreaded to be recognized as a Turk in Turkey found it hard now to pass as a Turk in America. No one believed that I was a Turk. The same astonishment followed in every place. I could not be a Turk, I was not the type. And when I asked what the type was, the Americans seemed lost to answer me. Some said they thought all the Turks had black hair and black eyes, and I being fair could not be a real Turk. Surely I must be mistaken.

My hostess told me the following story. She had gone to visit an acquaintance of hers and had mentioned casually that a Turkish girl was visiting her.

"Can that possibly be true?" had asked the astonished person.

"Yes, indeed," answered my hostess.

"But, my dear, my dear," whispered the acquaintance, "do you think it is quite *safe?*"

And then I realized why no one believed me. Here in America lived a legend made of blood and thunder. The Terrible Turk ruled the minds of the Americans. A huge person with fierce black eyes and bushy eyebrows, carrying daggers covered with blood. I did not fit into the legend of the Terrible Turk and so I was not one. In fact many people were disappointed: to meet a real true Turk who turns out to be fair, meek and not very unlike an American.

It was while I was in Washington that I made a startling discovery about the nature of neighbors in America. One Sunday morning my hostess said hopelessly at the breakfast table:

"There's not a scrap of sugar in the house, and here is Sunday with all the stores closed."

"Let me run to one of the neighbors and borrow some," I offered innocently.

Everyone laughed at me and I realized that I had touched a side of American life I did not know.

"We don't know a single one of our neighbors, even by name," explained my hostess.

"You've lived here a whole year and you don't know one of your neighbors?" I echoed, amazed.

I realized then that in American cities neighbors are merely houses and not the drop-in-and-out gossipy, borrowing and lending blessings and disasters they are in Turkey. The life of the quarter still counts in Stamboul. Neighbors come to call on one as soon as one moves to a new house.

Once Nasreddin hodja, a legendary funnyman, borrowed a cauldron from his neighbor and some time later returned it plus a little cauldron. The neighbor exclaimed:

"But I lent you only one cauldron, hodja effendi!"

"I know it," answered Nasreddin, "but your big cauldron gave birth to a little cauldron."

The neighbor accepted the explanation and the extra cauldron quite willingly, and was all smiles when some time later Nasreddin again asked to borrow the big cauldron. Days passed, weeks passed, but Nasreddin did not show his face. The neighbor, worried, went over to the hodja's house.

"Where is the cauldron I lent you?" he asked the hodja.

"Your cauldron is dead," answered Nasreddin with a sorrowful face.

"Dead!" exclaimed the surprised neighbor. "Has your mind gone out of your head, Nasreddin hodja? How can a cauldron die?"

And Nasreddin retorted: "If a cauldron can give birth, it can certainly also die—and yours is dead."

Though in America there were no neighbors from whom I could borrow cauldrons or sugar, there were also no neighbors who pried as they did at home into my private affairs and gossiped over my infidel hat. Free from neighbors, free from gossip, free from the hat question and the dread of prison. I was born again to a land of freedom. No longer would I peer at life behind the stifling lattices of prejudices that were reared in Turkey, but I, too, would be free to walk over the peaks of life and set my sail over the shoreless sea of my freedom.

CHAPTER XXII

TURN TO THE EAST AND TURN TO THE WEST

A CRISP green dollar bill lay curled near my toes. I had almost stepped upon it and now I leaned over to pick it up. No one was near it, apparently the bill had dropped from the sky for me. I held it in my fingers and looked at it long. When I had left home, my father had asked me whether I was sure that I could find work for myself, and I had answered:

"Why, everyone finds work in America; it is as easy as drinking a glass of water!"

And now the bill had come my way. Why hunt for a job? I had been forgetting that guiding star of the East—Fate. Of course Allah would send down to me every day the money I needed. This was the country of dollars, dollars to be picked up in the streets as one picks flowers in a field. But when a few weeks later I picked up half a dollar and later a puny dime, I realized that Fate was not after all yet acclimated to America, and that I was not doing business on the American scale. And so I turned to hunt for a job.

I had to find work so as to justify this wild voyage of mine in the eyes of my family, to earn my own living and not eat up the family's allowance, and above all so as to satisfy a craving for money that had come upon me suddenly. The wealth of America had jumped to my head. When I saw the rich limousines purring one after the other, the houses that were big as palaces, and the glitter of the

shops, America became a heap of dollars, my eyes got lost trying to find the top, and my fingers tingled to plunge into that pile of money to take my share.

Never before had I felt that tingling. One could be happy in Turkey with little, even in the Turkey that lay groaning with poverty since the Great War. Once during the war Beraet and I had sold some gold bracelets that were too small for us and the little sum we received made us feel rich as Rockefeller. We spent the money gayly, but once it was spent we did not even bother to stir our wits to get some more.

But in America I felt bound from head to foot when I realized that my hands were empty. Happiness here had to be bought, it did not come to me freely with the sparkle of the sun and the first fragrance of spring. The longings that came upon me now were to be silenced only with good hard cash.

Work did not lie in my path in the easy fashion of the green dollar bill. At first I was confident of success, so much had I read about hole-in-the-pocket immigrants who were now the millionaires of the land. I did not want millions, I only wanted work and enough money to make me feel independent.

Every morning I fell upon the newspapers and scanned the Help Wanted columns, dull reading which yet made my heart beat high. Maybe amid that stagnant pool of words lay my chance. My American family helped me all that they could. Once I came upon an alluring advertisement. I read it with fingers weak and ran to tell them that I had at last found my fortune. I had only to write a letter and then I should have opened the way to the making of millions. I spent hours of thought and nervousness over the writing of that letter and when I dropped it in the post box I prayed for good luck. The days that followed I

could neither sit still nor put my mind on anything. Glued to the window, I watched the old postman plodding down the street, and at every ring of the bell I went tearing down the stairs.

The answer came. I read it once but I was so excited that the words did not take hold. I read it again and this time every word ripped my hopes and dreams to pieces. I was told that if I sent five dollars, I would be told the secret of wealth contained in a book shining with advice on how to struggle with life. I did not see my fortune in that proposition and so I tore the letter to pieces and saved a much needed five-dollar bill. Henceforth the columns in the newspapers lost their charm. All my efforts were futile, Fate had written on my forehead that I was not to find work.

Once I tied my courage round me and applied for a job in person. I had found the advertisement in the papers —it was a flavorless minor job but by that time I was no longer particular. I went alone. The elevator boy in the building which I entered appeared sympathetic, stopped his gum chewing and said:

"After a job? You gotta hurry, the place is full."

I came to a room crowded with girls and among them I was a lost being. Talk buzzed in my ears while I sat in a corner and waited patiently. Someone came to me finally and shoved a piece of paper into my hands. I discovered that I must write my name, the name of my mother and my father, and my nationality. I sat before my paper and was lost in dreaming. A great homesickness came upon me. The white house on the hill above the Bosphorus smoked before my eyes, spring was on its way and the garden would be full of scent and flowers. Father would be away teaching at the university, Beraet at college, and mother would be busy directing the housework while all the servants ran about in the sunlit rooms. I closed my eyes, but

Stamboul stretched before me on the white sheet, the blue of the Bosphorus haunted me and I could see the green hills bathing in the glow of the sun and white sails dipping gently to one side. But I had set sail on an ocean of trouble which had no end. I wanted to fling my chair aside and reach for that beauty which was so far from me. Soon the wisteria would fall over the black gate and the nightingales would sing amidst the green leaves.

Then I lifted my head and saw that a woman was looking down at me efficiently. I looked at the paper on which I had scribbled my name and my nationality and saw her gaze follow mine and her eyes open wide.

"You are a Turk!" she exclaimed, and for the first time she did not glance at me as though I were a piece of wood. Her eyes were dilated with interest and a lingering spark of fear.

"I am a Turk," I answered meekly, the smell of wisteria in my head and the Bosphorus lingering still in my eyes.

"I am sorry but we cannot have you," efficiency cut short my dreams. "We need an American for this work."

Her eyes were following me. I looked back at her and laughed. She, too, was thinking of daggers and veils; she, too, looked at me puzzled. I rose to go and walked through rows of girls bent over white sheets. There was a mist before my eyes.

The elevator boy greeted me, and seeing my defeated look, said:

"Don't you worry, girlie, better luck next time."

I was in the streets of Washington with the joy of America torn from my hands. I had been happy with my freedom the first few weeks in this new country. I had been happy with the allurement of America. Stamboul had faded away, had loomed only dimly in the background as a huge dark veil. But now Stamboul was claiming me with the first

glow of spring, and now I felt that homesickness which burns in one like a consuming fire.

There is nothing worse than being restless in the land of restlessness. America rose before me like a vast mill grinding night and day. Millions of people round me hurried to work every morning, life was seething every minute, and only I was idle and only I clung to a dream that had tarnished. With envy I watched my friend leaving for work each morning, and after she had gone and the house lay silent, I would sit down and cry, my two eyes like two fountains. Stamboul was before me wherever I turned my eyes, Stamboul was haunting me and breaking my spirit in America. This homesickness was even a greater shackle than all the misery and the restrictions which had choked me at home.

Here in America one must gulp life at one sitting or else one was apt to concentrate too much on oneself and grow morbid. It was not enough that I was free to wear a hat and to have my personal freedom, I wanted to be free also from this restlessness that came over me like the towering waves of the ocean.

We in the East sip life leisurely through a straw and have the gift of twisting time in our hands instead of being twisted by time all our lives. How often in my land I had seen groups of women sitting in a green field or in a cool cemetery dark with cypress trees. They would sit for hours, hands folded, eyes lost. Were they lost in deep meditation? Not at all, these women sat for the mere joy of sitting. I had lost this gift in America. I could not imagine an American dawdling for hours over a cup of coffee or spending an afternoon crouching on a broken-down tombstone. This race among whom I had come could not sit for the joy of sitting as we did in Turkey, and neither could I any longer. I craved to be swept away by a torrent of action.

Watching the crowded street, the girls pouring out of the office buildings, I realized that the walls I had sensed were still closed before me. I was an outsider, a foreigner, and America would not take me in as easily as I had thought. I had to pass through an ordeal first. I had to tame that restlessness with work, and then maybe the gates of the fortress would open before me slowly. I had brought the wrong key in my hands, a key that did not fit into any lock. One should not come to America armed with a thirst for freedom and nothing else. One should not come from the languid East to the restless West armed only with trust.

I sat silent and watched the faces round me. A group of young girls had come to my friend's house and for the moment I had put all thoughts of jobs and misery away, and had come out to meet them. I felt ill at ease at first and shy. Some of these American girls were of my own age and some even younger, but before them I felt myself a child. I did not talk their language and I could not follow their thoughts. One of them was telling a long-winded story:

"Jimmy came to take me to the hop, and as usual I wasn't half dressed. He said never mind, he adored talking to mother, he's really dippy over her you know—"

Just then the telephone rang and one of the girls who was often at the house jumped up.

"It must be for me," she said, "I have a date for tonight."

"Do you have dates in this country?" I asked innocently while the girl giggled over the phone.

"You bet we do," someone laughed, "and they are very sweet!"

The other girls joined in the laughter but I could not see why dates were a funny topic. Then noticing my puz-

zled look, they explained what "dates" meant. I blushed furiously. To think that I had made another mistake! The American girls must think that I came from an antediluvian land.

The talk centered round the person whom the girl who had closed the phone referred to as her "boy friend." I came to learn that this distinctly American commodity existed in the life of almost every girl. Some of the girls had a number of them and some changed them at will. It was the boy friend who took them to dances, provided the lithe cars that went like the wind, and it was he who was the center of almost all conversation. He was not the dutiful aloof fiancé of pre-war European type, chosen by parents and accepted by dutiful daughters.

I listened silently to the conversation that rippled on. Some of these girls did not look old enough to go dancing with men, I thought, especially as they were all still at school. And to think that I who was of their age, and older than some of them, knew nothing of boy friends and dancing. I had spent my time studying in the American college where men were not allowed. We had dances, but the girls danced only with one another. While these American girls had been having a gay time, my sisters and my friends and I had spent our lives in struggles and shadows of fear and the rumble of war.

"And do you have no dates and dances in Turkey?" someone tried to draw me into the conversation.

"Yes," I replied, "plenty of dry dates in boxes, not the kind that you enjoy."

The Americans all turned their faces toward me, conscious for the first time that I was a Turk, a being different from them. Seeing that I was expected to weave a pattern out of the thread of my remark, I continued:

"A Turkish girl cannot even walk in the streets with a

man, leave aside such a thing as dancing with him. We in Turkey have to cover our faces with veils, and cannot go to public places."

"Did you have to wear a veil! How *thrilling!*" an eager voice broke out.

"Yes, I had to, but I didn't—I wore a hat," I answered.

"But how did it happen? I bet the people were mad and made lots of trouble!" Now all the girls had their eyes on me.

"It was my Fate to wear a hat," said I. "Our lives are written on our foreheads and what is to happen to us, will happen." I quoted my old nurse's words solemnly and laughed softly to myself.

My listeners were round-eyed. They had never heard of Fate before, except as a little word of little meaning. They had taken life in their hands and shaped it to suit their wills. What had Fate to do in these lives that were filled with activity and rebellion? Girls and women in America had not bowed their heads under restrictions, restrictions, it is true, less stifling than those under which Turkish women groaned. And yet these American women had broken the shackles of pots and pans and prejudices, they had forced themselves into life and politics. These women worked, even many of the wealthy girls belonging to good families worked, just for the joy of working. Women here voted, held important positions, went into society with men, had dates with men, and did all that they wanted to. The women here had fought for their freedom, they had taken ruthlessly and bravely their rights. It is no wonder that they could find no place for Fate in their lives, while we in Turkey, remaining passive, had sighed that it was our Kismet to be bound and veiled from the light of life.

"I would simply adore to be in a hay-rem," one of the girls broke my cup of thoughts.

"And lie on silken cushions and eat sweets and watch the dancing of slave girls," another laughed.

"To live in palaces amidst gardens—just to lift a little finger and have hundreds of retainers run to do your bidding!" Now the girls were chorusing their excitement.

"A paradise indeed," I sighed. "Could you tell me, what is a hay-rem? I never saw one."

"You never saw a hay-rem!" the girls burst out. "And you come from Turkey!"

"Yes, I come from Turkey," I added firmly, "but I did not live in a marble palace, I did not have slaves at the tip of my little finger, I did not lie on silken cushions. This hay-rem you speak about exists only in your imagination. We in Turkey have the hah-rem."

"And what the deuce is that?" I was asked.

"Merely a separate apartment reserved for women. Old Turkish houses were always built in two separate parts, one the harem where only women lived, and the other the selamlick where the men spent their days. You here in America with your clubs and hotels reserved specially for women have better harems than we have in Turkey."

They made me go on and explain to them my life, my home that was so much like any European home, my travels, and of how I had learned to play and love basketball at the American college. My listeners were aghast with disappointment, for I was crushing their imaginary picture of an exotic land all entwined in the soft mystery of silks and perfumes and tinkling music.

"You sighed for the harem and for the life of a Turkish girl," I continued, "but how would you like to have your face covered with a thick veil and look at the world only through that black curtain from the time you are thirteen or so? How would you like to wear the clumsy tcharshaf, never go out with boys, but always sit at home wistfully

watching the streets from behind dark lattices? That has always been the life of a Turkish girl. Only a little while ago, during the Great War, some of the bolder of us began to break out of our prisons, but now that there is a new government in Turkey no one can yet tell what our life will be henceforth."

The life of the American girls made me swallow my little tongue with wonder many a time. But while I admired their freedom and courage, one thing scratched my pleasure. I could not find children in America. Even little schoolgirls were grown up, went to dances, and rouged their faces. Could these girls listen entranced to the tales of djins and peris which my old nurse had told so lovingly and which I had listened to for so many years and was still homesick for? Fairies and fairy tales were out of style here in this era of jazz and Charlestoning. I never could sail my kite in this wind. No matter how much I craved freedom, I could never utterly sacrifice the beauty and quiet of our Turkish life. I wanted to work, I wanted to be free from the veil and to shape my life to suit my desires, but I could never be so ruthless as these American girls. I would cling to some essentials of our Turkish character. The freedom that I wanted would have to be tempered with some submission to the days that were no more. To shorten childhood so brutally did not suit me in the least, I wanted children to be children as long as they could. I had been invited to stay in a house where there were a number of young people. When I arrived, I was struck first with the noise of the place, a victrola was shrieking volumes of jazz and I could see people dancing. I was taken into the room where all the bustle was going on while logs crackled in a delightful fireplace and threw a glow over comfortable armchairs. The victrola stopped and conversation buzzed. Then an elderly quiet person,

whom nobody seemed to notice, came in. I was taken up to her and introduced.

"This is mother," said my friend who was about my age. "She's a good sport."

The words scandalized me. I could never have dreamed that mothers could be addressed in that fashion. In Turkey we always stood in awe of our parents though we loved them dearly. Turkish parents were like patriarchs and matriarchs of old, to be revered and loved in silence. In America they were friends and playfellows with their children.

I saw that at a glance as I watched the quiet woman who was my hostess. She joined in the conversation and the young people laughed at her and joked with her. Even the youngest, who was still in high school, was free and easy with her mother. There are Turkish children who still address their parents as Mr. Father and Lady Mother, but here in America the mother is called a good sport.

Surely, I said to myself, some of that restraint which I was accustomed to would be shown to the head of the family, to the father, whose word, in Turkey, is law. Father came in at last, looking tired.

"How'd the golf go, Dad?" shouted the son of the house.

"Not bad."

"Oh, but you wait till I come out with you tomorrow," teased the son. "I'll make your game look like two cents!"

It had made no difference, the advent of the head of the family, the young people kept up their chatter and laughter just the same. An argument broke out, the father volunteered a meek remark and one of his daughters cried:

"Oh, but you're way behind the times, Dad. *Nobody* says such old-fashioned stuff as that any more!" The father was silenced and turned to his newspaper.

Family life was very different in Turkey. In the old

days a Turkish son might grow up and marry and have children of his own, but he would still rise when his father came into the room, and he would never smoke in his presence. Even in these modern times there is a great wall of respect between Turkish children and their parents which makes it impossible for the two ever to be close friends. I wished that the American and Turkish extremes in this matter of family life might blend. If the American freedom could be softened by some veilings of Turkish respect and reverence then maybe everyone could be happier.

But ahead of me lay another matter that had to be solved. With all my wonderings, the thought that I must find work did not slip out of my bag. A friend whom I had made in Washington invited me to a club banquet and asked me if I would make a little speech about Turkey. And that was my chance. It came to my fingers and unwittingly I made every effort to push it away, for I was terrified at the thought of making a speech, something I had never done in my life, and gnawed at the bones of worry many hours before I finally accepted the invitation. I talked at that club and then at another. Someone who knew I wanted work told me to go lecturing. I had never heard of lecturing before, but America had made me bold and I decided that lecturing I would go. This might be the chance that lies hidden round the corners in America and that must be seized in a lightning's flash.

It was summer, and my friend and I had moved to a little town on the Hudson. There I negotiated by mail with a lecture bureau and secured what I wanted. Meanwhile we decided to give a lecture in the little town with the understanding that the benefit realized would go partly to me and partly to the village school.

One night I stood trembling before an audience of small-

town women filling the church where the lecture was held. The faces were solemn, the church atmosphere had frozen them. After the talk about Turkey was over, I felt a sharp glance scrutinizing my face and I heard a voice whispering:

"You know, she's not so bad looking—for a Turk."

The town gossip came to my friend's aunt and said, "The speech was all right, but don't you think the speaker has a slight brogue?"

My friend told me the story and we laughed joyfully over it. The only way that I could account for the "brogue" was that I had studied in an American college and that, according to what I have heard, there are more Irish people in New York than there are in Ireland.

When I held in my hands twenty dollars, the first money I had ever earned, I felt that I was on the way to fortune. All the millionaires had begun that way. Chance was with me, America had thrown down her walls, and I had come in at last. I sent the twenty dollars to my mother and later I learned of her delight and thunderstruck surprise. A Turkish girl, and her own daughter at that, actually earning money! Some old relatives, and a peasant woman who often brought her homespun cloth for us to buy, were with my mother when my letter came and the American dollar bills fell out. There were ejaculations of "Allah! Allah!" and "May Allah preserve her from the Evil Eye of envy." The peasant woman immediately pulled out of her pocket a blue bead, a bit of garlic, and a tiny scroll of sacred writing, talismans to ward off the Evil Eye, and implored my mother to send them to me at once. The talismans came and I carried them with me throughout the rest of my American adventure.

In the fall I began lecturing and my work carried me to many different cities and brought me into contact with

many different kinds of people, an experience which imprinted manifold details upon my once hazy, dreamlike picture of America. I had come to America with a child's belief and trust. I had come from a Turkey that had just emerged from war, where restrictions and frictions had been exaggerated through ceaseless years of war. I had thought that in America I would find complete happiness. It is true that I found happiness through my freedom and my work, but I did not find the perfect country that I had dreamed of. America was far more interesting than that, and far more terrifying.

After a year and a half of America I began to long for Stamboul. America is a tonic that one has to take in small doses. Her tremendous restlessness, her perpetual motion, the drastic freedom of the younger generation, had exhilarated me at first. But as the cords of that exhilaration strained tighter, I felt old Stamboul stirring more and more in my blood. When I was in the midst of the perpetual roar that is New York, I longed for the quiet of the white house perched on the hill. The skyscrapers, the elevated trains, and the subways made my eyes seek for the Bosphorus and the green hills that stand so calmly guarding the secret of centuries. This country of jazz, of cars, of wonders, made me want the crooked streets of Stamboul, the buffalo carts, and the color of old things. I realized that I could not be totally happy in America, much as I loved the country. The tonic had become too strong for my Eastern nerves. Now I felt the need of sitting for the slow joy of sitting, of folding my hands idly and throwing away a chain of hours into the seas of fancy. Here in America this was impossible, I was swinging down a current that would not stop. I was out of breath and only in Stamboul could I pause and take peace without being torn by my idleness.

I stood once more on a boat's deck watching New York, but this time I was going away. The tall skyline rose before my eyes again, but this time I could see over the other side into the land behind that fortress. America had come into my life. She had given me the longed-for sense of personal freedom, she had given me work and friends. I was grateful to her and I loved her and I knew that she would be a part of my life always. New York faded slowly before my eyes, and I turned to the vast ocean and to Stamboul that was drawing me away irresistibly.

It was one of those clear blue days that make one sad with happiness. Once more Stamboul lay bathed in sunshine, once more the Bosphorus unfolded its magic of blue. The city stretched in full majesty before my eyes. I saw the slender minarets, the graceful domes of the mosques, I saw Seraglio Point with its palace of wonder, and I knew that I was home.

I was looking for my family with eager eyes when suddenly I saw on the quay some naval officers wearing caps. I was startled. Were the Allies still in Stamboul? But I had seen them leaving once and for all with my own eyes. Certainly Turkish officers could not wear visored caps in the land where the fez was the law.

I forgot the officers in my joy of finding my family, of seeing the familiar faces that I love and had longed for, but some time later I brought up the question.

"But they *are* Turkish officers," Beraet answered, "they can wear hats now and so can you!"

This sounded even more unbelievable than the wonders of New York. I had been prepared for a struggle, for the eternal question of the veil, and now I was told that I could wear a hat in peace and that the new government would even smile upon me for doing so!

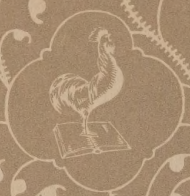
It was a new Turkey to which I had come. I felt it, looking at the faces round me, I felt it in the streets and in the very air. This was no longer the land of shackles. I had fled to America for freedom and now America had come back with me to Turkey. Turkish women were free. When I saw them in theaters, restaurants, and cinemas I could not believe that the pupils of my eyes were my own. The red dividing curtain in the trolleys was gone, gone were the lattices and the cumbersome tcharshafs. The new republic was not only strong and united, but it was also a country where one could breathe.

Turkey was a bit of America, tamed and softened by the East. The land was at last alive and active but not with that terrific activity that had dropped me breathless by the roadsides of America. Turkey was free, but not with that ruthless freedom which had hurt the centuries of submission in my blood. Turkey had become a bridge between the East and the West.

I was standing on that bridge which now lay between my past and the new life that stretched before me since I had gone to America. I who had been born into an old Turkey struggling with death saw a new Turkey in its place. One by one the shadows had fallen from me, days of exile, of tyranny, shadows of war and shadows of despair. But I had discarded this skin of trouble when I had run away to America, and with the spring of my life a new and shining skin had come upon me. The child of old Stamboul would live as a dim memory in my mind, for old Stamboul was dead and buried under the centuries. There was no place for old Stamboul in this young, busy new republic.

But no matter how happy I was in Turkey, the far-off call of America would never leave me. I would feel the need of that tonic even in this new Turkey that was marching with great strides toward the West. Once again and once

again I would go to America, once again breath would be taken out of my body. My life would be a seesaw, now touching Turkey, still carrying in its meshes the fragrance of the East, still reflecting as in a pool the slow beauty of centuries that had gazed therein, and then falling to America, the young and breathless West, the builder of centuries to come, creator of the swift beauty of action.



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